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MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE EGYPTIAN MONASTERIES.

1. *Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea, on the Theophania, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A Syriac Version edited from an ancient Manuscript recently discovered. By Samuel Lee, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge.* 8vo. (Printed for the Society for the Publication of Oriental Texts.) 1842.
2. *The same. Translated into English, with Notes; to which is prefixed a Vindication of the Orthodoxy and Prophetical Views of Eusebius. By Samuel Lee, D.D.* 8vo. 1843.
3. *The Antient Syriac Version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp, the Ephesians and the Romans; together with Extracts from his Epistles collected from the Writings of Severus of Antioch, Timotheus of Alexandria, and others. Edited, with an English Translation and Notes, by William Cureton, M. A.* 8vo. London. 1845.
4. *Journal of a Tour through Egypt, the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Holy Land,* Vol. VII.—No. III.

in 1838, 1839. *Intended solely for private circulation.* 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1842.

AMONG the societies lately formed for publishing manuscript works contained in our public libraries, there is none which embraces a sphere so extensive, which aims at promoting so high a class of literature, and which, if adequately supported, promises to afford so valuable an addition to our stock of learning and science, as that under whose auspices Dr. Lee has put forth the volume named at the head of this paper. It is to the East only that we can look for direction in our endeavors to obtain fuller information upon many of the most interesting of subjects. It is hence only that we can hope to draw any additional knowledge concerning the earliest races of mankind, or any help in tracing their descendants among the present nations of the world. In the absence of any written record of events, the only course is to collect the traditions prevalent in those countries, to endeavor to decipher ancient inscriptions, to read the legends of coins, and to trace the connection and intercourse of peoples by the affinities and intermixtures of language. But no one can qualify

himself for such a task otherwise than by studying the present languages and literature of those countries. In vain will he pore over the hieroglyphic or demotic inscriptions and papyri of Egypt who has not grappled with the Coptic: vain will be every endeavor to explain the Pehlevi, and arrow-headed inscriptions at Persepolis, or the legends on the Babylonian bricks and cylinders, unless the inquirer has previously made himself acquainted with the Chaldee or Aramaic, and the modern Persian, and the Zend as preserved in the books of the Parsees. What has been already done for ethnography by the comparison of language since the introduction of the Sanscrit into Europe, shows how much more we may reasonably expect when the different stocks and dialects of oriental tongues shall have been more extensively cultivated.

But not only may we look to the East for fuller means of tracing the history of the earliest races of mankind;—from the same quarter we may also hope to recover much of the science and literature of Greece and Rome, which appears to have perished in the original languages. And still more, even in those authors which have been preserved many obscurities may be cleared up and difficulties explained by comparing them with oriental versions made previously to the time when multiplied transcriptions had introduced many errors into the original text. *Ælian*, writing in the first half of the third century, mentions that it was reported that the Indians and Persians had translations of the poems of Homer, which they used to sing in their own language. (*Var. Hist.*, lib. xii. c. 48.) And the historian *Agathias*, in the middle of the sixth century, informs us that the Persian monarch Chosroes was said to be more thoroughly imbued with the writings of Aristotle than even Demosthenes with those of Thucydides, and to be perfectly versed in the works of Plato, which had been translated expressly for his use. (*Hist. Justin.*, lib. ii.) We have also evidence before us that as early as about the end of the seventh century of our era, several works were translated from the Greek into the Arabic. In the eighth and the earlier part of the ninth century, under the Abbassides, this labor of translation is known to have been carried on to a great extent. No expense was spared to procure the works of the learned in every language. Greeks, Syrians, Persians and Indians met on the banks of the Tigris

to give their aid in spreading knowledge and civilization among the Arabs.

Of these translations many still remain. Those of which the originals are extant may often be used with great advantage. We would instance the case of Ptolemy; where the astronomical skill of the Arabs at that period would enable them to correct mistakes in numbers and figures which might altogether escape the notice of Greeks, and where the evidence of their tradition will be most important, because in such cases no critical knowledge of the original language can be of any avail to rectify an error. Of works lost in the original which have already been restored to us through this channel, we may instance the fifth, sixth, and seventh books of the *Conic Sections* of Apollonius of Perga, translated into Latin from the Arabic by the Maronite Abraham Ecchellensis; and his work on the *Section of the Ratio*, made known by the publication of Halley, who, without understanding a word of Arabic, was enabled by his great geometrical skill to state and demonstrate the several propositions from the schemes in the manuscript of the Bodleian.

Versions were also made from the Greek into the Armenian at a very early period, especially of ecclesiastical works. The publication of the Armenian translation of the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, has been of essential service to history, and has confirmed the criticism of Scaliger respecting the original. The *Book of Enoch*, first made known to Europe by the translation of the late Archbishop Laurence, shows that something has been already recovered from the Ethiopic: and the Coptic too may yet make us better acquainted with writings hitherto only known to us by the tradition that they once existed.

But it is above all to the Syriac or Aramaic that we may look for the recovery of works lost in the original Greek. This language, which with slight variations prevailed from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Arabia and Egypt to Armenia, not only possesses peculiar interest for us as being that used by our Saviour and his disciples, but also as being the vernacular tongue of many writers who hold a high rank in Grecian literature; whose works therefore can hardly be entirely free from some of the idiomatic expressions of their native land. The New Testament is, as we may naturally expect, full of Aramaisms; and one of the evangelists is be-

lieved, not without good grounds, to have written his Gospel in that tongue. The earliest version of the New Testament is undoubtedly the Syriac; and after the Septuagint, that of the Old Testament also. This is not the place to discuss the question as to the period when those versions were made; but better arguments than occidental scholars have hitherto been willing to admit, support the belief of those branches of the Christian Church which first made use of them, that they touch upon Apostolic times. The work of translating from the Greek into the Syrian was certainly commenced very early. We are told by Eusebius, in his account of the Martyrdom of Procopius, A. D. 303, that he had been employed in translating from the Greek into Aramaic. This passage does not indeed occur in the Greek text of the Martyrs of Palestine, as it has come down to us, but it is found both in the Syriac and in the ancient Latin version. Indeed the age of the manuscript itself in which the Syriac translation of the Acts of the Martyrs of Palestine and the Theophania of Eusebius, together with the Recognitions of St. Clement and the treatise of Titus of Bostra against the Manicheans, are found, shows that considerable progress in the work of translation from the Greek into Syriac must have been made as early as about A. D. 400.

Dr. Lee has given us in one volume the Syriac text of the Theophania, and in another his own version of it into English—with a preface and notes displaying great and varied erudition. But what we propose at present to consider is not the contents of the book, but its external history; the discovery of a very considerable theological treatise by Eusebius, of which only two or three fragments had been known, must excite a desire to learn what circumstances have at length brought it to light, and what reasons we may consequently have to hope for further acquisitions of a similar nature.

About six years ago the Rev. Henry Tattam, of Bedford, made a journey to Egypt, with a view of collecting MSS. serviceable towards an edition of the Scriptures in Coptic. Besides Coptic treasures, he brought back about fifty volumes of Syriac MSS.—some extremely ancient. Dr. Lee says:—

‘It was in looking over these manuscripts that I had the extreme pleasure of discovering that of which the following work is a trans-

lation. . . . The manuscript containing our work is very neatly written in the Estrangelo or old Church-hand-writing of the Syrians, on very fine and well-prepared skin. It is of the size of large quarto, each folio measuring about $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$, and containing three columns, each of the width of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.’

The Professor then translates a note from one of the margins, which states that the transcript was made at Edessa in Mesopotamia, in the year of our Lord 411. The age of the manuscript therefore, according to this note, the veracity of which there is no ground to question, is 1434 years. At first sight, notwithstanding all our readers have heard of the dryness of the Egyptian climate, the date assigned may startle them; but we can assure them that in the collection of upwards of three hundred manuscripts amongst which this was discovered, there are many from the fifth to the thirteenth century as to which there can be no doubt. They are all noted with the year of the era of the Greeks (Seleucidæ); some also with that of the Martyrs; others, which are more recent, with that of the Hijrah likewise; and these notices are accompanied by so many particulars as to the scribe himself, as to the convent where each manuscript was transcribed, who was its superior, who its principal officers, who was then bishop of the diocese, and who the supreme patriarch, as to leave no possibility of mistake as to the date. By comparing the style of the handwriting, the nature of the vellum, and other particulars of those manuscripts which are not dated, or in which the note of the year is either erased or lost, with such as still retain the record of the year, we are enabled to decide, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the age even of the manuscripts without a date. There are in the collection one dated manuscript of the fifth and many early in the sixth century, and from comparing Dr. Lee’s volume with these, we could not attribute it to a later date than that in which he acquiesces.

The manuscript was purchased by Mr. Tattam from the convent of St. Mary Deipara, in the desert valley of Nitria, situated between 30 and 31 degrees both of latitude and longitude, about 35 miles to the left of the most western branch of the Nile. The name of Nitria belongs properly to the northern part of the valley, where the famous Natron Lakes are situated; the southern part is more correctly the Valley of

Scithis, or Scete, and is also called the Desert or Valley of Macarius, from the convent dedicated to one of the three saints who bore that name. Each of these three appellations may however be applied generally; and Mahommedans commonly call the whole valley Wadi Habib, after one of their own saints, who retired hither about the end of the seventh century.

This valley, most probably from its lonely situation, and possibly also, as Jerome seems to hint, from some fancied virtues of purification in the lakes themselves, in allusion to the passage of Jeremiah (xi. 22), 'For though thou wash thee with nitre,' &c., has been celebrated as the resort of ascetics from the earliest times. About the middle of the second century we read of one Fronto who retired thither with seventy brethren. At the beginning of the fourth century, Ammon, who, although there were ascetics before his day, has generally been reputed the originator of monasticism, withdrew from the world to this spot. The fame of his compulsory marriage, of the resolution of virgin purity which he persuaded his bride to adopt, and his retirement to the desert so soon as the death of his parents left him at liberty, gained for him many followers. But a very few years afterwards, Macarius is said to have instituted the first establishment in that part of the valley which to this day bears his name. To this place Arsenius, the preceptor of Arcadius and Honorius, retired upon the death of Theodosius. The number of ascetics increased, in a short time, to an almost incredible amount. Rufinus, who visited them about the year 372, mentions some fifty convents or tabernacula; and Palladius, who fifteen years later passed twelve months here, reckons the devotees at five thousand. Jerome visited this desert about the same period. From the narratives which these have given, with the accounts of Evagrius and Cassien, we may gather a very accurate knowledge of the manners of these monks at the end of the fourth century. Subsequently we have few materials for their history down to the middle of the seventh, when Egypt was taken by the Arabs.

From this period the only information is to be gathered from Arabic writers. The convents and their inmates seem to have been regarded with peculiar interest even by those who had embraced the religion of the Koran. Not only were several immunities granted them upon different occa-

sions, but they even formed a favorite subject of poetry for the Moslem writers of the third and fourth century of the Hijrah. Abu'l-Faraj Al-Ispahani, a celebrated Arabian who died A. D. 967, published the *Kitáb al-Diárát*, or Book of Convents, which contained all the best poems inspired by the aspect of the Christian convents and the habits of their inmates. If any reliance is to be placed upon Al-Makrizi, in his famous work on the History, Antiquities, and Topography of Egypt, Monasticism must have increased most rapidly in about two hundred and fifty years: for he says that after the conquest of Egypt by Amr Ibn Al-A's, seventy thousand monks met him at Teraneh, each with a crook in his hand, to implore that he would grant them a deed of security. To this request the Arab assented. The number seventy thousand seems enormous; but both the manuscripts which we have consulted agree on this point.

About the end of the seventh century the Khalif imposed a tribute of a dinar each upon all the monks, but they appear to have remained without further molestation during the whole of the eighth century. Shortly after the death of Harun Al-Rashid, at the commencement of the ninth, the Kharijites having seized upon Alexandria, made an excursion also into the Wadi Habib, plundered and burnt the monasteries, and carried away many of the monks for slaves. Such as could escape were scattered abroad into different countries, and many found an asylum in the convents of the Thebaid. With this event the decline of monasticism in Egypt seems to have commenced. We find, however, that under Jacob, the next Patriarch, many of the monks returned to Scete, and some of its convents were rebuilt. In the days of the 52nd Patriarch we are told that they were again in a thriving condition. Under Sanutius, the 55th in succession upon the throne of St. Mark, an order was obtained from the Mohammedan sovereign to liberate their monks from the payment of tribute. The Patriarch, who had been himself formerly steward of the Monastery of Macarius, seized upon this as a favorable opportunity to restore that edifice. He not only completely rebuilt it, but surrounded it with a high wall to protect it against sudden incursions of the Arabs, laboring with his own hands in the work. Elmacin informs us that the Patriarch Gabriel restored some of the convents at the begin-

ning of the tenth century, but does not specify which they were. It seems probable, however, that at this period the Syrian convent of St. Mary Deipara, concerning which we are most interested, was in a flourishing state, as we find that in the year 932 Moses of Tecrit, who was then Abbot, having had occasion to make a journey to Bagdad, brought with him upon his return an accession to the library of not less than two hundred and fifty volumes—among which in all probability was the manuscript containing the Theophania.

About a century after this we have mention also of the library of the Monastery of Macarius. Severus, Bishop of Aschmounin, to whom Renaudot is indebted for most of the facts in his work on the Patriarchs of Alexandria, informs us that he consulted for the compilation of his history various MSS. both in Greek and Coptic, then existing in that library. There is little mention in such books as are accessible to us of the condition of these monasteries during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We are told that it was a practice of the Patriarchs of Alexandria to visit the Convent of Macarius, immediately after their election, and also that they used to pass the season of Lent there.

According to Al-Makrizi, writing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the number of monasteries had once amounted to a hundred, but at his time they were reduced to seven. That of St. Macarius was still a fine building, but even its inhabitants few, and the other buildings in a ruinous state.

In later times several Europeans have visited these convents. Gassendi relates, in his *Life of Peiresc*, that a Capuchin monk named Egidius Lochiensis, (Giles de Loche), who had resided seven years, in Egypt for the purpose of studying oriental languages, informed Peiresc that there existed in several of the monasteries great quantities of manuscripts, and that he himself had seen in one of them a collection of about eight thousand volumes, many of great antiquity, some as old as the time of St. Anthony. This monk had doubtless given a somewhat exaggerated statement. The monastery to which he alludes is, in all probability, that of St. Mary of the Syrians, near the Natron Lakes, as from all accounts which have reached us, this possessed by far the greatest number of books. Vansleb, during his visit to Egypt in the year 1672, had formed the resolution of

making an excursion to the Natron Lakes; and, although frustrated in this design, he did visit the convent of St. Anthony in the desert near the Red Sea. We mention this because he was admitted into the library, which was situated, as is generally the case, in the strong tower where all their valuables are kept. This collection, he says, consisted of three or four chests of ancient Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, chiefly church books and books of devotion, some of which seemed to him well worthy of a place even in a royal library. Of the whole number he selected two, one a Coptic and Arabic dictionary and grammar, valued by the monks at thirty crowns, and the other a ritual of the ceremonies of the Coptic church, very carefully transcribed. These he was anxious to obtain; but failed because the monks could not alienate them without incurring the risk of excommunication by the patriarch; and further, which perhaps was the strongest reason, because he was himself but ill furnished with funds.

Six or seven years later the monks of Nitria were visited by our own countryman, Robert Huntington, then chaplain at Aleppo, and afterwards successively provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and bishop of Raphoe, whose fine collection of Oriental manuscripts now forms part of the priceless treasures in the Bodleian. During his residence of eleven years in the East he had availed himself of every opportunity to enrich his stock; but the book which of all others he was most anxious to procure, as appears from his letters, published by Dr. Thomas Smith in the year 1704, was the Syriac version of the epistles of St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch. The Ignatian controversy was then at its height. The immortal work of Bishop Pearson was published about two years after Huntington had left England, and much interest was felt for the discovery of the Syriac version; to the existence of which Archbishop Usher had drawn attention in the preface to his edition of the Epistles of Polycarp and Ignatius. It was principally from his anxiety for this Syriac version that he undertook his journey into Egypt in the year 1678 or 1679, and proceeded across the desert to the Natron Lakes. He seems to have entertained considerable expectations of finding the epistles of Ignatius here; but in this hope he was disappointed: although the Syriac version of three of these epistles, and two copies of that to Polycarp,

existed at that time in the Syrian monastery of St. Mary Deipara, as will be seen in the sequel. The Syrian monks doubtless did not admit Huntington into their library, as the only book which he mentions was an Old Testament in the Estrangelo character. In the convent of St. Macarius he states that he saw a large volume of St. Chrysostom in Coptic, on vellum, an immense volume containing his commentary on St. Matthew in Arabic, and a Coptic Lectionary for the whole year in four large volumes. In the monastery called El-Baramous, which at that time was inhabited by twenty-five monks and a superior, he makes mention of no other books than a copy of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic. He does not speak of any manuscripts in the convent of Amba Bishoi, which he says was at that time in a less ruinous condition than either of the other three; he speaks, however, of the still famous tamarind-tree. The tradition is that St. Ephraem, out of pious anxiety to see St. Pises, or Pissas, now corrupted into Bishoi, the fame of whose sanctity had travelled as far as Edessa, undertook the long and weary journey from the confines of Armenia to the desert of Nitria. This zeal was rewarded by a miracle. Upon his arrival he hastened to the cell of St. Pises and stuck his staff in the sand before the door as he entered. The staff immediately struck root and sprouted, and eventually grew up into that fine and beautiful tamarind-tree which the monks then showed, and we believe still show, as a living record of the visit of St. Ephraem. Huntington was informed that the number of convents had once amounted to three hundred and sixty-six. How many books he found is not mentioned; but we find that he sent to England, to Dr. Marshall, who was then preparing an edition of the New Testament in Coptic, a copy of the Evangelists in that language, which he obtained from one of these monasteries.

The next of whose visit any account has reached us is Gabriel Eva, a monk of the order of St. Anthony, and abbot of St. Maura in Mount Lebanon. After a journey through Egypt, he had been sent on a mission to Rome by Stephen, the Maronite patriarch of Antioch; and the account he gave of the Nitrian convents was received with much interest by Clement XI. The pope was anxious to transfer from the desert to the Vatican a collection of manuscripts rendered precious and venerable by their ex-

treme antiquity, and probably containing an unexplored mine of theological learning. It happened that Elias Assemani, the cousin of the famous Joseph Simon Assemani, had been sent by Stephen of Antioch, upon business to Rome, and having already accomplished the object of his journey, was at that moment on the point of returning to Syria. No person could be better qualified to undertake the mission to the desert of Nitria, and Gabriel Eva accordingly recommended him to the Pope. Furnished with letters to the Coptic patriarch, he left Rome in the spring of 1707, and was graciously received at Cairo. He arrived at the monastery of the Syrians about the end of June; the introduction of the patriarch procuring for him a good reception. The urbanity of his manners, his perfect knowledge of their habits and language, soon gained him the good will of the monks, and at length they admitted him into their library; this he found a sort of cave or cellar, filled with Arabic, Syriac, and Coptic manuscripts, heaped together in the greatest disorder, and falling to pieces through age and want of attention. A little examination satisfied him of their value, and he began to entertain great hopes of being able to persuade the good monks to part with books which they were utterly unable to read. But frightened, perhaps, by the anathemas denounced in almost every volume by its donor, against all those who should be in any way instrumental in alienating it—suspicious by nature, and ready to suppose that what a stranger was eager to get hold of must contain some treasure—they turned a deaf ear to his request for the sale of the whole collection, and only with very great difficulty were they induced to part with about forty manuscripts. These being transported across the desert to the Nile, Elias Assemani set out, accompanied by one of the monks, to return in a boat to Cairo. On their way a gust of wind upset the boat. The monk was drowned, but another boat, passing by, picked up Assemani; and in the midst of a tumult of feelings, his energy did not abandon him. He immediately hired several watermen to fish up the manuscripts; and, having with much care wiped away the slime, he dried and restored them as well as he was able. The manuscripts, in number thirty-four, were deposited in the Vatican about Christmas, 1707.

Their obvious importance was a powerful stimulus. The Pope therefore determined to send again into Egypt, and selected J. S.

Assemani, who set out in June, 1715. The head of the Coptic church received him kindly; and he left Cairo to proceed on his journey to Scete about the middle of August, accompanied by Philotheus, a monk of the convent of St. Macarius, as his guide. Having arrived at Etris, a small village on the western branch of the Nile, they turned across into the desert and came first to the convent of St. Macarius. Here he obtained some excellent Coptic manuscripts, of which he has given a catalogue in his '*Bibliotheca Orientalis*,' (vol. i. p. 617); and these, he says, were all they possessed of any consequence. His next visit was to St. Mary Deipara: here he found upwards of two hundred Syriac manuscripts, all of which he carefully examined, and selected about one hundred, hoping that he might be able to purchase them. But upon this, as upon the former occasion, if Assemani's own account be correct, the monks continued most obstinate; nor could he prevail upon them by argument, bribe, or entreaty to give up to him more than a very few volumes.

In the interval between the journeys of Elias Assemani and that of his cousin, the convents of Nitria had also been visited (December, 1712) by the Jesuit Claude Sicard. The once flourishing monastery of St. Macarius at that period had only four inhabitants—the superior, two deacons, and a porter. Having passed one day in this convent he proceeded to that of the Syrians, which he describes as being in the best condition of them all, having a very agreeable garden, watered by a well, in which were many trees of various kinds. The number of monks was not above twelve or fifteen. Having remained here two days, during which time he made a short visit to the convent of Amba Bishoi only a few paces distant, and inhabited by but four monks, he set out at sunrise on the morning of the 11th, and arrived at the monastery of the Holy Virgin of El-Baramous, or of the Greeks, about noon. The number of monks here was also about twelve or fifteen. Sicard states that in the immediate neighborhood of this convent were the ruins of ten or twelve other buildings, and that he could distinctly trace through the valley the ruins of upwards of fifty monasteries; and that the superior of St. Macarius informed him that they were formerly equal in number to the days of the year. Sicard does not upon this occasion make any particular mention of the books in either of these convents, but merely states that in the tower of each

there was a library, which consisted of three or four chests, filled with books and ancient manuscripts, covered with dust and in a neglected condition. This Jesuit revisited Nitria with J. S. Assemani, and afterwards accompanied him, upon his return to Egypt in the next year, 1716, in his expedition across the desert of the Thebaid to the convents of St. Anthony and St. Paul, near the coast of the Red Sea. Sicard, in describing their visit to the monastery of St. Anthony, says,—

'He [Synodius, the superior of the convent] was more tractable when Assemani begged him to show us the tower which is shut against all strangers; for, making him some trifling presents of hardware, (the good monk was a great studier of astrology and alchemy, and the transmutation of metals,) we persuaded him to conduct us thither. Our only curiosity was to see the manuscripts. We found three chests-full, being all that had escaped the ravages which at different periods had befallen the monastery. We examined them all. For the most part they consisted of prayers and homilies in Coptic and Arabic. The Abbé Assemani only found three or four manuscripts worthy of the Vatican. These he purchased secretly from the superior, without the knowledge of the monks, who, had they known, would have opposed the sale, although the manuscripts were quite valueless to themselves, and they make no use of them whatever.'

Assemani, although he mentions that Sicard accompanied him in his expedition to the Thebaid, is altogether silent respecting his attending him to the desert of Macarius. Neither does his account of obtaining so few manuscripts there, and those with so much difficulty, quite coincide with that of Sicard, who says that he took those which suited him. This silence certainly gives grounds for suspicion that there was something in the transaction which Assemani did not wish to transpire, and of which the mention of Sicard's accompanying him might have led to the disclosure. His secret and indeed fraudulent dealing with the Superior, who had no right to dispose of any property without the consent of the community, would make but a sorry figure in his account of the manner in which various valuable accessions had been made to the collections of the Vatican.

In the month of August, in the year 1730, the Sieur Granger made a journey to the Natron Lakes. He tells us that he was well received by the monks, whom he describes as poor and ignorant. Those be-

longing to the convents of Macarius and St. Mary of the Syrians were deaf to all his entreaties to be allowed to see their libraries. He says that the buildings at that time were falling into decay, and the dust destroying the books and manuscripts, of which the monks made no use whatever. Their own patriarch had represented to them that the sum which the books would produce would be sufficient to enable them to restore their churches and rebuild their cells; but they declared that they would rather be buried in the ruins.

In 1778, C. S. Sonnini visited the valley. He remained five days in the monastery of El-Baramous. He makes no mention of books or manuscripts, but complains bitterly of the avarice and extortion of the monks, who wished to exact from him five or six hundred sequins upon his leaving them. He is the only traveller who has spoken in harsh terms of these poor monks.

In May, 1792, W. G. Browne, an Englishman, was here. He says—

‘During my stay near the lakes I visited two of the Coptic convents—that called the Syrian, and that of St. George—where I could observe no traces of any European travellers but Baron Thunis, whom the Empress of Russia had sent to negotiate a defection on the part of the Beys, but who having exhibited less prudence than courage in the promotion of the designs of his mistress, had been privately put to death at Cairo by order of the Beys, to avoid delivering him to the Porte, as had been requested of them. These convents contain each of them several Religious, who retain all the simplicity of the primitive ages. They drink water, and eat coarse bread and vegetables, very seldom touching meat, wine, or coffee. They are ignorant indeed, but strangers to vice; and although their time is employed to no useful purpose, so neither is their application of it prejudicial to any. They have each a small garden, which supplies common vegetables, and a breed of tame fowls together with a well of water within the walls. The rest of the necessities of life are provided them by the voluntary contributions of the Christians of their own persuasion; and as the business of artificers and menials is all performed by themselves, their expenses are not very extended. The entrance to each of these convents is by a small trap-door, against which two millstones are rolled within. The buildings appear to have lasted for several centuries, and the walls are still firm and substantial. No praise is to be given to the Religious for cleanliness; but as the list of their furniture and apparel is very small, they cannot be frequently renewed. Human beings, more ignorant of mankind and their transactions than some of those whom I conversed with, are

scarcely any where to be found; but the Superiors in both were in a certain degree intelligent. One of them, when I was admitted, was mending his shoes, and seemed to think little of theological controversies. The other attempted to prove to me the tenet of Monothelism; and on my expressing myself persuaded by his arguments, he seemed highly gratified. Indeed I met with, on their part, every mark of hospitality. I inquired for manuscripts, and saw in one of the convents several books in the Coptic, Syriac, and Arabic languages. Among these were an Arabo-Coptic Lexicon, the works of St. Gregory, and the Old and New Testament in Arabic. The Superior told me they had near eight hundred volumes, but positively refused to part with any of them, nor could I see any more. The monks are strangers to all idioms but the vulgar Arabic.’

The next account of this place is that by General Andréossy in his ‘*Mémoire sur la Vallée des Lacs de Natron, et celle du Fleuve-sans-eau.*’ At the time of his visit, in 1799, there were nine monks in the convent of El-Baramous, eighteen in that of the Syrians, twelve in the Amba-Bishoi, and twenty in the St. Macarius.

‘Their only books,’ he says, ‘are ascetic works in manuscripts, on parchment or cotton-paper, some in Arabic, and some in Coptic, having an Arabic translation in the margin. We brought away some of this latter class, which appear to have a date of six centuries.’

In the year 1828, Lord Prudhoe, who thinks no labor too great when any real advantage to science or literature is probable, made an excursion to these monasteries. We have been favored by his Lordship with the following brief account of his visit:—

‘In 1828 I began to make inquiries for Coptic works having Arabic translations, in order to assist Mr. Tattam in his Coptic and Arabic Dictionary. On a visit to the Coptic bishop at Cairo, I learnt that there was in existence a celebrated *Selim* or Lexicon in Coptic and Arabic, of which one copy was in Cairo, and another in one of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, called Baramous, besides which libraries were said to be preserved both at the Baramous and the Syrian convents. In October, 1828, Mr. Linant sent his dromedaries to Terane, on the west bank of the Nile, where the natron manufactory was established by the pacha, and on the next day Mr. Linant and I embarked in a cangia on the Nile, and dropped down to Terane, where we landed. Mounting our dromedaries, we rode to the Baramous convent, and encamped outside its walls. The monks in this convent, about twelve in number, appeared poor and ignorant. They looked on us with great jealousy, and denied having any

books except those in the church, which they showed. We remained with them till night, and in some degree softened their disposition towards us by presents of some comforts and luxuries of which their situation in the desert deprived them. On the following morning we again visited the monks, and so far succeeded in making friends of them that in a moment of good humor they agreed to show us their library. From it I selected a certain number of manuscripts, which, with the Selim, we carried into the monks' room. A long deliberation ensued among these monks how far they were disposed to agree to my offers to purchase them. Only one could write, and at last it was agreed that he should copy the Selim, which copy, and the manuscripts which I had selected, were to be mine in exchange for a fixed sum in dollars, to which I added a present of rice, coffee, tobacco, and such other articles as I had to offer. Future visitors would escape the suspicions with which we were received, and might perhaps hear how warmly we had endeavored to purchase and carry away the original Selim. Next we visited the Syrian convent, where similar suspicions were at first shown, and were overcome by similar civilities. Here I purchased a few manuscripts with Arabic translations. We then visited the two other convents, but found little of consequence. These manuscripts I presented to Mr. Tattam, and gave him an account of the small room with its trap door, through which I descended, candle in hand, to examine the manuscripts, where books and parts of books, and scattered leaves in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac and Arabic, were lying in a mass, on which I stood. From this I handed to Mr. Linant such as appeared best suited to my purpose, as he stood in the small room above the trap-door. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trap-door, and that they had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries.²

About nine years after the visit of Lord Prudhoe, the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jr., who has travelled much in the East to search for manuscripts (with considerable success,) and in his travels has met with many curious and interesting adventures, which we could wish were made public, was also a visitor to these monks. We are indebted to him for the following account of his excursion:—

'I am sorry to say that I cannot answer your letter in as satisfactory a manner as I could wish, for I have no papers by me here to refer to, and I have forgotten some things about the monasteries on the Natron Lakes which might have been interesting to you. However, as far as I remember I will tell you. During the winter of 1837 I was in Egypt for the second time, and in the month of January or February

I was engaged in a brisk chase after old books, particularly two which I had heard of at Nagadé—one a Coptic History of Egypt, which I had been told at Thebes was in the possession of the Bishop of Nagadé, who was reputed to be a great dealer in magic—the other a Coptic and Arabic Dictionary, said to be the most perfect and the largest known. When I arrived at Nagadé the bishop was in church; but certain men brought me a mat, whereon I sat in the shade of an old wall till the people came out of church, which they presently did, with the bishop at their head. The bishop sat down by me on the mat, and the congregation sat down in a ring; and after a long prologue of compliments, and coffee and pipes, and so on, we entered on the subject of manuscripts. The bishop told me that the Dictionary was gone to the palace of the patriarch at Cairo; and we were talking about the History, when suddenly there arose a great noise in the church, of howling and clanking of chains. We were all silent in consternation—and I expected that the episcopal magician had been raising a spirit;—when the church doors burst open with a crash, and in the dark porch there stood a tall figure in a priest's robe, waving a great brazen censer in his hand. This apparition stalked forward slowly, when I saw he had a heavy chain tied to his legs. He came up, and sat down directly before me on the ground. "Who have you the honor to be?" said I. "Who, pray, are you?" said one of my men. Upon which he turned round and spat in the face of the man who had addressed him. This man, who was a negro, laid his hand upon his sword, when the other sprang upon his feet with a scream, and made a dash at the negro with the censer—a very efficient weapon when properly applied. He missed my man, and broke the censer on the stones. We all started up, and a general rush ensued against the bearer of the censer, who was with some difficulty secured and carried off. He was a son of the bishop; and, being a maniac, had been chained down before the altar of St. George—a sovereign remedy in these cases—only he pulled up the staples of his chain, and so came away with the censer before his cure was completed. But the end of the affair was that the bishop departed in the scuffle, and I heard no more of the History of Egypt. The other volume had been at Cairo, but was gone when I made inquiries respecting it to the monastery of Amba-Bishoi at the Natron Lakes. I went after it, and arrived there in the month of March; but although there were many Coptic manuscripts of Liturgies there in a room in a square tower, it was not among them. I then went to another monastery: I think it was called Baramous. There was nothing there but a few Coptic manuscripts on paper, and a prodigious multitude of fleas. I retreated from their attack to the church, where I went to sleep on the marble floor; but I had hardly shut my eyes when I was again attacked by so many of these monsters that I was forced to be off again; so I

got up, and watched the moon over the desert till daylight. I then departed for the monastery of the Syrians, where I arrived in a short time. Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash-leather and tallow, who were howling in honor of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of a garden, which was surrounded by the high fortified wall of the monastery. They had a library of which I have shown you a sketch, where the manuscripts hung upon pegs by long straps, in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangement of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren, there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind and very old, with a long white venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. The latest of them, as I imagine, is that great quarto which you saw at Parham. Two others on vellum were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserves of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom. I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript Dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches in the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a gentleman at Cairo. You say that Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found, from much practice, that the two species of Eastern and Western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind. A Benedictine or even a Capuchin is a famous hand at a capon, and an oyster pâté or so has great charms for him on a fast-day—*probatum est*; but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics—they know nothing of cookery beyond garlic and red pepper, and such like strong condiments—howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider *rosoglio* as a merchandise adapted to their peculiar wants.

‘The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no more books in the monastery besides those I had seen; but I had been told by Mr. Linant, the pacha’s engineer, who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father who always went about with him, and there I gave them some *rosoglio* which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff I remember, pink, and tasted as sweet and plea-

sant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping figians—that is, coffee-cups—of it with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the face of the blind man waxed unsuspicious, and wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his countenance—I entered again upon the subject of the oil-cellar. “There is no oil there,” said the old man. “I am curious about the architecture,” said I: “I hear yours is a famous oil-cellar.” “It is a famous cellar,” said the other elder; “and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us; we are not what we used to be.” This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspicious, “Well, let us go,” said I, “and see this famous cellar, and we will have another bottle when we come back.” This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the touch. There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren—for they had all followed us into this hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts, more than knee-deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum. Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the great manuscript Evangelistarium, which you have seen. It was tied up with a string. “Here is a box,” shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. “A box?” echoed the blind abbot. “Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised, it is a treasure.” “Yes,” screamed all the monks, “a treasure. Allah Akbar!—a box—out with it—bring out the box.” Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth into the dark, (for they had run away with the candle in the anxiety about the box) with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other. I found no more, except fragments. These I took to my room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of *rosoglio*, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits, when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups; and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began to say, “You found no box of treasure in the vault; but, behold, I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange; and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness.” “Ah!” said they, “how much will you give?” “How much do you want?” said I. And so we settled it over the *rosoglio*,

which smoothed many difficulties. The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel-bags. "Now," said I, "I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out, and help to load the camels." All we could do we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel lest the other brethren should see it and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil—at least I suppose that was their reason. In this extremity I looked at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A.D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum. However, I am glad that establishment is now possessed of it, and I hope it will be duly made use of. This is all I have to tell you of the manuscripts in the monasteries of the Natron Lakes.'

In the year 1838, the Rev. Henry Tattam, now archdeacon of Bedford, with the design already mentioned, set out upon his expedition into Egypt. He was accompanied by Miss Platt, a daughter of Mrs. Tattam, a young lady of great talents and acquirements, who took notes of every thing which passed during their journey, for the amusement of her mother after their return. This interesting Journal has since been printed, but, as she writes in her preface, very reluctantly, at the particular request of several friends, and solely for private circulation. They arrived at Cairo on the 19th of October: having staid here for about three weeks, busily employed in visiting the patriarch and other ecclesiastics, and making inquiry after manuscripts, they set out on the 13th of November, and proceeded up the Nile as far as Esneh, visiting many churches and monasteries, both in going and returning, and inspecting their libraries, which the patriarch's letters rendered accessible. But in most of these Mr. Tattam found little more than liturgies and service-books. At Sanabou there were some very fine Coptic manuscripts, in number amounting to eighty-two. They return to Cairo on Christmas-day.

On the 12th of January they started across the desert for the valley of the Natron Lakes; and, at eight o'clock in the evening, pitched their tent at a short distance from the monastery of Macarius. Such passages as relate to our purpose we are glad to be allowed to quote from Miss Platt's Journal.

'Sunday, Jan. 13th.—The first object on which our eyes rested, as we sat at breakfast

in the tent, was the solitary convent of Abou Magar (St. Macarius,) a desolate-looking building like a fortress surrounded by the sea. It is enclosed by a high plastered wall, containing a space of about 300 by 200 feet. Within this area are built the church, the convent itself, a strong tower, and a small chapel, which according to the account given by the monks, dates its origin as far back as the fifth century. There is not a window or an aperture to be seen on the outside, with the exception of a low door-way, which is almost overlooked as the eye wanders over the high blank wall. A considerable descent, scooped out from the drifted sands, leads to the threshold of the heavy iron-door. It was not thought advisable to remain here until we had visited the further convents. Mr. Tattam spoke to some of the priests at the gate, and two of them accompanied us to the middle convents, which are about two hours' ride from the first. In passing at the back of the garden wall we perceived the remains of buildings still connected with the present monastery, which led us to suppose that it had once been much more extensive.'

'As we crossed the ridge of hills separating the two valleys, we observed the remains of many convents. The monks state that there were formerly three hundred and sixty on the mountain and in the valley of Nitria, and that the ruins of fifty of them may still be seen. We descended gradually between the rocks, and saw before us the two middle convents, Deir Amba Bischoi and St. Soriani, or the Syrian convent. They were of the same description as St. Abou Magar, but larger and in better preservation, particularly the latter. Our tent was pitched beneath the walls of St. Soriani: Mr. Tattam immediately entered the convent, where pipes and coffee were brought him; after which the priests conducted him to their churches, and showed him the books used in them. They then desired to know his object in visiting them; upon which he cautiously opened his commission by saying that he wished to see their books. They replied that they had no more than what he had seen in the church; upon which he told them plainly that he knew they had. They laughed on being detected, and after a short conference said that he should see them. The bell soon rang for prayers.'

'Jan. 14th.—Mr. Tattam went into the convent immediately after breakfast. The priests conducted him to the tower, and then into a dark vault, where he found a great quantity of very old and valuable Syriac manuscripts. He selected six quarto volumes and took them to the superior's room. He was next shown a room in the tower, where he found a number of Coptic and Arabic manuscripts, principally liturgies, with a beautiful copy of the Gospels. He then asked to see the rest; the priests looked surprised to find he knew of others, and seemed at first disposed to deny that they had any more, but at length produced the key of

the apartment where the other books were kept, and admitted him. After looking them over he went to the superior's room, where all the priests were assembled, about fifteen or sixteen in number: one of them brought a Coptic and Arabic *selim*, or lexicon, which Mr. Tattam wished to purchase, but they informed him that they could not part with it, as it was forbidden to be taken away by an interdiction at the end, but they consented to make him a copy. He paid for two of the Syriac manuscripts he had placed in the superior's room, for the priests could not be persuaded to part with more, and left them, well pleased with his ponderous volumes, which he gave me through the top of the tent, and then rode off with Mohamed to the farthest convent, of Baramous, about an hour and a half's ride from St. Soriani. In the convent of El Baramous Mr. Tattam found about one hundred and fifty Coptic and Arabic liturgies and a very large dictionary in both languages. In the tower is an apartment with a trap-door in the floor, opening into a dark hole full of loose leaves of Arabic and Coptic manuscripts. The superior would have sold the dictionary, but was afraid, because the patriarch had written in it a curse upon any one who should take it away.'

Into the monastery of Amba Bischoi, after some reluctance on the part of the monks to open their door to a lady, Miss Platt was herself admitted:—

'On the ground-floor was a vaulted apartment, very lofty, with arches at each end, perfectly dark, and so strewn with loose leaves of old liturgies that scarcely a portion of the floor was visible; and here we were all fully occupied in making diligent search, each with a lighted taper, and a stick to turn up old fragments. In some parts the manuscripts lay a quarter of a yard deep, and the amazing quantity of dust was almost choking, accompanied by a damp and fetid smell, nearly as bad as in the Tombs of the Kings. We did not find any thing really valuable here, or any thing on vellum, excepting one page.'—vol. i. p. 279.

On Tuesday the 15th Mr. Tattam set out to return to Cairo, having previously obtained from the monks of the Syrian convent four other valuable Syriac manuscripts. He called at the monastery of Macarius as he passed: here he found about one hundred liturgies, and a beautiful copy of the Epistles in Coptic, which the monks refused to sell. There were also a great number of fragments and loose leaves, from which he selected about a hundred, which he was permitted to take away.

In the month of February Mr. Tattam

returned to these convents, and was more successful than upon the former occasion.

'Saturday, Feb. 9th.—Immediately after breakfast Mr. Tattam went with Mohamed to St. Soriani, leaving me to my own amusements in the tent. . . . Mr. Tattam soon returned, followed by Mohamed and one of the Bedouins bearing a large sack-full of splendid Syriac manuscripts on vellum. They were safely deposited in the tent, and a priest was sent for from St. Amba-Bischoi, with whom Mr. Tattam entered the convent, and successfully bargained for an old Pentateuch in Coptic and Arabic, and a beautiful copy of the four Gospels in Coptic. We are delighted with our success, and hope, by patience and good management, to get the remainder of the manuscripts.'

'Feb. 10th.—Mr. Tattam went in the evening to St. Soriani to take his leave of the monks there, who said he might have four more manuscripts the next day. . . . Mohamed brought from the priests of St. Soriani a stupendous volume beautifully written in the Syriac character, with a very old worm-eaten copy of the Pentateuch, from St. Amba-Bischoi, exceedingly valuable, but not quite perfect at the beginning.'

This Mohamed, who seems to have been little less eager than his master in his endeavors to procure the manuscripts, had recourse to the same means of negotiation as Mr. Curzon found it wise to adopt, and applied them with similar success, only substituting *arakie* for *rosoglio*.

The manuscripts which Mr. Tattam had thus obtained in due time arrived in England. Such of them as were in the Syriac language, not falling in with the object for which his journey had been originally undertaken, were, by and bye, disposed of to the Trustees of the British Museum. This was indeed a most important accession. Forty-nine manuscripts of such extreme antiquity, containing some valuable works long since supposed to have perished, and versions of others written several centuries earlier than any copies of the originals known to exist, constituted such an addition as has been rarely if ever made at one time to any library. The collection of Syriac manuscripts procured by Mr. Ritch had already made the library of the British Museum conspicuous for this class of literature—but this treasure of manuscripts from Egypt rendered it superior to any other in Europe.

From the accounts which Lord Prudhoe, Mr. Curzon, and Mr. Tattam had given of their visit to the monastery of the Syrians,

it was evident that but few of the manuscripts belonging to this convent had been removed since the time of Assemani, and probable that no less a number than nearly two hundred volumes must be still remaining in the hands of the monks. Moreover, from several notices found written in the manuscripts already brought to England, it was evident that most of them must be of very considerable antiquity. Several of these notices were in the hand-writing of Moses of Tecrit, abbot of the monastery; and in each of them he states that in the year 932 he brought into the convent, from Mesopotamia, about two hundred and fifty volumes. As there was no evidence whatever to show that even so many as one hundred of these manuscripts had ever been taken away (for those which were procured for the papal library by the two Assemani, added to those which Mr. Curzon and Mr. Tattam had brought to England, do not amount to that number,) there was sufficient ground for supposing that the convent of the Syrians still possessed not fewer than about one hundred and fifty volumes, which at the latest must have been written before the tenth century. Application accordingly was made by the Trustees to the Treasury; a sum was granted to enable them to send again into Egypt, and Mr. Tattam readily undertook the commission. The time was most opportune. The goodwill of the Patriarch had been gained by the liberality of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who had undertaken to print, for the use of his churches, an edition of the New Testament in Coptic and Arabic, in a beautiful large type cut expressly for this purpose. Mr. Tattam, the editor of this work, was naturally in great favor with the patriarch, who by and bye gave consent to his proposals. We cannot but rejoice that these measures were taken so promptly, as we have been informed, upon the best authority, that similar representations had been made to the French government; and had much more delay been interposed, these manuscripts, which perhaps constitute the greatest accession of valuable literature which has been brought from the East into Europe since the taking of Constantinople, would in all probability have been now the pride of the Bibliothèque Royale.

The following is Mr. Tattam's own account of the manner in which he obtained the remainder of the manuscripts upon his second excursion:—

'When I returned to Cairo the second time, all the Europeans who seemed to understand my business prophesied that I should not succeed, but the result proved they were false prophets. I found I could work more effectually through the sheich of a village on the borders of the desert, who had influence with the superior of the convent, and whom my servant had secured in my interest, and through my servant, rather than by attempting direct negotiation. I therefore set to work. After I had been in Cairo about a fortnight, the sheich brought the superior to my house, where he promised to let me have all the Syriac manuscripts. My servant was to go back with him and the sheich when he returned, and to bring away all the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where they were to be deposited, and I was to follow in three days and bargain for them. I went at the time appointed, and took money with me in the boat, and a Mohamedan as a silent witness to the transaction and the payment of the money, should any crooked ways be discovered. My servant had taken ten men and eight donkeys from the village, and had conveyed the manuscripts to the sheich's house, where I saw them as soon as I arrived; and I found he had already bargained for them, which I confirmed. That night we carried our boxes, paper, and string, and packed them all, and nailed up the boxes, and had them in the boat before morning dawned, and before ten o'clock in the morning they were on their way to Alexandria.'

The manuscripts arrived in the British Museum on the 1st of March, 1843. Upon opening the cases very few only of the volumes were found to be in a perfect state. From some the beginning was torn away, from some the end, from others both the beginning and end; some had fallen to pieces into loose quires, many were completely broken up into separate leaves, and all these blended together. Nearly two hundred volumes of manuscripts, torn into separate leaves, and mixed up together by time and chance more completely than the greatest ingenuity could have effected, presented a spectacle of confusion which at first seemed almost to preclude hope. To select from this mass such loose fragments as belonged to those manuscripts which were imperfect, and to separate the rest, and collect them into volumes, was the labor of months. To arrange all those leaves now collected into volumes, in their proper consecutive order, will be the labor of years. Without the aid either of pagination or catch-words, it will be requisite to read almost every leaf, and not only to read it, but to study accurately the context, so as to seize the full sense of the author. Where

there are two copies of the same book, or where it is the translation of some Greek work still existing, this labor will be in some measure diminished; but in other instances nothing less than the most careful perusal of every leaf will render it possible to arrange the work, and make it complete.

The number of volumes, as now collected, including both entire works and books made up of various fragments, amounts to three hundred and seventeen, of which two hundred and forty-six are on vellum, and seventy on paper, all in Syriac or Aramaic, with one volume of Coptic fragments. These, together with the forty-nine previously obtained, make an addition to the national library of three hundred and sixty-six volumes of manuscripts. As many of these contain two, or even three or four, distinct works, written at different periods, but bound up together, and as several are made up of various fragments, it is perhaps not too much to affirm that there are contained in this collection parts of at least one thousand manuscripts, written in different countries—in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt—and at various times—from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the thirteenth century. The earliest is dated A. D. 411, the latest A. D. 1292. It would be very interesting, if the means were within our reach, to trace the history of this most remarkable collection, perhaps the largest that was ever possessed by any single monastery, especially when we consider the time and labor requisite to produce even one copy, which could not have been less to the Oriental scribes than in the convents of the West. A note at the end of one copy of the works of Dyonisius the Areopagite, which seems to have been written in the eighth century, states that the transcriber completed his task in the course of one year, which is doubtless intended to be a record of more than ordinary diligence. We have no means, as we have said, of tracing the history of this collection, as indeed we have none either for that of the monastery itself. It was most probably founded in the earliest ages of asceticism, and ransacked by the Arabs, with the rest of the convents, at the beginning of the ninth century. We have already stated that it was again in a flourishing condition at the commencement of the tenth century, and that Moses, its then abbot, brought to its library from Mesopotamia two hundred and fifty volumes, of which fact we are assured by the registry which he made in

many, if not in all, of these books. Several bearing this notice are now in the British Museum; several also are in the Vatican, as appears from the account given by J. S. Assemani—some belonging to the collection which he himself made, and others to that obtained by his cousin Elias; and one which was formerly the property of Abraham Ecchellensis, from which it appears that some manuscripts had been brought from this monastery into Europe previously to the expedition of Elias Assemani, but by whom or when we have not been able to discover. Moreover, from various notices on the fly-leaves of several of these volumes, we gather that they once belonged to the convent of Amba-Bishoi, and were afterwards transferred to that of St. Mary Deipara of the Syrians, by a person named Abraham, and incorporated into their library. Other similar notices record the benefaction of several volumes by various individuals, many of whom appear to have been inhabitants of Tecrit in Mesopotamia; where indeed, and at Edessa, and in the monasteries in the neighborhood, most of them appear to have been written. Many of these presents seem to have been single manuscripts offered for the salvation of the soul of the donor; but one notice states that no less than eighteen volumes, the property of one individual, came into possession of the convent upon the death of the owner. There are also records of the purchase of several books for the use of the monastery, and some doubtless were transcribed within its walls. It is only from such incidental notices as these, written at the beginning and end of some of the volumes, that we have any means of forming an estimate of the manner in which the collection was increased to so great a number. There is a note in one of the volumes stating that the manuscripts belonging to the library were repaired in the year of the Greeks 1533 (A. D. 1222.) At no very distant period subsequently to this they were probably altogether neglected, the monks becoming too ignorant to make any further use of them. The volume with the most recent date in the collection was written seventy years later, and after this time there seems to have been no effort in these monasteries either at composition or translation into Syriac, or even to reproduce any of their ancient literature by new transcripts. Indeed the examination of this collection brings conviction, that for two or three centuries at least previous to this

time little had been done in the way of transcribing further than to copy liturgies, lives of saints, a few homilies, and such parts of the Holy Scriptures as were needed by the monks in the daily services. These, of course, required to be periodically renewed, as by constant use they necessarily became torn and worn out. This circumstance has been the cause of the destruction of some of the finest and most ancient manuscripts which the monks ever possessed. Almost all the manuscripts of this class are palimpsest. When their service-books were worn out, the monks, unable perhaps to obtain vellum elsewhere, had recourse to the expedient of erasing the text of an old volume. In selecting manuscripts for this purpose they seem to have been guided chiefly by the fineness of the vellum, and consequently attacked those which were the most ancient, and in every respect the most valuable. The Greek manuscripts seem to have suffered first, probably because they were unintelligible to the monks; for although there are several Greek palimpsests, as well as Syriac, among the manuscripts now in the British Museum, there is not found in the whole collection one single Greek book, but only a few very small fragments in some of the volumes, which have been pasted on to mend the leaves that were torn; but even these are sufficient to show that the Greek manuscripts which they did possess were of the finest class and of the greatest antiquity, closely resembling the famous Alexandrine Bible in substance and calligraphy. It is evident that the monks must have employed some chemical process of erasure, and this in most instances has been so successful as to leave scarcely any perceptible trace of the original writing, but at the same time it has been very injurious to the texture of the vellum: these manuscripts are consequently in the worst condition of any in the collection. Some, indeed, of the others look as fresh as if they had scarcely been used at all—even the original dressing of the vellum still remains; although they have been written more than a thousand years, they seem as if the transcriber had finished his task but yesterday.

The contents of these manuscripts are, as we should naturally expect, chiefly theological, and in this department they are most important. The copies of the Holy Scriptures are some of the oldest in existence, and the translations of the works of the great Fathers of the Church are

most valuable, not only because many of them, in all probability, were made during the lifetime of the authors (we have the means of proving certainly that some of them were), but also because the manuscripts in which these Syriac versions are found are the oldest copies of these works now extant, and were written some centuries earlier than any of those in which the original Greek exists. Moreover, this collection contains several really important works, of which the Greek copies have been long since lost, and are now only known to us either by their titles which have come down to us, or by very short extracts preserved by other writers. Besides these there are many original works of Syriac authors.

Of biblical manuscripts of the Peshito version there are nearly thirty volumes, containing various books of the Old Testament, most of which were written about the sixth century; one copy of the Pentateuch dated A. D. 464. We find also the book of Exodus, written A. D. 697—the books of Numbers, Joshua, and the first book of Kings, transcribed about the same time—of the Hexaplar edition, with the asterisks, obelisks, &c., as corrected by Eusebius; together with part of Genesis, and of two copies of the Psalms, of this same edition, with short scholia by Athanasius and Hesychius of Jerusalem. Here are the first book of Samuel and the first book of Kings, in the version of Mar Jacob of Edessa, written A. D. 703; and a copy of Isaiah, written about the same time, probably translated by the same Mar Jacob. There are upwards of forty manuscripts containing parts of the Peshito version of the New Testament, many of which are of the sixth century, and some appear to be of the fifth: and also a copy of the Gospels and of the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude, of the Philoxenan version, or, more properly speaking, of the edition corrected by Thomas of Heraclea.

Of the Apocrypha, these manuscripts contain the Book of Wisdom, Baruch, and Macabees; also the Book of Women, which comprises Esther, Judith, Susannah, Ruth, and the Life of the martyr Thecla. There are also copies of the Gospel of the Infancy; the History of the Holy Virgin, and her Departure from this world; the Doctrine of Peter which he taught at Rome; and a Letter of Pilate to Herod, and of Herod to Pilate.

To the copies of the Scriptures should be added several Lectionaries, containing portions of Scripture appointed to be read in the churches. This class of manuscripts, for the reason which we have above stated, is more recent than the copies of the Scriptures: some of them are dated in the ninth century, but most in the eleventh. There is a large collection of rituals and service-books, with many ancient liturgies; and these also are of the later class of manuscripts; here are found the liturgies of the Apostles, of St. James, St. John, St. Matthew, St. Clement, St. Ignatius, Dionysius the Areopagite; of Celestinus, Julius, Xystus or Sixtus, bishops of Rome; of Basil, of Gregory Theologus; of Cyril and Dioscorus, bishops of Alexandria; of Eustathius, of Curia, and Severus, bishops of Antioch; of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug; of Jacob of Edessa, and Jacob bishop of Serug; of Maruthas, Thomas of Heraclea, Moses Bar Cepha, John Bar Salibi, and others. Several collections of canons of councils,—the Collection of Apostolic canons made by Hippolytus; the Canons of the councils of Nice, Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, Laodicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon; the acts of the second council of Ephesus, held under Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria in the time of Theodosius and Valentinian, transcribed A. D. 535. These collections of canons appear to be very important, as they do not seem to have been always translated from the Greek, but to have been arranged and digested by some of the Syrian bishops who attended the councils. To these may be added the canons of several individual patriarchs and bishops for the especial government of their own churches, which may be of great value in tracing the ecclesiastical history of the East.

Of documents which are referred to apostolic times there is found in this collection a small tract bearing the title of the Doctrine of the Apostles. This has been published by the Cardinal Mai, in the tenth volume of his '*Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio*;' but he assigns it to the thirteenth century. What pretensions it has to refer its origin to apostolic times, as its title indicates, we cannot discuss in this place; but we must observe that the Cardinal cannot have erred less than six centuries in the date which he fixes on; for there are two copies of this tract among these Syriac manuscripts, both of which were undoubtedly transcribed in the sixth

century of the Christian era.* Of the Apostolic Fathers there are found in this collection two copies of the Recognitions ascribed to St. Clement, one in the very ancient manuscript which we have spoken of before, and the other in a copy which seems to be of the sixth century; and three epistles of St. Ignatius, to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and the Romans. To these we should add several copies of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. Of other ecclesiastical writers, of the second and third centuries—besides various fragments from their works cited by other authors, we recover in this Syriac collection an oration of Melito, bishop of Sardis, to the emperor Marcus Antoninus; which, however, does not agree with that cited by Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History (Book iv. chap. 26):—the entire Dialogue on Fate by Bardesanes, of which a fragment had been preserved by Eusebius in the 10th chapter of the 6th book of his '*Præparatio Evangelica*;' and two or three treatises of Gregory Thaumaturgus, which appear to have been hitherto unknown.

Of ecclesiastical writers of the fourth century,—Titus, bishop of Bostra, against the Manicheans. The original Greek is imperfect, and the last book lost; the Syriac version is complete, and was transcribed A. D. 411. In the same manuscript are contained, as we have seen above, two works of Eusebius, on the Divine Manifestation of our Lord, and on the Martyrs of Palestine. We find here also the five first books of his Ecclesiastical History, transcribed early in the sixth cen-

* There is another error less excusable committed by the learned Cardinal, which, as it relates to a matter of considerable interest, the testimony to the antiquity of the British Church received in the East, certainly not later than about the year 500, and probably much earlier (for this is the period of the transcript of the manuscript), we must take this opportunity of correcting. At the end of this work, professing to be '*the Doctrine of the Apostles*,' there is an account of the different channels through which the sacerdotal office was transmitted to the various parts of the then Christian world. The passage to which we allude runs thus:—'*Rome, the whole of Italy, Spain, Britain, Gaul, and the other countries round about, received the hand of priesthood from Simon Cepha, who came from Antioch, and was ruler and governor of the church which he built there.*' This we have translated from the Syriac, as it is correctly printed at page 174. But the Latin version runs thus:—'*Accepit manum sacerdotalem Roma civitas, et tota Italia, ac Hispania, Bythinia, et Gallia,*' &c.—p. 7.

ture. Of Athanasius,—his Commentary on the Psalms, Life of St. Anthony, and his Festal Letters, but not complete: of these letters Athanasius wrote upwards of forty—that is, one for every year of his patriarchate—it having been a practice with patriarchs of Alexandria to send a cyclical letter at Christmas to all the bishops of their province, to inform them on what day Easter was to be observed. These have all perished in the original Greek, except a fragment of the 39th preserved by Theodorus Balsamon. Of Basil—the Treatise on the Holy Spirit, transcribed A. D. 509, not 130 years after his death; his *Regulæ fusius Tractatæ*, Treatise on Virginity, and various sermons. Of Gregory of Nyssa,—Homilies on the Lord's Prayer, on the Beatitudes, and other sermons, some written in the sixth century. Of Gregory Theologus,—his works translated into Syriac by Paul, an abbot in the island of Cyprus, A. D. 624, with commentaries by Severus, bishop of Nisibis; one copy transcribed A. D. 790, another A. D. 840, and others which appear more ancient. Of Ephraem Syrus,—many sermons, metrical discourses, and hymns; among which are several things not comprised in Assemani's edition of his works—for example, his tract against Julian, supposed to have been lost; one of these manuscripts is dated A. D. 519, or about 150 years after the death of the author; others appear to be still more ancient.

Of Fathers at the end of the fourth century and the commencement of the fifth,—nearly all the works of John Chrysostom, in manuscripts of great antiquity; one copy of the Homilies on St. Matthew is dated A. D. 557, about 150 years after his death; another copy, without date, of the same Homilies appears to be about a hundred years earlier. Several treatises of Proclus, his successor on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. The '*Historia Lausiaca*' of Palladius; also the account of the Egyptian monks, by Evagrius Ponticus, with other of his works; a short treatise on heresies by Epiphanius, written A. D. 562, less than 160 years after his decease, together with extracts from his other works. Almost all the works of Cyril of Alexander, of very great antiquity; among which we would specify the treatise on Adoration in Spirit and Truth, transcribed A. D. 553, about 110 years after his death; his commentary on St. Luke, in two volumes, of which the original Greek is lost,

excepting a very few passages preserved in the catenæ on St. Luke. Some of Cyril's works were translated into Aramaic during his life-time, by Rabulas, who was then bishop of Edessa.

In the beginning of the sixth century, a work of Timotheus, patriarch of Alexandria, against the Council of Chalcedon, transcribed A. D. 562—25 years after his death; various letters of his successors, Theodosius and Theodorus; numerous writings of Severus (Patriarch of Antioch), among which we would specify a volume of sermons, transcribed A. D. 569, or only about thirty years after his death: many of his works were translated into Syriac during his life-time, in the year 528, at Edessa, by Paul, bishop of Callinicum. Of these writers of the sixth century nothing more is preserved to us in the Greek than the titles of their works, and not even the whole of these. This arises probably from their having been diligently suppressed by the emperor and the opposite party, by whom they had been condemned: they are, however, most important for throwing light upon the history of the first half of the sixth century, more especially on several important events consequent upon the Council of Chalcedon, concerning which we have little more at present than the statement of one party.

For ecclesiastical history we have in this collection—besides the five first books of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, and his Martyrs of Palestine—a contemporary Ecclesiastical History, by John, bishop of Ephesus, from the year A. D. 571 to 583 (this manuscript must have been transcribed about the same time as the last event it records); two imperfect Ecclesiastical Chronicles; a considerable collection of Martyrologies, Lives of Saints, Fathers, and eminent Bishops; which may supply much matter hitherto unknown. In general theology there are several anonymous treatises on Christianity, and works against various heresies, together with some volumes of miscellaneous sermons.

Of Ascetic writers,—numerous treatises of Ammonius, Macarius, Evagrius, Esaias, &c. &c.

Of original Syriac authors, besides Ephraem, above spoken of, there are found among these manuscripts,—works of Mar Isaac, presbyter of Antioch; numerous writings of Mar Jacob, bishop of Serug, or Batnæ—among which one volume of sermons is said to have been purchased A. D.

653, little more than 130 years subsequently to his death, and probably was written much earlier; various works of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug, one volume of which is dated A. D. 569, or less than fifty years after his death; the treatise of Peter, bishop of Antioch, against Damian; several works of Mar Jacob, bishop of Edessa, and amongst these his valuable recension of the books of the Old and the New Testament, according to the Peshito version and that of Thomas of Heraclea. We might have added many other Syriac authors.

To the above short list of writers purely theological, we should not omit to subjoin the categories of Aristotle, translated into Syriac by Sergius of Rhesina, in the sixth century; commentaries on Aristotle by Probus and Severus bishop of Kenneserin; and a Syriac translation of Galen de Simplicibus. These manuscripts are of great antiquity, and touch upon the times at which the translations were made.

In closing a very brief notice of this collection, we cannot refrain from congratulating the learned of Europe generally that these manuscripts have been rescued from perishing in a vault in the desert of Africa; and we shall perhaps be forgiven for indulging in a little national pride when we rejoice that they are deposited in the British Museum. We are, however, constrained at the same time to confess that this our joy is much sobered down by the apprehension that these valuable works, although now safe from the danger of destruction, will still lie upon our shelves in almost as great neglect as they did in the oil-cellar of the monastery. There are but few Oriental scholars in England; and among those few the Syriac has found hardly any attention. The number of persons at present competent to make any use of this matchless collection is very limited, and even of those who may be competent, one is too far removed to be able to avail himself of it, a second too much pressed by other duties. Neither can we foresee any prospect of young scholars rising up to whom we may look forward as future explorers of this extensive mine. The mercantile spirit pervades even our literary pursuits, and that is most studied which seems most likely to turn out to some material advantage, not that which most tends to intellectual profit. We have some Hebrew scholars: there are Hebrew professorships in both the universities; that in Ox-

ford is well endowed. We have a few indifferent Arabic students; there are also chairs for Arabic, indifferently endowed, in both universities. The foundation of the Sanscrit Chair and scholarships in Oxford has already engaged several in the study of that language; and the additional facilities afforded to obtain the means of wealth and distinction in India, by the knowledge of the Persian, have produced several eminent Persian scholars. But the Syriac, a language which by every association would seem to call for our sympathies more than any other, hardly excepting the Hebrew itself, has hitherto been in this country almost entirely neglected. There are no lectures read in this language in the university of London. There is no professorship of Syriac in Oxford or Cambridge; and while no less than three new theological chairs have been lately established in Oxford, the Syriac language, which would afford more light than any other for the critical explanation of the text of the New Testament—perhaps of the Old Testament also—which contains much patristical theology and vast materials for ecclesiastical history that cannot be elsewhere obtained, has been left without a professor, and consequently, perhaps, without a student. The Syriac Theophania of Eusebius and the Epistles of Ignatius are the only works in that language, with the exception of the whole or parts of the Scripture, which, so far as our knowledge goes, have been published in this country. The glory of such Syriac literature as was brought to England by Huntington was taken from us by foreigners, who transcribed and published the valuable history of Gregory Bar Hebræus from the manuscripts in the Bodleian.

These are melancholy recollections; and our anticipations are shaded with their tints. But still we are pleased and proud that the Government and the Museum have done their duty as respected the Treasure of the Desert.

LEWES PRIORY.—On Monday, the Brighton Herald reports that the workmen found a grave, not of Caen stone, but of chalk, containing the uncoffined bones of a full-sized human body. A pavement of Roman tile, also, has been found in another spot—its centre is plain, bordered with enamelled tiles, some in a fair state of preservation, and ornamented with the De Warren arms. Also a doorway of a stone cell, the side stones perfect, and the stone foundation good.—*Ath.*

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

LEIGH HUNT AND THE ITALIAN POETS.

Stories from the Italian Poets; being a summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, with Comments throughout, occasional Passages versified, and critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors. By Leigh Hunt. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a dainty book to set before a critic. The idea is as happy and as suitable to the wants of the day, as the execution is masterly. It is a book for the poetical of all tastes. Grave and gay, fanciful and imaginative, romantic and pathetic are its stores; and the guiding-spirit is that of the genial, graceful, and accomplished author of 'Rimini.'

In these busy times of ours, when the intellects of men are sorely tasked to keep pace with the advancing spirit of the age, when books multiply with startling fecundity, and, amidst the number, so many are worthy of attention, the works of bygone times must necessarily occupy less of our study. Except for a few stray students, the past can never be supposed worthy to absorb attention; yet rightly to understand that past, a long-life study must be given. On the other hand, the past, for its own great sake, no less than for the sake of its parentage with the present, cannot be neglected by the thinking world. It must be studied till it is thoroughly understood; it must be ransacked; all that is dim and questionable, be it ever so trifling in appearance, must be elucidated. And this labor, which is divided amongst the archæologists, the historians, the philosophers, the critics, and the bibliographers, is meant for the million, who cannot so occupy themselves, having more pressing matter on hand. Daily, therefore, do we see some new attempt to shorten the routes of study; or at least to clear them from obstacles. 'There is no royal road to knowledge' is a true saying only in one sense; the Sovereign People cannot, indeed, be wise by merely willing it; but they can demand that the road shall be cleared of all obstacles before they will venture to travel. We are quite aware that the majority of works undertaken with the express purpose of making the journey easy, make it profitless; because they are the productions of men who are almost as ignorant as the public they pretend to teach. But we

are also aware that all the leading tendencies of our literature are towards one desirable end—the removal of all obstacles from the path of knowledge. Not only has there sprung up a high sort of literature for the people; not only has Latin long been banished as a literary language, but it has even begun to be banished from the notes of editions to the classics; so that at last it seems frankly to be understood that works are to be written with a view to the facility of the reader. Abstruse subjects, indeed, must always remain abstruse. You cannot popularize the higher branches of science. But even there, unnecessary obscurity in expression, whether by the pedantic accumulation of formulæ, or by the careless indecision of a wordy style, is inexcusable.

In this great work of facilitating the studies of mankind, such a book as that now before us has a fitting place. It addresses itself to various classes. To those ignorant of Italian, and likely to remain so, it furnishes a vivid and satisfactory idea of the great Italian poets. To those who merely 'dabble' in the literature, it will be a dainty feast. To those who are about to study any one of these great poets, it will be the fittest introduction they could possibly have. To those who have read the poets, but have not time to re-read them, it will be a charming and facile opportunity of refreshing their knowledge. Finally, to the poetical readers of all kinds, it will be an almost inexhaustible source of delight. It is of poetry 'all compact.' The magnificent pictures painted by these truly great men are given to the world in exquisite engravings. Perhaps no translation could do the justice to the original that is done by the simple, faithful, and delicately-picked prose of these volumes; in the first place, because poetical versions always have more or less of the translator forced upon the poet: in the second place, because prose, though robbed of the endless charm of rhythm, does by its very unpretendingness leave more room to the reader's imagination to conceive the glories of the original: prose is professedly incomplete; a poetical translation pretends to be complete, and is not.

We will give a specimen. Let the reader turn to Cary or Wright, and read there the ghastly story of Ugolino ('ce malheureux,' as Théophile Gautier, with his usual sprightly absurdity, says, 'qui mangeait ces enfants pour leur conserver un père,') and then compare the following prose version as given by Leigh Hunt.

"The pilgrims went on, and beheld two other spirits so closely locked up together in one hole of the ice, that the head of one was right over the other's like a cowl; and Dante, to his horror, saw that the upper head was devouring the lower with all the eagerness of a man who is famished. The poet asked what could possibly make him show a hate so brutal; adding, that if there were any ground for it, he would tell the story to the world.*

"The sinner raised his head from the dire repast, and after wiping his jaws with the hair from it, said, "You ask a thing which it shakes me to the heart to think of. It is a story to renew all my misery. But since it will produce this wretch his due infamy, hear it, and you shall see me speak and weep at the same time. How thou camest hither, I know not; but I perceive by thy speech that thou art a Florentine.

"Learn, then, that I was the Count Ugolino, and this man was Ruggieri the Archbishop. How I trusted him, and was betrayed into prison, there is no need to relate; but of his treatment of me there, and how cruel a death I underwent, hear; and then judge if he has offended me.

"I had been imprisoned with my children a long time in the tower which has since been called from me the Tower of Famine; and many a new moon had I seen through the hole that served us for a window, when I dreamt a dream that foreshadowed to me what was coming. Methought that this man headed a great chase against the wolf, in the mountains between Pisa and Lucca. Among the foremost in his party were Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, and the hounds were thin, and eager, and high-bred: and in a little while I saw the hounds fasten on the flanks of the wolf, and the wolf's children, and tear them. At that moment I awoke with the voices of my own children in my ears asking for bread. Truly cruel must thou be, if thy heart does not ache to think of what I thought then. If thou feel not for a pang like that, what is it for which thou art accustomed to feel? We were now all awake; and the time was at hand when they brought us bread, and we had all dreamt dreams which made us anxious. At that moment I heard the key of the horrible tower turn in the lock of the door below, and fasten it. I looked at my children, and said not a word. I did not weep. I made a strong effort upon the soul within me. But my little Anselm said, 'Father, why do you look so? Is any thing the matter?' Nevertheless, I did not weep, nor say a word all the day, nor the night that followed. In the morning a ray of light fell upon us through the window of our sad prison, and I beheld in those four little faces the likeness of my own face, and then I

began to gnaw my hands for misery. My children, thinking I did it for hunger, raised themselves on the floor, and said, 'Father, we should be less miserable if you would eat our own flesh. It was you that gave it us. Take it again.' Then I sat still, in order not to make them unhappier; and that day and the next, we all remained without speaking. On the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, and said, 'Father, why won't you help me?' and there he died. And as surely as thou lookest on me, so surely I beheld the whole three die in the same manner. So I began in my misery to grope about in the dark for them, for I had become blind; and three days I kept calling on them by name, though they were dead; till famine did for me what grief had been unable to do.

"With these words, the miserable man, his eyes starting from his head, seized that other wretch again with his teeth, and ground them against the skull as a dog does with a bone."

This specimen will sufficiently inform our readers of the style in which the whole work is executed. Dante's long poem is seldom read throughout by foreigners; but with such a full analysis of it—or rather, with its story briefly but so completely told, as in these volumes, the most indolent reader will have patience to the end: and the delight thereby gained may induce him to venture on the original. The same remark applies to Ariosto, whose charming stories are here charmingly narrated; but whose poem is confessedly tedious from excess of wealth. And we may here mention, by the way, the beautiful little book, similar in its object, which Mr. Craik has given us on Spenser;* wherein as much of Spenser as is conjectured would be read by the busy men of our day, is given in his own lovely words; and the rest in a prose analysis. So many persons have expressed their gratitude for Mr. Craik's having thus brought Spenser home to them, that we can have little hesitation in assuming that Leigh Hunt's book will be widely popular. Still less hesitation have we in ranking it amongst our English classics. To prophecy is perilous, when contemporaries are the subjects; nevertheless, when we consider the immortal beauty of the poets here assembled, and the exquisite manner in which their stories are retold, we cannot but assume that the book will never grow useless, as we are sure it never can be more felicitously executed.

One portion of no slight interest is that

* This is the famous story of Ugolino, who betrayed the castles of Pisa to the Florentines, and was starved with his children in the Tower of Famine.

* Forming vols. 60, 61, 62 of 'Knight's Weekly Volume.'

devoted to the notices of the lives and genius of the five poets. Painstaking memoirs they all are; and, with one exception, they are all genial criticisms. It is this portion of the work which calls for especial notice at our hands: the poets can speak for themselves.

Great critics are rare; rarer even than great poets. To be a great critic a man needs the sensibility and imagination of a poet, with the acuteness and comprehensive grasp of reasoning of a philosopher; and to these qualities he must add a highly cultivated taste. There have been some excellent critics; but we should hesitate before naming any one as great, that is to say, as greatly uniting in himself the above conditions. The celebrated critics have either leaned too much to the philosophical side; or else too much to the imaginative side. But while on the one hand it is notorious that many great thinkers have had no relish, no capacity for poetry; so also, on the other hand, most poets have had no power of *explaining* accurately what they *feel* vividly: the logical faculty has been, not deficient, but differently employed by them. Hence the profound truth of Plato's paradoxical discussion in the 'Ion.'

Of the two classes of critics Leigh Hunt ranges under that of the imaginative. A poet himself—genuine in kind, though not of a great kind—he has been all his life a student of poetry; and in all that relates to the art of poetry he is an accomplished critic. Hazlitt once said that the style of poetry which a man sat deliberately down to write, was the style he would praise, and that only. There is some truth in this; and Leigh Hunt, though catholic in his tastes, may be seen, in his criticisms, to exhibit the tendencies of the poet, quite as much as those of the judge. The bias of his mind, however, is only the more visible, from its being original; and to object to this bias, is idle; all that the reader has to do with it is to note it, to be aware of its influence, and make allowance accordingly. Any opinion coming from one so well qualified to pronounce, as he is, on all poetical matters, must be received with the utmost respect; and, before it is questioned, should be examined as to how far it may be the result of any opinions peculiar to him—of any tendencies which his mind manifests in contradiction to those of mankind in general.

With all deductions made for what are called *Huntisms*, the fact still remains that Leigh Hunt is a critic of very uncommon

excellence. He knows poetry, and he feels it. He can not only relish a beautiful poem, but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations. The mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him. His sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste, by a lifelong intercourse with poets. He has read much, and read well.

His greatest drawback as a teacher, is the absence of that conception of literature as the product of national thought, which though often carried to excess, is the distinguishing characteristic of modern continental criticism. A new class of thinkers has arisen, who, when judging of a work of art, endeavor to throw themselves back into the era in which it was produced; thus striving to look at it, as those looked at it for whom it was produced. They endeavor as much as possible to penetrate into the spirit of that age, to understand its language—its beliefs—and its prejudices; in order that the imagination of the poet who utters that language, may have its influence over their minds unimpeded by any want of sympathy, which ignorance would create. The reasonableness of this mode of viewing works of art, in contradistinction to that of the eighteenth century, which consisted in viewing them absolutely, without reference to the era in which they were produced, may be illustrated by the common question, as to whether Shakspeare's plays would succeed, if now, for the first time, produced. It seems certain, that if the 'Tempest' were now first to appear, it would scarcely be tolerated. That is not saying the 'Tempest' is a bad play, but, simply, that it was written for another taste and for other audiences. It is obvious, that if Shakspeare were now living, he would manifest the same dramatic power, but he would manifest it under different forms; his tastes, his knowledge, his beliefs, would all be different from those we find in him. We always admire his plays with a secret consciousness of their antiquity; under which consciousness many things are received as beauties, which would otherwise be intolerable. There are, probably, few men now living of greater intellectual and moral qualities than Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. Our admiration of these men is hearty and unfeigned. But, if they were now resuscitated, and were to appear in modern society as they then appeared, they would

seem little better than barbarians; their intellects would be thought narrow, their ignorance astonishing, their manners rough and uncultivated. The historian who should test these men according to the modern standard would be guilty of the same misconception as the critic, who views a work of the past without making allowance for the characteristics of the past. Leigh Hunt, in practice, at least, whatever may be his theoretical views of the matter, belongs to the eighteenth century school of critics. He judges works of art absolutely; the effect they produce on him is taken as the test of their excellence. A method, which, though proper enough for each man seeking merely his own pleasure among books, is, we believe singularly unfit for literary criticism. The account of Dante, is throughout defaced by this original sin. He evidently dislikes Dante. His own Muse loves to wander amidst the Graces and Charities of life, and shrinks from any outburst of violence and energy. The vehement Dante startles and annoys him. His aim has ever been to inculcate gentleness and tolerance. The stern and fanatical Dante makes him shudder. It is quite curious to trace in these volumes the constant uneasiness with which he finds himself in Dante's company. He becomes intolerant of Dante's intolerance. The fierce saturnine face of the sad Florentine seems to have been perpetually present to him, exasperating him into resentment. This is apparent, not only in his critical memoir, to which it has given a coloring utterly false, but also in the notes which accompany his version of the poem; every trait of fanaticism and bitterness is there noticed, even although he may have noticed it before in the memoir; and when some touch of sweetness wrings from him a cry of admiration, it is sure to be succeeded almost in the same breath by a sigh of regret, that a poet possessing such sweetness should so often have indulged in bitterness. There is this inevitable inconvenience in attacking a great man, that in order to excuse our temerity, in order to make out a case strong enough to justify attack, we are hurried by our own eagerness into an exaggerated statement of the thing we object to. We lay too much stress upon trifles; we are too apt to bend facts to our views, and to give the interpretations suiting our object rather than those which would naturally present themselves.

To give an instance: Leigh Hunt, who is quite horrified at the way Dante assigns

places to his friends in Hell, sees nothing in this but the spite and wilfulness of the poet. Dante the theologian is quite left out of sight; indeed, the whole poem is never looked upon as a product of the middle ages. Thus he says:

"If Dante thought it salutary to the world to maintain a system of religious terror, the same charity which can hope that it may once have been so, has taught us how to commence a better. But did he, after all, or did he not, think it salutary? Did he think so, believing the creed himself? or did he think it from an unwilling sense of its necessity? Or, lastly, did he write only as a mythologist, and care for nothing but the exercise of his spleen and genius? If he had no other object than that, his conscientiousness would be reduced to a low pitch indeed. Foscolo is of opinion he was not only in earnest, but that he was very near taking himself for an apostle, and would have done so had his prophecies succeeded, perhaps with success to the pretension.* 'Thank Heaven, his 'Hell' has not embittered the mild reading-desks of the Church of England.'"

Really this introduction of the 'mild reading-desks of the Church of England,' betokens a misconception of the office of a literary critic. We have no space here to exhibit the close relations of the Divine Comedy with the spirit of its age; but we present one fact for the critic's consideration. If Dante was actuated solely by spleen and wilfulness, if his distribution of punishments was prompted solely by his personal spite, how is it that he never placed one of his personal enemies in Hell, except Pope Boniface VIII., and the motive for placing him there, was probably the same religious motive which prompted him in the case of others? Even his judge, Cante Gabrielli, was deemed unworthy of his revenge. Again, exception is taken to Dante's invectives against the various towns of Italy; that Lucca made a trade of perjury; that Pistoja was a den of beasts, and ought to be reduced to ashes; that the river Arno should overflow and drown every soul in Pisa; that almost all the women in Florence walked half-naked in public, and were abandoned in private; that every brother, husband, son, and father, set their women to sale, &c. &c. That Dante does pour forth these invectives, and worse than these, is true, but to draw any conclusion therefrom, respecting his moral character,

* 'Discurso sul Testo,' pp. 64, 77—90, 335—338.

appears to us preposterous. The very exaggeration of these invectives robs them of their malevolence. As Coleridge, in his own case, says: 'it seems worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general all deep feelings of revenge are, commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame and mild.' Coleridge himself, certainly neither a vindictive nor a vehement nature, might be convicted of vindictiveness and wilfulness, upon evidence similar to that which is brought against Dante. Coleridge also pertinently asks: 'Whether it would be either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish that all the persons mentioned by him, should actually suffer the fantastical and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his "Hell and Purgatory?"' Or what shall we say of the passages, in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those, who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. . . . Do we not rather feel and understand that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the magic caldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language.' Leigh Hunt, however, taking the poet at his word, exclaims:

"One is astonished and saddened at the cruelties in which the poet allows his imagination to riot: horrors generally described with too intense a verisimilitude, not to excite our admiration, with too astounding a perseverance not to amaze our humanity, and sometimes with an amount of positive joy and delight that makes us ready to shut the book with disgust and indignation. Thus, in a circle in Hell, where traitors are stuck up to their chins in ice (Canto xxxii.,) the visiter, in walking about, happens to give one of their faces a kick; the sufferer weeps, and then curses him—with such infernal truth does the writer combine the malignant with the pathetic! Dante replies to the curse by asking the man his name. He is refused it. He then seizes the miserable wretch by the hair, in order to force him to the disclosure; and Virgil is represented as commending the barbarity! But he does worse. To barbarity he adds treachery

of his own. He tells another poor wretch, whose face is iced up with his tears, as if he had worn a crystal vizor, that if he will disclose his name and offence, he will relieve his eyes awhile, *that he may weep*. The man does so; and the ferocious poet then refuses to perform his promise, adding mockery to falsehood, and observing that ill-manners are the only courtesy proper towards such a fellow!* It has been conjectured that Machiavelli apparently encouraged the enormities of the princes of his time, with a design to expose them to indignation. It might have been thought of Dante, if he had not taken a part in the cruelty, that he detailed the horrors of his 'Hell' out of a wish to disgust the world with its frightful notions of God. This is certainly the effect of the worst part of his descriptions in an age like the present. Black burning gulls, full of outcries and blasphemy, feet red-hot with fire, men eternally eating their fellow-creatures, frozen wretches malignantly dashing their iced heads against one another, other adversaries mutually exchanging shapes by force of an attraction at once irresistible and loathing, and spitting with hate and disgust when it is done. Enough, enough, for God's sake! Take the disgust out of one's senses, O flower of true Christian wisdom and charity, now beginning to fill the air with fragrance!"

The last paragraph shows us how Dante is tested by the gentle spirit of the 'Indicator.' But are the two fairly contrasted? Would Leigh Hunt himself, in the thirteenth century, have had his select circle of admirers, loving him for that very 'Indicator' spirit? Revolting at the superstition and fanaticism no less than at the untamed fierceness which in those days had free expression, he attributes them to Dante, as if they were sins peculiar to him. But Dante was the creature of his age: the intense expression of its dominant elements. If asked whether such fanaticism, such vehemence be laudable now, no one can hesitate as to the answer. But the question for the literary critic is whether they were laudable then.

We shall not further pursue this discussion, points of which we have rather indicated than examined. Leigh Hunt's book excites feelings the reverse of polemical; and if we have thought it necessary to signalize this sole defect we find in the book, it is in the hope that the author may be induced, in a second edition, to modify his criticism of the great Florentine. We are not presumptuous enough to suppose that

* "Cortesia fu lui esser villano."—*Inferno*, canto xxxiii. 150.

any observation of ours could modify his opinions—opinions, we are sure, not lightly hazarded; but the expression of those opinions he may be induced at least so to modify, that they shall not appear as they now do, flagrantly unjust. Dante was vehement, bitter, and fanatical; but do not let us see nothing in him but malevolence and fanaticism. If those notes in the commentary which now so unscrupulously track the sentiments of the great poet which are repugnant to the Christianity of modern times, were replaced by notes of more strictly critical character, such as Leigh Hunt is eminently qualified to write, the book would not only have additional charm and value, but the impression of injustice towards Dante which it now so painfully produces, would be considerably lessened. For it is not the mere statement, however energetic, of Dante's faults, but the constant recurrence, and the polemical, the almost querulous, tone of objection, which leaves the impression on the reader's mind that the prominent characteristics of Dante are hateful.

Leigh Hunt has written worthily in Dante's praise; but if the reader compare the general terms in which this praise is conveyed with the lovingness in which the details of Ariosto's style are dwelt on, he will see the difference between genial and ungenial criticism—between the admiration which is spontaneous, and that which is forced. We will select specimens of each:—

"Many, indeed, of the absurdities of Dante's poem are too obvious now-a-days to need remark. Even the composition of the poem, egotistically said to be faultless by such critics as Alfieri, who thought they resembled him, partakes, as every body's style does, of the faults as well as good qualities of the man. It is nervous, concise, full almost as it can hold, picturesque, mighty, primeval; but it is often obscure, often harsh, and forced in its constructions, defective in melody, and wilful and superfluous in the rhyme. Sometimes, also, the writer is inconsistent in circumstance (probably from not having corrected the poem;) and he is not above being filthy. Even in the episode of Paolo and Francesca, which has so often been pronounced faultless, and which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world, some of these faults are observable, particularly in the obscurity of the passage about *tolla forma*, the cessation of the incessant tempest, and the non-adjunction of the two lovers in the manner that Virgil prescribes.

"But truly it is said, that when Dante is

great, nobody surpasses him. I doubt if any body equals him, as to the constant intensity and incessant variety of his pictures; and whatever he paints, he throws, as it were, upon its own powers; as though an artist should draw figures that started into life, and proceeded to action for themselves, frightening their creator. Every motion, word, and look of these creatures becomes full of sensibility and suggestions. The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character, nay forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighborhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or where, at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another in the lurid light of torment. In the present volume a story will be found which tells a long tragedy in half-a-dozen lines. Dante has the minute probabilities of a Defoe in the midst of the loftiest and most generalizing poetry; and this feeling of matter-of-fact is impressed by fictions the most improbable, nay, the most ridiculous and revolting. You laugh at the absurdity; you are shocked at the detestable cruelty; yet, for the moment, the thing almost seems as if it must be true. You feel as you do in a dream, and after it; you wake and laugh, but the absurdity seemed true at the time; and while you laugh you shudder."

A few pages on he continues:—

"Ginguéné has remarked the singular variety as well as beauty of Dante's angels, Milton's indeed, are commonplace in comparison. In the eighth canto of the 'Inferno,' the devils insolently refuse the poet and his guide an entrance into the city of Dis:—an angel comes sweeping over the Stygian lake to enforce it; the noise of his wings makes the shores tremble, and is like a crashing whirlwind, such as beats down the trees, and sends the peasants and their herds flying before it. The heavenly messenger, after rebuking the devils, touches the portals of the city with his wand; they fly open; and he returns the way he came without uttering a word to the two companions. His face was that of one occupied with other thoughts. This angel is announced by a tempest. Another, who brings the souls of the departed to Purgatory, is first discovered at a distance, gradually disclosing white splendors, which are his wings and garments. He comes in a boat, of which his wings are the sails; and as he approaches, it is impossible to look him in the face for its brightness. Two other angels have green wings and green garments, and the drapery is kept in motion like a flag by the vehement action of the wings. A fifth has a face like the morning star, casting forth quivering beams. A sixth is of a lustre so oppressive, that the poet feels a weight on his eyes before

he knows what is coming. Another's presence affects the senses like the fragrance of a May-morning; and another is in garments dark as cinders, but has a sword in his hand too sparkling to be gazed at. Dante's occasional pictures of the beauties of external nature are worthy of these angelic creations, and to the last degree fresh and lovely. You long to bathe your eyes, smarting with fumes of Hell, in his dews. You gaze enchanted on his green fields and his celestial blue skies, the more so from the pain and sorrow in midst of which the visions are created.

"Dante's grandeur of every kind is proportionate to that of his angels, almost to his ferocity; and that is saying every thing. It is not always the spiritual grandeur of Milton, the subjection of the material impression to the moral; but it is equally such when he chooses, and far more abundant. His infernal precipices—his black whirlwinds—his innumerable cries and clasping of hands—his very odors of huge loathsomeness—his giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits, like towers, and causing earthquakes when they move—his earthquake of the mountain in Purgatory, when a spirit is set free for heaven—his dignified Mantuan Sordello, silently regarding him and his guide as they go by, 'like a lion on his watch'—his blasphemous, Capaneus, lying in unconquered rage and sullenness under an eternal rain of flakes of fire (human precursor of Milton's Satan)—his aspect of Paradise, 'as if the universe had smiled'—his inhabitants of the whole planet Saturn crying out *so loud*, in accordance with the anti-papal indignation of St. Pietro Damiano, that the poet, though among them, *could not hear what they said*—and the blushing eclipse, like red clouds at sunset, which takes place at the Apostle Peter's denunciation of the sanguinary filth of the court of Rome—all these sublimities, and many more, make us not know whether to be more astonished at the greatness of the poet or the raging littleness of the man. Grievous is it to be forced to bring two such opposites together; and I wish, for the honor and glory of poetry, I did not feel compelled to do so. But the swarthy Florentine had not the healthy temperament of his brethren, and he fell upon evil times. Compared with Homer and Shakspeare, his very intensity seems only superior to theirs from an excess of the morbid; and he is inferior to both in other sovereign qualities of poetry—to the one, in giving you the healthiest general impression of nature itself—to Shakspeare, in boundless universality—to most great poets, in thorough harmony and delightfulness. He wanted (generally speaking) the music of a happy and a happy-making disposition. Homer, from his large vital bosom, breathes like a broad fresh air over the world, amidst alternate storm and sunshine, making you aware that there is rough work to be faced, but also activity and beauty to be enjoyed. The feeling of health and strength is

predominant. Life laughs at death itself, or meets it with a noble confidence—is not taught to dread it as a malignant goblin. Shakspeare has all the smiles as well as tears of nature, and discerns the 'soul of goodness' in things evil. He is comedy as well as tragedy—the entire man in all his qualities, moods, and experiences; and he beautifies all. And both those truly divine poets make nature their subject through her own inspiring medium—not through the darkened glass of one man's spleen and resentment. Dante, in constituting himself the hero of his poem, not only renders her, in the general impression, as dreary as himself, in spite of the occasional beautiful pictures he draws of her, but narrows her very immensity into his pettiness. He fancied, alas, that he could build her universe over again out of the politics of old Rome and the divinity of the schools!"

The specimens of his critique on Ariosto are in a very different strain.

"The poet takes a universal, an acute, and, upon the whole, a cheerful view, like the sun itself, of all which the sun looks on; and readers are charmed to see a knowledge at once so keen and so happy. Herein lies the secret of Ariosto's greatness; which is great, not because it has the intensity of Dante, or the incessant thought and passion of Shakspeare, or the dignified imagination of Milton, to all of whom he is far inferior in sustained excellence—but because he is like very-nature herself. Whether great, small, serious, pleasurable, or even indifferent, he still has the life, ease, and beauty of the operations of the daily planet. Even where he seems dull and commonplace, his brightness and originality at other times make it look like a good-natured condescension to our own common habits of thought and discourse; as though he did it but on purpose to leave nothing unsaid that could bring him within the category of ourselves. His charming manner intimates that, instead of taking thought, he chooses to take pleasure with us, and compare old notes; and we are delighted that he does us so much honor, and makes, as it were, Ariostos of us all. He is Shakspearian in going all lengths with Nature as he found her, not blinking the fact of evil, yet finding a 'soul of goodness' in it, and, at the same time, never compromising the worth of noble and generous qualities. His young and handsome Medoro is a pitiless slayer of his enemies; but they were his master's enemies, and he would have lost his life, even to preserve his dead body. His Orlando, for all his wisdom and greatness, runs mad for love of a coquette who triumphs over warriors and kings, only to fall in love herself with an obscure lad. His kings laugh with all their hearts, like common people; his mourners weep like such unaffected children of sorrow, that they must needs 'swallow some

of their tears.* His heroes, on the arrival of intelligence that excites them, leap out of bed and write letters before they dress, from natural impatience, thinking nothing of their 'dignity.' When Astolfo blows the magic horn which drives every body out of the castle of Atlantes, 'not a mouse' stays behind;—not, as Hoole and such critics think, because the poet is here writing ludicrously, but because he uses the same image seriously, to give an idea of desolation, as Shakspeare in 'Hamlet' does to give that of silence, when 'not a mouse is stirring.' Instead of being mere comic writing, such incidents are in the highest epic taste of the meeting of extremes—of the impartial eye with which Nature regards high and low. So, give Ariosto his hippogriff, and other marvels with which he has enriched the stock of romance, and Nature takes as much care of the verisimilitude of their actions, as if she had made them herself. His hippogriff returns, like a common horse, to the stable to which he has been accustomed. His enchanter who is gifted with the power of surviving decapitation, and pursuing the decapitator so long as a fated hair remains on his head, turns deadly pale in the face when it is scalped, and falls lifeless from his horse. His truth, indeed, is so genuine, and at the same time his style is so unaffected, sometimes so familiar in its grace, and sets us so much at ease in his company, that the familiarity is in danger of bringing him into contempt with the inexperienced, and the truth of being considered old and obvious, because the mode of its introduction makes it seem an old acquaintance. * * *

"Ariosto's animal spirits, and the brilliant hurry and abundance of his incidents, blind a careless reader to his endless particular beauties, which though he may too often 'describe instead of paint' (on account, as Foscolo says, of his writing to the many), show that no man could paint better when he choose. The bosoms of his females 'come and go like the waves on the sea-coast in summer airs.† His witches draw the fish out of the water

"With simple words and a pure warbled spell.‡

He borrows the word 'painting' itself, like a true Italian and friend of Raphael and Titian, to express the commiseration in the faces of the blest for the sufferings of mortality :

"Dipinte di pietade il viso pio.§

"Their pious looks painted with tenderness.

* "Le lacrime scendean tra gigli e rôtse,
Là dove avvien ch'alcune sèn' inghiozzi."

Canto xii. st. 94.

Which has been well translated by Mr. Rose :—

"And between rose and lily, from her eyes
Tears fall so fast, she needs must swallow some."

† "Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte."

Canto vii. st. 14.

‡ "Con semplici parole e puri incanti."—Canto vi. st. 33.

§ Canto xiv. st. 79.

Jesus is very finely called, in the same passage, 'il sempiterno Amante,' the eternal Lover. The female sex are the

"Schiera gentil che pur adorna il mondo.*

"The gentle bevy that adorns the world.

He paints cabinet-pictures like Spenser in isolated stanzas, with a pencil at once solid and light; as in the instance of the charming one that tells the story of Mercury and his net; how he watched the Goddess of Flowers as she issued forth at dawn with her lap full of roses and violets, and so threw the net over her 'one day,' and 'took her;'

"un dì lo prese.†

"But he does not confine himself to these gentle pictures. He has many as strong as Michael Angelo, some as intense as Dante. He paints the conquest of America in five words :

"Veggio da diece cacciar mille,‡

"I see thousands

Hunted by tens.

He compares the noise of a tremendous battle heard in the neighborhood to the sound of the cataracts of the Nile :

"un alto suon ch' a quel s' accorda
Con che i vicin' cadendo il Nil assorda.§

He 'scourges' ships at sea with tempests—say rather the 'miserable seamen;' while night-time grows blacker and blacker on the 'exasperated waters.¶

Is not this excellent ? In the same genial spirit has he written upon Boiardo and Pulci. With respect to the latter, the critic's own universality has suggested to him the true solution of the mixture of gravity and absurdity in the 'Morgante Maggiore,' a mixture which has strangely puzzled the critics.

"One writer thinks he cannot but have been in earnest, because he opens every canto with some pious invocation; another asserts that the piety itself is a banter; a similar critic is of opinion, that to mix levities with gravities, proves the gravities to have been nought, and the levities all in all; a fourth allows him to have been serious in his description of the battle of Roncesvalles, but says he was laughing in all the rest of his poem; while a fifth candidly gives up the question, as one of those puzzles occasioned by the caprices of the human mind, which it is impossible for reasonable people to solve. Even Sismondi, who was well acquainted with the age in which Pulci wrote,

* Canto xxviii. st. 98.

† Canto xv. st. 57.

‡ Canto xv. st. 23.

§ Canto xvi. st. 56.

¶ Canto xviii. st. 142.

and who, if not a profound, is generally an acute and liberal critic, confesses himself to be thus confounded. 'Pulci,' he says, 'commences all his cantos by a sacred invocation; and the interests of religion are constantly intermingled with the adventures of his story, in a manner capricious and little instructive. We know not how to reconcile this monkish spirit with the semi-pagan character of society under Lorenzo de Medici, nor whether we ought to accuse Pulci of gross bigotry or of profane derision.' Sismondi did not consider that the lively and impassioned people of the south take what may be called household-liberties with the objects of their worship greater than northerners can easily conceive; that levity of manner, therefore, does not always imply the absence of the gravest belief; that, be this as it may, the belief may be as grave on some points as light on others, perhaps the more so for that reason; and that although some poems, like some people, are altogether grave, or the reverse, there really is such a thing as tragic-comedy both in the world itself and in the representations of it. A jesting writer may be quite as much in earnest when he professes to be so, as a pleasant companion who feels for his own or for other people's misfortunes, and who is perhaps obliged to affect or resort to his very pleasantry sometimes, because he feels more acutely than the gravest. The sources of tears and smiles lie close to, ay, and help to refine one another. If Dante had been capable of more levity, he would have been guilty of less melancholy absurdities. If Rabelais had been able to weep as well as to laugh, and to love as well as to be licentious, he would have had faith, and, therefore, support in something earnest, and not have been obliged to place the consummation of all things in a wine-bottle. People's every-day experiences might explain to them the greatest apparent inconsistencies of Pulci's muse, if habit itself did not blind them to the illustration. Was nobody ever present in a well-ordered family, when a lively conversation having been interrupted by the announcement of dinner, the company, after listening with the greatest seriousness to a grace delivered with equal seriousness, perhaps by a clergyman, resumed it the instant afterwards in all its gaiety, with the first spoonful of soup? Well, the sacred invocations at the beginning of Pulci's cantos were compliances of the like sort with a custom. They were recited, and listened to just as gravely at Lorenzo di Medici's table; and yet neither compromised the reciters, nor were at all associated with the enjoyment of the fare that ensued. So with regard to the intermixture of grave and gay throughout the poem. How many campaigning adventures have been written by gallant officers, whose animal spirits saw food for gaiety in half the circumstances that occurred, and who could crack a jest and a helmet perhaps with almost equal vivacity, and yet be as serious as the gravest at a moment's notice, mourn heartily over the deaths

of their friends, and shudder with indignation and horror at the outrages committed in a captured city? It is thus that Pulci writes, full no less of feeling than of whim and mirth. And the whole honest round of humanity not only warrants his plan, but in the twofold sense of the word embraces it."

After speaking of the 'unbounded tenderness' that beautifies Pulci's serious passages, he proceeds thus:

"A charm of another sort in Pulci, and yet in most instances, perhaps, owing the best part of its charmingness to its being connected with the same feeling, is his wit. Foscolo, it is true, says it is, in general, more severe than refined; and it is perilous to differ with such a critic on such a point; for much of it, unfortunately, is lost to a foreign reader, in consequence of its dependence on the piquant old Tuscan idiom, and on popular sayings and allusions. Yet I should think it impossible for Pulci in general to be severe at the expense of some more agreeable quality; and I am sure that the portion of his wit most obvious to a foreigner may claim, if not to have originated, at least to have been very like the style of one who was among its declared admirers—and who was a very polished writer—Voltaire. It consists in treating an absurdity with an air as if it were none; or as if it had been a pure matter of course, erroneously mistaken for an absurdity. Thus the good abbot, whose monastery is blockaded by the giants (for the virtue and simplicity of his character must be borne in mind.) after observing that the ancient fathers in the desert had not only locusts to eat, but manna, which he has no doubt was rained down on purpose from heaven, laments that the 'relishes' provided for himself and his brethren should have consisted of 'showers of stones.' The stones, while the abbot is speaking, come thundering down, and he exclaims, 'For God's sake, knight, come in, for the manna is falling!' This is exactly in the style of the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.' So when Margutte is asked what he believes in, and says he believes in 'neither black nor blue,' but in a good capon, 'whether roast or boiled,' the reader is forcibly reminded of Voltaire's Traveller. *Scarmiento*, who, when he is desired by the Tartars to declare which of their two parties he is for, the party of the black-mutton or the white-mutton, answers, that the dish is equally indifferent to him, provided it is tender."

We must now turn to the last 'Memoir' in these volumes—that of Tasso. This perplexing and much-debated subject has been treated in a masterly manner by our author, who has not only sifted evidence with the acuteness of a philosopher, but has had the courage to look at the subject in its true light, leaving romance and senti-

ment to shift for themselves. The quantity of nonsense written about Tasso is an abuse of the privilege which biographers have of setting 'themselves down asses,' Professor Rosini, who edited Tasso's works, and who is a man of reputation in Italy, may be taken as a sample of the extravagances which are deemed permissible in transalpine literary criticism. In his 'Saggio sugli Amori di Tasso,' amidst a mass of sweeping assumptions and loose reasonings, he lays down this critical canon—that a man of an *ingegno severo*, like Tasso, would not deliberately write a falsehood; from which we are to conclude, that whenever he speaks in his verses of his lady-loves, what he says is strictly true. With such a canon a man may go a great way in criticism; with what result we shall leave our readers to determine. Tasso's life is in itself perplexing enough; we need no extra confusion on the part of biographers; many things in it will probably never be cleared up; but all that seems capable of explanation is, we believe, rightly explained by Leigh Hunt. One of the points worthy notice in his memoir, is the admirable manner in which the reader is prepared for Tasso's madness. This is one of the disputed subjects. Was Tasso mad, before imprisonment and ill treatment drove him so? Sentimental biographers answer in the negative: foolishly enough, as it appears to us, since Tasso's imprisonment, though galling, was not accompanied by any degree of ill-treatment which could have affected a sane mind. The disease was earlier. In the vivid picture of his restlessness, inconsequences, and perpetual suspicion, Leigh Hunt has shown us the mind diseased, which even before the imprisonment broke forth into frantic vehemence. Alfonso, whatever may have been his conduct afterwards, seems to have behaved kindly enough on first hearing of Tasso's outbreaks. He merely directed, in the mildest and most reasonable manner, that Tasso should be confined to his apartments, and put into the hands of a physician. This afflicted Tasso deeply: what step of the kind had ever any other effect upon an unsound mind? Yet he bore it in silence, and the duke took him to his beautiful country seat of Belriguardo; 'where, in one of his accounts of the matter, the poet says that he treated him as a brother; but in another he accuses him of having taken pains to make him criminate himself, and confess certain matters, real or supposed, the nature of which is a puzzle to posteri-

ty.' It was Belriguardo, as most of our readers will remember, that Göthe makes the scene of his exquisite dramatic poem, 'Torquato Tasso:' a work as profound as it is enchanting, but which takes the utmost poetical license with the history it treats of. Those persons who fancy that Alfonso imprisoned Tasso because he discovered the poet's love for the princess, forgot that the occasion of the imprisonment was Tasso's furious outburst of indignation at not being sufficiently attended to, and his calling the court a 'ciurma di poltroni, ingrati, e ribaldi,' in a speech of 'good set terms,' but of very uncourtly flavor. Let us hear Leigh Hunt on this debated question:—

"The causes of Tasso's imprisonment, and its long duration, are among the puzzles of biography. The prevailing opinion, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by Serassi and Black is, that the poet made love to the Princess Leonora—perhaps was beloved by her; and that her brother the duke punished him for his arrogance. This was the belief of his earliest biographer, Manso, who was intimately acquainted with the poet in his latter days; and from Manso (though he did not profess to receive the information from Tasso, but only to gather it from his poems) it spread over all Europe. Milton took it on trust from him;* and so have our English translators Hoole and Wiffen. The Abbé de Charnes, however, declined to do so;† and Montaigne, who saw the poet in St. Anne's hospital, says nothing of the love at all. He attributes his condition to poetical excitement, hard study, and the meeting of the extremes of wisdom and folly. The philosopher, however, speaks of the poet's having survived his reason, and become unconscious both of himself and his works, which the reader knows to be untrue. He does not appear to have conversed with Tasso. The poet was only shown him; probably at a sick moment, or by a new and ignorant official.‡ Muratori, who was in the service of the Este family at Modena, tells us, on the authority of an old acquaintance who knew contemporaries of Tasso, that the 'good Torquato' finding himself one day in company with the duke and his sister, and going close to the princess in order to answer some question which she had put to him, was so transported by an impulse 'more than poetical,' as to give her a kiss; upon which the duke, who had observed it, turned about to his gentlemen, and said: 'What a pity to see so great a man distracted!' and so ordered him to be locked up.§

* "Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam," &c.

† 'Vie du Tasse,' 1695, p. 51.

‡ In the 'Apology for Raimond de Sebonde;' Essays, vol. ii., ch. 12.

§ In his 'Letter to Zeno.'—Opere del Tasso, xvi., p. 118.

But this writer adds, that he does not know what to think of the anecdote: he neither denies nor admits it. Tiraboschi, who was also in the service of the Este family, doubts the truth of the anecdote, and believes that the duke shut the poet up solely for fear lest his violence should do harm.* Serassi, the second biographer of Tasso, who dedicated his book to an Este princess inimical to the poet's memory, attributes the confinement, on his own showing, to the violent words he had uttered against his master.† Walker, the author of the 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' says, that the life by Serassi himself induced him to credit the love story:‡ so does Ginguéné.§ Black, forgetting the age and illnesses of hundreds of enamored ladies, and the distraction of lovers at all times, derides the notion of passion on either side; because, he argues, Tasso was subject to frenzies, and Leonora forty-two years of age, and not in good health.|| What would Madame d'Houdetot have said to him? or Mademoiselle L'Espinasse? or Mrs. Inchbald, who used to walk up and down Sackville-street, in order that she might see Dr. Warren's light in his window? Foscolo was a believer in the love;¶ Sismondi admits it;** and Rosini, the editor of the latest edition of the poet's works, is passionate for it. He wonders how any body can fail to discern it in a number of passages, which, in truth, may mean a variety of other loves; and he insists much upon certain loose verses (*lascivi*) which the poet among his various accounts of the origin of his imprisonment, assigns as the cause, or one of the causes of it.††

* 'Storia della Poesia Italiana' (Mathias's edition), vol. iii part i., p. 236.

† Serassi is peremptory, and even abusive. He charges every body who has said any thing to the contrary with imposture. "Egli mon v' ha dubbio, che le troppe imprudenti e temerarie parole, che il Tasso si lasciò uscir di bocca in questo incontro, furon la sola cagione della sua prigionia, e ch'è mera favola ed *impostura* tutto ciò, che diversamente è stato affermato e scritto da altri in tale proposito." Vol. ii., p. 33. But we have seen that the good abbé could practise a little imposition himself.

‡ Black, ii., 88.

§ 'Hist. Litt. d'Italie,' v. 243, &c.

|| Vol. ii., p. 89.

¶ Such at least is my impression; but I cannot call the evidence to mind.

** 'Literature of the South of Europe,' (Roscoe's translation), vol. ii., p. 165. To show the loose way in which the conclusions of a man's own mind are presented as facts admitted by others, Sismondi says, that Tasso's 'passion' was the cause of his return to Ferrara. There is not a tittle of evidence to show for it.

†† 'Saggio sugli Amori,' &c. ut sup. p. 84, and passim. As specimens of the learned professor's reasoning, it may be observed that whenever the words *humble*, *daring*, *high*, *noble*, and *royal*, occur in the poet's love-verses, he thinks they *must* allude to the Princess Leonora; and he argues,

"I confess, after a reasonable amount of inquiry into this subject, that I can find no proofs whatsoever of Tasso's having made love to Leonora, though I think it highly probable. I believe the main cause of the duke's proceedings was the poet's own violence of behavior and incontinence of speech. I think it very likely that, in the course of the poetical love-making to various ladies, which was almost identical in that age with addressing them in verse, Torquato, whether he was in love or not, took more liberties with the princesses than Alfonso approved; and it is equally probable, that one of those liberties consisted in his indulging his imagination too far. It is not even impossible, that more gallantry may have been going on at court than Alfonso could endure to see alluded to, especially by an ambitious pen. But there is no evidence that such was the case. Tasso, as a gentleman, could not have hinted at such a thing on the part of a princess of staid reputation; and, on the other hand, the 'love' he speaks of as entertained by her for him, and warranting the application to her for money in case of his death, was too plainly worded to mean any thing but love in the sense of friendly regard. 'Per amor mio' is an idiomatical expression, meaning 'for my sake;' a strong one, no doubt, and such as a proud man like Alfonso might think a liberty, but not at all of necessity an amatory boast. If it was, its very effrontery and vanity were presumptions of its falsehood. The lady whom Tasso alludes to in the passage quoted on his first confinement is complained of for her coldness towards him; and, unless this was itself a gentlemanly blind, it might apply to fifty other ladies besides the princess. The man who assaulted him in the streets, and who is supposed to have been the violator of his papers, need not have found any secrets of love in them. The servant at whom he aimed the knife or the dagger might be as little connected with such matters; and the sonnets which the poet said he wrote for a friend, and which he desired to be buried with him, might be alike innocent of all reference to Leonora, whether he wrote them for a friend or not. Leonora's death took place during the poet's confinement; and, lamented as she was by the verse writers according to custom, Tasso wrote nothing on the event. This silence has been attributed to the depth of his passion; but how is the fact proved? and why may it not have been occasioned by there having been no passion at all?

"All that appears certain is, that Tasso spoke violent and contemptuous words against the duke; that he often spoke ill of him in his letters; that he endeavored, not with perfect ingenuousness, to exchange his service for that of another prince; that he asserted his mad-

that Alfonso never could have been so angry with any '*versi lascivi*,' if they had not had the same direction.

ness to have been pretended, in the first instance, purely to gratify the duke's whim for thinking it so (which was one of the reasons perhaps why Alfonso, as he complained, would not believe a word he said): and, finally, that, whether the madness was or was not so pretended, it unfortunately became a confirmed though milder form of mania, during a long confinement. Alfonso, too proud to forgive the poet's contempt, continued thus to detain him, partly perhaps because he was not sorry to have a pretext for revenge, partly because he did not know what to do with him, consistently either with his own or the poet's safety. He had not been generous enough to put Tasso above his wants; he had not address enough to secure his respect; he had not merit enough to overlook his reproaches. If Tasso had been as great a man as he was a poet, Alfonso would not have been reduced to these perplexities. The poet would have known how to settle quietly down on his small court income, and wait patiently in the midst of his beautiful visions for what fortune had or had not in store for him. But in truth, he, as well as the duke, was weak; they made a bad business of it between them; and Alfonso the Second closed the accounts of the Este family with the Muses by keeping his panegyrist seven years in a mad-house to the astonishment of posterity, and the destruction of his own claims to renown."

Did Tasso love three Leonoras; did he only love the princess? In one of his canzones (though we cannot at this moment recover the passage) he says, 'three have I sung; one only have I loved.' But this does not prove that the loved one was the princess; and as to the three Leonoras, modern criticism has amply demonstrated that there were only two—the princess and the Countess Scandiano. Goldoni, indeed, in his lively comedy of 'Tasso,' has given us the established three; and curiously enough, while assuming as a matter of course that Tasso was in love with the princess ('*tutti sanno che il Tasso diventò innamorato della principessa*') he transforms this princess into an attendant at court, *out of respect for the illustrious family of Este*. 'Il rispetto per questa illustre casa, che regna amora in Italia, mi ha fatto cambiare nella mia commedia il grado di principessa in quello d'una marchesa, favorita del duca ed alla principessa attaccata.' Considering how much it was the custom for poets in those days to be enamored (upon paper) of every beautiful woman; and how to such poetical attachment rank was no obstacle, nay, rather a stimulant, we may fairly accept Tasso's verses, as amatory verses, without at all concluding that

he was in love. But as the evidence either way is but vague, the sentimental may assume the truth of the traditional story, if they please. All we stipulate for is, that they do not insist on this attachment being the occasion of his imprisonment. For ourselves, we have little faith in either of his three goddesses. It may be pleasant enough for a poet to have three mistresses to adore in verse: they stimulate his muse to variety; but we doubt the sincerity of the attachment so distributed. It reminds us of Meleager's epigram, in which, complaining of being smitten by the charms of three women at once, he asks whether Love has discharged three arrows into his heart, or whether he has *three* hearts within him:—

τρισαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρενοι Ωραι
 τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.
 ἢ γὰρ Ἐρως τρία τόξα κατέρυσεν, ὥς ἄρα μέλλων
 οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ καρδίας;*

which is a pretty conceit enough, but only a conceit. Tasso sings as amorously of the Scandiano as he does of the princess: a presumption that he loved neither; though the majority of critics look upon the countess as a stalking-horse, beneath whose cover he could pierce the heart of the princess. We again say, let the critics settle the matter: each as he pleases for himself, without attempting to force his convictions upon other people. Meanwhile, we cannot help regarding the view taken by Leigh Hunt as by far the most satisfactory.

There is one passage in this 'Memoir,' which we would have graven in letters of gold, and placed on the portals of every Pantheon. It is a clear and deep insight into that miserable fallacy 'the miseries of genius.' Listen, ye critics!

"Poor, illustrious Tasso! weak enough to warrant pity from his inferiors—great enough to overshadow in death his once-fancied superiors. He has been a byword for the misfortunes of genius: *but genius was not his misfortune; it was his only good, and might have brought him all happiness.* It is the want of genius, as far as it goes, and apart from martyrdoms for conscience' sake which produces misfortune even to genius itself—the want of as much wit and balance on the common side of things, as genius is supposed to confine to the uncommon."

We must close our rambling notice of this beautiful book. Not a quarter of what

* 'Epig. LIV. ed Jacobs.' Anthol. Græca.

we intended to say has been said, and yet our allotted space is filled. A book so suggestive, and embracing so wide a field, is an *embarras de richesses*, which, as far as 'articles' are concerned, impoverishes the critic. If we have brought, however, no quota of our own, we have compensated for the deficiency by presenting the reader with extracts from our author; which extracts, though not by any means the most attractive in the work, being selected in the course of discussion, will, we trust, create a strong desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself. It is indeed a book which, to speak with Marlowe, contains

"Infinite riches in a little room."

From the Metropolitan.

THE ORPHAN GIRLS.

A SKETCH—BY A SURGEON.

STEPHEN BEVERLY was the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, handsome, intelligent, and heir to three thousand a year. With such recommendations he, at twenty-four, easily obtained the hand of Mary Willmott, a lovely girl in her eighteenth year. Upon the death of his father, which occurred a few years after his marriage, he took up his abode at Beverly Park. It was at this period I was called in to attend Mrs. Beverly, who was suffering from a low nervous fever.

When I entered the room she was engaged nursing a lovely little girl, about three years and a half old, another, apparently about six, was playing at her feet. Mrs. Beverly was still a beautiful woman, but, accustomed to observe, I could not help noticing her very unhappy expression of countenance; she was evidently *striving* to be cheerful, and appeared to me rather to need medicine for the mind than the body. While I was conversing with my patient, Mr. Beverly entered.

"Well, doctor, and how do you find Mary? she's only a little hipped now, is it not so? It's this dull place that's enough to mope any one; I'm sure I'm tired to death," drawled he, stretching, and then walking to the window. "I wonder Gilbert is not here; he's sadly behind time."

"Papa, papa," cried little Mary, clasp-

ing her hands round his knees, "I do not like Mr. Gilbert."

"And why do you not like Mr. Gilbert?" said he, lifting her up.

"Because, papa, mamma does *so* cry when he is here."

He hastily placed her on the floor. I could catch but a slight glimpse of his countenance, but I perceived him change color.

After having prescribed some slight alterative I took my departure, musing on what had passed. That sorrow was destroying Mrs. Beverly's health, I had little doubt; and if men like Mr. Gilbert were the chosen associates of her husband, could I be surprised?

Mrs. Beverly's health continued to decline; I felt fearful that symptoms of consumption were showing themselves. About this time the family removed to London, and I lost sight of them; but shortly after my fears with respect to Mrs. Beverly were confirmed, and her illness terminated fatally in the spring following. The family were now rarely down in the country. Mr. Beverly preferred town, and consequently took but little interest in his country residence; for ten years it was rarely visited by any of them for more than a few days at a time.

One evening taking a walk through the grounds, I was roused by the sound of voices, and, on looking up, perceived two girls, their arms encircling each other, whom I instantly recognized as the little girls I had formerly nursed. I was standing so that a tree completely sheltered me from observation. Mary was neither pretty nor beautiful, but possessed of a highly intellectual countenance, combined with great sweetness of expression. She was looking tenderly into her sister's face, whose sweet, clear laugh rang merrily through the woods. Emily was a lovely little creature, her black eyes sparkling with merriment, her regular features and black hair contrasted well with a skin of dazzling fairness; she appeared scarcely to have reached her fifteenth year. "How lovely!" I mentally exclaimed, "and yet how soon to fade!"

"And now, Emily, we must go in," said her elder sister; "it is getting late, and you know what a little thing gives you cold."

"Oh! let us go once more along this walk, Mary, it is so delightful; and see, there is not much damp yet."

Mary hesitated, looked as if she *could not*

shorten her pleasure, and, turning round, their voices were soon lost in the distance.

I retraced my steps and returned homewards. The last accounts I had heard of Mr. Beverly were, that after having injured his health by indulging in every vice, he had engaged in mercantile speculations, and was travelling in Italy for his health. He had disposed of his house in town, and I was informed that his daughters had taken up their residence at Beverly Park until his return.

I must now pass over two years of my life, during which I had obtained an appointment in India; but in consequence of loss of health I was obliged to resign and return to England. I departed from the shores of India poorer than I left my native land.

One fine afternoon I was lounging on deck; for lack of something better to do I took up an old newspaper, and, looking over the list of bankrupts, I read therein the name of Stephen Beverly, of Beverly Park, in the county of S———e. I sat musing for some time. What had been the fate of those girls? What home now sheltered them? Were they separated? were questions I in vain tried to answer. I read and re-read the paper, and in a restless mood threw it upon a heap of luggage. It was immediately taken up by two of my fellow passengers who were seated on the opposite side of it; they also read the bankrupt list; there were several in it with whom they had been acquainted.

"Ah! Stephen Beverly," said one; "he made a short business of it. A fellow must feel queer when he puts the muzzle of a pistol down here," pointing to his throat.

I shuddered and walked to the side of the vessel. This, then, was the end. I felt squeamish and unsettled, but fresh things called my attention, and in a short time I had forgotten the matter.

I determined upon settling in London, and took my place in the Plymouth mail. I selected such lodgings as I thought best suited my scanty finances, and, after paying my quarter's rent, I found I had only a few shillings remaining.

I was returning from a walk in a very disconsolate mood, when, just as I was opening my door, I was accosted by a poor old Irish woman:—

"And is it yourself, dear, that's the good doctor," said she; "and is it yourself that'll do the good action?"

"And what is it I can do for you, my good woman," I replied.

"And bless you for saying the kind word to a poor cratur in distress; isn't it myself, that's got three childers ill of the faver, and no money to pay the doctor with?" here sobs choked her utterance.

I immediately told her to lead the way and I would follow. We passed through numerous alleys until we came to a street more wretched than any thing I could have pictured.

I asked where we were?

She replied, "Well, dear, and isn't it St. Giles' they call the grand street."

I now understood we were in those streets inhabited by the lowest and poorest class of Irish, which I had often heard described, but never before visited. I found the poor woman's children suffering from a very malignant fever which was then raging in the back streets and alleys of the Metropolis.

One evening I had been prevented from visiting these poor people until much later than usual, and, taking a wrong turn, I found myself quite bewildered. It was quite dark; the atmosphere felt so thick I mechanically unbuttoned my coat to allow of freer respiration; a dense fog surrounded every object, and now and then fell in a heavy drop. I stood still to see if I could meet with any one from whom I could ask my way, but there was no one visible. Rather higher up I perceived a faint light streaming through a window; I walked on, and looking through, I perceived a girl; she was in the attitude of prayer, her face buried in her hands. I gently pushed open the door, but she did not move.

"O God! spare her, spare her!" escaped from her lips in broken accents.

I looked round, a farthing dip, a cup with some milk, and a small piece of brown bread on a wooden stool were all the apartment contained. I moved to attract her attention, she raised her head, and looking at me, exclaimed,

"Oh! do not rob me! I have nothing, nothing to give you. [My eyes were turned towards the table.] Oh! take the bread, but do not, do not take the milk, it is for my sick sister. If you have a heart of pity leave me that."

"My good girl," I replied, "I am not going to rob you: I am a surgeon, and have been attending a poor family in one of these streets; in the dark I have lost my way, and to inquire brought me hither."

While I was speaking, a sudden idea appeared to flash across her mind; she looked at me attentively as if she would read my heart.

"Are you indeed a surgeon?" said she.

"I am so," I replied.

"Will you, will you see her? I cannot pay you, I have no money."

"Is it your sister," I asked, "you wish me to see?"

"Yes," she replied, "I fear she is very, very ill."

I immediately assured her I would do all I could for her sister. She did not thank me, but looking up said, "God has sent you," and bid me follow her up stairs; at the top she made a sign for me to wait. I could see all round the room; a very small fire was in the grate, an elegant rosewood easy chair lined with amber velvet, was the only furniture, a small pallet bed with a sheet suspended by pieces of string attached to nails in the ceiling, served for a curtain on the side near the door, and prevented my seeing the occupant of the bed. She stole gently round, when a languid voice said,

"Mary!"

"I am here, love," she replied.

"Oh, Mary! come and talk to me; I have had such a shocking dream. I thought I was de—ad, and you were all alone." Sobs choked her utterance.

"Oh! do not, do not cry so, you will make yourself so ill; and you know, Emily [her voice trembling with emotion], if you were to die, I should not be *all* alone."

"Oh! I do not cry for myself, but you, you Mary."

"Come, love, try to be quiet. I have brought a doctor to see you, and who knows . . ." and then, as if fearful of raising hopes which were never to be realized, the sentence died away upon her lips.

I approached my patient, and instantly recognized in the emaciated form which lay before me, the once lovely Emily Beverly. Once lovely I should not say; she was, if possible, more beautiful than ever; those eyes, always so dark, now looked doubly brilliant, and the hectic spot in each cheek told a fearful tale. I felt her pulse; it was a hundred and ten. Not having my stethoscope, I placed my ear to her chest, and at once perceived human aid was of no avail.

While I was questioning my patient, I could not help noticing the countenance of Mary. I have seen persons in almost every stage of distress both mental and bodily; but neither before nor since have I ever

seen such intense agony depicted in any human countenance. I followed her down stairs; her lips trembled, but she could not speak. I, too, was much affected; I felt I could not crush every hope; I murmured, "With God all things are possible."

She understood but too well, and, turning white as death, she leaned against the wall for support. After a few minutes she again tried to speak. I caught the words, "How long?" I understood what she meant, and replied, "It is impossible to say."

Mary returned up stairs, and I to my solitary home, musing on the scene I had just witnessed. I thought on their poverty, and regretted I had not given them something; but no, I could not offer them money; no, I must do it in some other way; and I spent a sleepless night in thinking how I might best serve them. My own resources were very small; my stock of money had wasted to a few shillings; my patients were all of the very poorest class—so poor that instead of receiving, I could not resist the dictates of my heart and try to alleviate their sufferings. I arose uncertain how to act for the best, and bent my steps towards their abode.

I found my patient even worse than I had thought the night before; I felt almost certain a fortnight would terminate her life. I asked Mary if they had no friends.

"None," she replied. "We were all to each other, and never mixed in any society. After my poor father's death we came to live with a poor maiden aunt in this city. I gained what I could by embroidery and painting; in this manner we managed to make a scanty livelihood for some time. My aunt fell sick; it was a long and dangerous illness, terminating fatally. We were obliged to sell every thing we possessed to pay the doctor's bill, our rent, and the funeral expenses. Emily was ill, and our landlord, seeing (as he said) we had no goods left, gave us notice to leave. These being the cheapest lodgings we could find, we took them; Emily got worse; we sold every thing but the easy chair, *that* we kept to the last, because she could sit up in it; but that will soon be useless; she will not sit up many times more," and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

I asked her if her sister wished for any thing.

She said, "She *has* wished for wine, but it was out of my power to get it for her."

What would I now have given for some of that money I had so heedlessly squandered in the former part of my life! Oh! ye thoughtless pleasure-seekers, ye little think how many a heart-ache ye might alleviate, how many souls ye might save from destruction for a much less sum than ye would expend on some bauble to gratify your vanity.

In the evening my patient seemed better; she spoke of her death with the utmost composure. I asked if she would like a clergyman to visit her?

She replied, "No, it does me more good to talk to Mary; she has always taught me what is right."

A week passed on; Emily sometimes suffered much, and at others was able to converse cheerfully. One morning I was rather later than usual in paying my visit, and was surprised at not meeting Mary on the stairs as usual. The door of the apartment was open, and I walked gently in. Mary was supporting her sister in her arms; I instantly perceived a great change had taken place, and that death was coming in its most gentle form.

She looked at me placidly, smiled, and said, "Yon will take care of Mary." Then pointing to the Bible, and turning to Mary, she said, "You will not be without comfort, and we shall soon meet again."

Her breathing now became very short, her arms were clasped round her sister's neck, her head resting upon her bosom, she looked gently up in her face, a faint smile, a look of unutterable love, and her soul had departed to the God who gave it. So gently had her spirit taken its flight, we scarcely thought life extinct; I softly felt her pulse—all was still.

"Mary," I said, but she did not speak. I attempted to unclasp the arms of her sister and laid her gently on the bed; I took hold of her little hand—it was already stiffening. "Mary," I said, "we cannot grieve for her."

"No," she replied, "it is selfish to wish her back again." Tears came to her relief.

After seeing her rather more calm, and promising to return soon, I departed to visit my patients and to procure a coffin. The ready-made coffins in London provided by the parishes are little better than a few boards nailed together. I procured a man to convey one to the house, and shortly after followed. Mary was on her knees; she had cut up the pillow and sheets—her last—and was endeavoring to line it.

Two o'clock of the day but one following the funeral was to take place. I got the Irish woman's husband and one of her sons to carry the coffin; Mary and I followed. It was a dull gloomy day; a thick drizzling rain beat down the smoke, a dense fog surrounded every object, and the wind whistled mournfully as our little procession turned the corner of the street. Mary bore it better than I had anticipated until we returned to her room; there every thing told of one who would be no more seen. The cup she had last drank out of, part full of milk, still stood by the bed; the *half*-dirty night-cap, which had been removed for a clean one neatly crimped, lay upon the table, her little slippers stood by the side. I felt the tear trickle down my cheek as I looked upon them and Mary. Ah! who shall describe the desolateness of that heart whose every thought through life has been for the loved one now no more.

She sat with her face buried in her hands. I pictured to myself the night she would pass in the solitary chamber; I turned to go; I hesitated. No, I could not leave her all alone; I stood irresolute; I could not take her to my home. What should I do? At length an idea crossed my mind.

"Mary," I said, "I cannot leave you here alone; there is a poor Irish woman lower down the street; she is poor, but kind; they have had the fever, but I think there is no fear of infection. Will you pass this night with her?"

She replied, "Do with me as you like."

The poor woman received her kindly, and I returned to my lodgings. In the morning I was met by the Irish woman, who told me Mary was very ill. I hastened to the spot and found her attacked by the fever; she must have been suffering from it on the preceding day, as I perceived it had already made rapid strides. Towards evening of the following day I perceived life was ebbing fast; she, too, was aware of her approaching dissolution. She was sensible at intervals; once she said, "God has been very gracious, he has not parted us long." I remained with her during the night; daylight was just streaming through the little casement; for the last hour she had been perfectly motionless; she opened her eyes, looked at me earnestly, and said, "God will reward you."

Before the evening of the following day I had placed her by her sister's side.

My dear readers, if by this little narrative I shall move but *one* heart to *seek* for objects of charity—*yes*, TO SEEK, for they who *solicit* charity are not the objects who stand most in need of it—my end will be accomplished. Oh! ye that possess riches, what a *hoard of happiness* do ye not hold! And will ye not diffuse it? Would ye not wish one heart to bless you—one heart to pray for you? I am now old; I have risen to eminence and affluence; yet on no part of my past life can I look back with so much pleasure as on that spent in relieving the wants and soothing the sorrows of my fellow creatures.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

CAPEFIGUE'S EUROPE SINCE THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

ART. X.—*L'Europe depuis l'Avènement du Roi Louis Philippe*. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. *Pour faire Suite à l'Histoire de la Restauration du même Auteur*. Paris. 1845.

UNFORTUNATELY it is not in the power of nations to determine who shall and who shall not write their annals; otherwise France would probably not have suffered M. Capefigue to be her historiographer. He is an endless pamphleteer. He runs up and down a subject in search of figures of rhetoric, and almost constantly missing those which might have suited his purpose, takes up, and uses in their stead, the most inapposite tropes and figures in the world. And such as are his art and ideas, such is his language. No living writer, perhaps, can match him for the strangeness of his vocabulary or the poverty of his style. The same words do duty in all senses; sometimes he aims at dignity, and froths up into bombast; sometimes he seeks to be idiomatic and familiar, and sinks into vulgarity; and occasionally the ambition seizes him to be recondite and philosophical, in which case no Delphian interpreter could have divined his meaning.

Yet this same enigmatical gentleman is said to be popular in France; from which one of two things must be inferred, either that the French are longer-sighted than other people, and can discover sense where we fail to discern the most remote glimmerings of it; or that, like certain of our

transcendentalists here at home, they think it lawful and even pleasant to admire what they don't in the least understand. That they are a tolerant, and, in some sense, a liberal people, no one can doubt. They endure compositions whose tediousness would kill any other nation, which shows their tolerance; and having read or heard out the infliction, they usually endeavor to say a good word for it, which places their liberality beyond dispute.

Of course the thing must be French, for they love none but indigenous nonsense. They have no patience with a dunce from beyond the Rhine or over the Channel. Upon such a one criticism may do its worst and welcome. What they delight in is a blockhead of home-growth; a prosier, who has breathed the air of the *salons*; a Capefigue, in short, who has supped with Talleyrand, and been closeted for a full half-hour together with Prince Metternich.

Still, if contemporary France could have found an abler chronicler, it would probably have been better pleased; for M. Capefigue is an unskilful painter, who lowers his subject while laboring to impart grandeur to it. Had he possessed the least particle of the serpent's wisdom, he would have appeared to be guided by a policy directly the reverse of that which he has ostentatiously pursued. While explaining the plan of his history, he says, that whereas other writers had been severe on France and its government, and lowered instead of raising them, he meant to follow the contrary course,* and, by displaying every thing to the best advantage, to exalt the character of his country.

This destroys all confidence in him from the outset. It is a distinct intimation that we are to expect nothing in his pages but what he at least thinks will make for France. He may not, indeed, be always inclined to spare his political opponents, particularly if they manifest any leaning towards democracy. But he considers it quite practicable—as, in fact, it is—to segregate political parties from the mass of the community, and blacken the former without much detriment to the latter. It is an operation, however, that requires some skill. Nations are made up of parties, and parties generally paint each other in somewhat unattractive colors. It would

* “ Il y a des pamphletaires qui se font un plaisir d'abaisser le gouvernement de leur pays; je veux l'élever et le grandir en le faisant connaître,

scarcely do, therefore, to judge of the French democracy from the testimony of the Philippists, or *vice versa*, or of the Legitimists from the representations of either. There is, possibly, in each of these factions less evil and less good than the evidence of different classes of witnesses would lead us to expect; and in estimating the merits of the whole nation, we must examine the motives of those who give it a character, before we trust them.

Let it, however, not be supposed that the historiographer of 'Europe since the Accession of Louis Philippe' stands alone. He belongs to the fashionable school of French historians, in whose narratives the grave and momentous annals of the world are assimilated as nearly as possible to a romance. There is a lavish display of what is vulgarly denominated eloquence. Philosophy, too, stands at the corner of every page, and politely ushers you into the next. Facts, like mere stubble, are cast into the furnace of the fiery elaborator of history, and vanish amid the intense glow of declamation.

We seem to have grown too wise in this generation to lay any stress upon events, or to think of reading for ourselves. Our plan now is to put on the spectacles of some fashionable speculator, or to read by proxy. We get our intellectual banquet eaten and digested for us. Our partiality for the representative system makes us transport it into the domains of literature and philosophy, and content ourselves with expressing our opinions as we do in parliament, vicariously, by burgesses and knights of the shire.

Formerly, a historian was held to be a narrator—a man who, through a transparent medium, enabled future generations to contemplate the past in its true character and costume, with all its defects and beauties, with all its greatness and its littleness; in short, just as it was. Had the men who performed this office been perfect, our knowledge of past times would have been so also. We should have conversed with the Persian and the Mede, with the Babylonian and the Egyptian, with the Assyrian and the Chaldean, with the Roman and the Greek, in their own moral and political languages. Our minds would have been familiar with their ethnoscyncracies. To our eyes would have been thrown open all the now mysterious processes by which their ideas, beliefs, opinions, and actions, were engendered.

We should have understood what, in the present state of our knowledge, appears so passing strange; the reasons of their fantastic religions; of their abnormal institutions; of their wild and rude laws; of their capricious, irregular, fanciful, and contradictory manners.

As it is, these things do not altogether escape the grasp of our understanding, because Greece and Rome gave birth to men capable of writing history, of drawing a tolerably correct picture of the old world, and stereotyping it in the forms of intellect, for the benefit of the new. Had those great writers composed their works in accordance with the French theory of history, it is not too much to affirm that antiquity must have been wholly unknown to us. Some grand objects we might have discerned through the distorting mists of style, towering, like colossal phantoms, in the background of time; though, like the vocal Memnon, they would have been dumb to us, and all that sweet and ravishing wisdom, which now speaks to our mind's ears, would have been utterly lost.

France has never given birth to a single great historian, for reasons all of which it might be presumptuous to attempt to assign. Some, however, lie prominent on the surface of the national manners; and of these the chiefest is that vanity which prompts to universal affectation and display. Nothing in politics, philosophy, or literature remains unsophisticated. Every man's principal business in life is to astonish his neighbor, as the principal business of France is to astonish the rest of the world. Hence the entire abandonment of simplicity. No man obeys his natural impulses, or is content to appear before the public such as he is. There has even been an obvious degeneracy within the last seventy years; for, in the character of a great historian, language is an important element, and the language of France, for more than two generations, has been undergoing numerous metamorphoses, all of them with a downward tendency, and calculated to immerse the divine principle of thought in more and more ignoble forms.

In saying this, we trust we are actuated by no national feeling, though there be much in almost every phasis of the French character which we acknowledge to be distasteful to us. It may be that the field of our sympathies is narrowed by our insular position; and yet, if this were the case, we should discover the same phenomena in our

intellectual relations with the Italian and the Spaniard, with the Turk and the Persian, with the Arab and the Hindú; but it is not so. There is scarcely any nation now existing with whose prevailing forms of thought—with whose tastes and preferences—apart from all considerations of religious belief, we have not more sympathy than with those of the French people. Living at our very threshold, they present, in almost all possible respects, the most striking contrast to us. It signifies very little that they secretly regard our character with profound reverence; that they have borrowed from us their political institutions and the better part of their laws; that they are happy to be our imitators in philosophy, poetry, and the useful arts. They do not by this means appear to approach a jot the nearer to us; but, on the contrary, the more they borrow, the less they seem to resemble the lenders. From this, if from nothing else, we may discover how wide is the distance between admiration and love. France admires England, because it has set her up as its model in all things; yet it hates her in the same proportion: and, that, too, perhaps, because it has been compelled by the force of circumstances to submit to this servile imitation, in order to retain its place among the great powers of the world.

There was, indeed, once a time, and we frankly acknowledge it, when France stood foremost among Christian nations, and served in most things as a model to all its neighbors, and to us among the rest. This truth appears evidently from a large portion of our history. We borrowed from her our fashions and our drama, our wigs and our morals, our cookery and our philosophy. Even in the art of war we went to school to her, and were content humbly to follow her footsteps in the external development of our civilization by distant settlements and colonies; and that period of inferiority was of long duration. But an end was at length put to it, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the superior grandeur, expansiveness, and stability of the British character began to display themselves, and to be recognized by the rest of the world.

Putting forth our national strength with that steady perseverance which our worst enemies will not deny to us, we gained the ascendancy over our rival by land and sea, in the useful arts, in literature and in arms. We destroyed the influence of France

throughout the whole continent of America and the West Indian islands, we gradually cleared the ocean of her fleets, we rendered ourselves masters, one by one, of all her colonies, we subverted the empire she had begun to found in India, and appropriated to ourselves that of which we had deprived her. Even the volcanic eruptions of the Revolution interrupted our career but for a short time. The new power that appeared to have arisen out of anarchy and confusion, and to thrive by what had always proved the bane of other states, yielded at length to our superior character. We overthrew Napoleon, and indisputably established our claim to be esteemed the first political community in the world.

And, willingly or unwillingly, France has long, by acts, and words, admitted us to be the paramount power in Christendom. Her very annals have ceased to wear the impress of originality, and in their leading features have become almost a repetition of ours, only that we had arrived early in the seventeenth century at the point which they barely reached at the close of the eighteenth. We consummated our great revolution by an act of regicide, and so did the French; we placed a man of brilliant genius at the head of our commonwealth, who, excited the wonder and admiration of mankind by his achievements in war and peace, and so did the French; we then became weary of our own greatness, surfeited, as it were, with glory, and in a paroxysm of despondency and weakness, submitted to the disgrace of the restoration; and in this inglorious transaction also, the French have been our faithful imitators. Having given the restored Stuarts a trial, and found that misfortune had not rendered them wise, we set aside the reigning family and placed over us a distant branch of it, in which again we have been imitated by our neighbors.

The remainder of the parallel time, in all likelihood, will supply. But enough, surely, has already taken place to show what position Great Britain occupies in relation to France.

In saying this we would as far as possible, guard against being misunderstood. It is not from any motive of vanity that we here dwell on these unquestionable facts of history; but in order to prevent some, who may not sufficiently attend to such acts, from being betrayed into error by the lively and romantic class of writers, who at

present obtain the name of historians beyond the Channel. It, no doubt, costs even great authors an effort to admit the inferiority of their own country, and to relate faithfully the transactions which demonstrate it. But when a man reflects that to love and serve truth is an act of greatness, and that past events will remain unalterable, whatever view he may please to take of them, he will prefer being true to his own reputation in the hope that it may reflect some lustre on his native land, to augmenting its calamities by proving it to have given birth to a partial and ignoble historian. But it is, perhaps, too much to expect to find this feeling common among the journalists and pamphleteers of the day. Some, no doubt, experience it; but in the strife of parties, and in the fever of national jealousy, they are far from being the most influential writers. They please most who keep in countenance the failings of their contemporaries, who strengthen their prejudices, inflame their passions, and flatter their self-love.

We may, perhaps, be thought, while making these observations, to be engaged in the very task, the pitifulness of which we are seeking to prove. But there is no getting rid completely of the facts of history. We appeal to what has happened, and is daily happening, in France, in support of our views of the two countries; and if any one will undertake, from the same sources, to convict us of error, we shall be most happy to acknowledge his success, if he succeed, and to relinquish our mistaken notions.

As far, however, as our knowledge extends, whether of French writers or of the French people, we can discover nothing but involuntary testimony to the superior greatness of England. Much reluctance is certainly exhibited in delivering the evidence. The most friendly journals, the least partial writers, the quietest good people of town or country, who pronounce the name of Great Britain, do so with manifest pain. The mere sound, or the very sight of the letters that compose it suffices to send a thrill of anguish through a Frenchman's frame. All the epithets they heap upon us are only so many proofs of their conviction that we have far outstripped them in the race of power. They call us proud and repulsive, which, when properly interpreted, can only mean that, as a nation and as individuals, we feel our independence of the rest of the world, and will not

pay them court, having no favor or concessions to ask of them.

Precisely the same notion prevailed of the Romans of old beyond the limits of the Republic. They were regarded as haughty and unsociable, because their thoughts were habitually of empire, which rendered it difficult for them to converse freely with other nations whom they had subdued or meant to humble. They could have very little in common with persons living beyond the frontier; and although the circumstances of modern Europe be now greatly changed, the people of a country like Great Britain, perpetually meditating on the development of its strength, and regarding nothing seriously but what may serve to extend its dominions or enlarge its commerce, or impart fresh stability to the distant and multitudinous outposts of its power, is obviously placed in analogous circumstances.

No phrase is more common in the mouths or writings of the French than 'Perfidious Albion;' but why perfidious? All we contend for is admitted by this epithet. We should not be perfidious at all did we stand in a relation of inferiority to France. We never hear of perfidious Bavaria or perfidious Portugal, or even of perfidious Austria. The compliment is reserved for us, because the French people are fain to fancy that we have stolen a march upon them. They perceive clearly that we have shot far ahead, and their vanity will permit them to account for the circumstance only by attributing it to superior cunning on our part. They ought to reflect, however, that perfidious is a term which the superior never addresses to his inferior; whereas it is always uppermost on the lips of the vanquished. If, therefore, they would dissemble their inferiority, let them cease to call us perfidious, proud, haughty, repulsive, and so on, and affect to regard us as extremely agreeable people. That would indeed be a bitter satire, because it would show that we had ceased to be feared.

Superficial observers who desire to obtain a reputation for acuteness, are apt to ridicule the Englishman for the strange impression he habitually makes on foreigners. He is looked upon as an unaccountable, mysterious being, whimsical in his preferences, fantastic in his tastes, but possessing incalculable energy of character. Coming from a wealthy country, he is invariably supposed to be opulent, and be-

cause he has commerce and settlements all over the globe he is believed to concentrate within himself something of the peculiarities of all nations. Scarcely is he imagined to have a home. Now the world beholds him steaming athwart the ocean, now building cities or planting vineyards on the vast islands on the Pacific, now smuggling opium on the coast of China, now lolling in luxurious and costly palanqueens on the burning plains of India, now fighting amid the rocks and snows of Affghanistan, and now listening to soft music, or admiring sculpture and painting in the balmy atmosphere of Italy.

To ignorant foreigners, London appears to be a sort of Pandemonium, enveloped perpetually in dusky clouds of smoke, and resounding to the roar of innumerable wheels, and steam-engines, and hammers, and whatever else is wielded by the hand of industry. Nay, our whole group of islands is frequently imagined to form a dreary outskirt of the habitable world, scarcely ever warmed or illuminated by the sun, and breeding nothing but turbulent and ambitious men who, born and educated amidst storms and sleet, rush forth from their dismal dwelling-place to carry terror and devastation over the finer portions of the globe.

For ages the French had no correcter idea of us or our country, and still the number is very small, even of those that have actually been in England, who possess more accurate knowledge. Not many years ago, the French amused themselves with the fancy that we had no literature and no philosophy. They had heard, perhaps, of Bacon, Locke, and Hobbes; but whether they were Laplanders or Americans, they would not have taken upon themselves to say. Shakspeare they knew by reputation, as a sort of European Ojibeway, who possessed the knack of amusing from the stage the blue-coated savages of Great Britain. In the course of time, the discovery was also made that we possessed an atrabilious puritan versifier, whom Jacques Delille undertook to dress up in the forms of humanity. And if those days of stupid ignorance be now vanished, they have yielded to a but very imperfect popular enlightenment in regard to us. The statesmen and politicians of France, together with some few of her literary men, entertain more enlarged notions, both of us and our constitution, and set, in general, so great a value on the latter, that, as we have

already remarked, the higher efforts they have yet made in politics have been so many attempts to naturalize it and its subsidiary institutions among them.

Every man who has had any experience in life knows how difficult a thing it is for one individual thoroughly to comprehend the character of another; and when a nation applies itself to the study of any of its neighbors, the obstacles in the way of a just appreciation are infinitely multiplied. There is, however, one element in our own composition which renders the study of foreigners easier to us than the study of us and our institutions is or ever can be to them; we make a matter of business of it, and speculate as it were commercially on the results. The French are right in their notion that we are pre-eminently a trading people, and look very much upon the rest of mankind with the eyes of political economists. When brought in contact with an outlandish race, the first question always is, can we trade with them? and if not, then the second is, can we beat them? And we generally do the one or the other. This habit of ours makes us studious of foreigners. We try to know what they are that we may learn what they want, and, having got at these two facts, we are in most cases able to make money by them. The French are fully aware of this, and sometimes, as in their observations on the late treaty with China, affect to despise us for it, though their disdain be something like that of the negro, who comparing his own hair and physiognomy with those of the white man, pretended to prefer the former before his wavy ringlets, and the latter before his godlike features.

But whether our motives be grand or sordid, philosophical or economical, certain it is, that we endeavor to understand the other nations of the world by travelling and residing among them, by studying their languages and their characters too much, perhaps, as we study books, without caring greatly for the particular volume in hand, and only solicitous respecting the results.

The French, in this respect, successfully resist the instinct of imitation. They make the Delphian precept, 'Know thyself,' the great rule of their investigations, and turning their back on the rest of the world, fix their gaze incessantly on their own country and themselves. Hence the exclusiveness and the narrowness of their theories, and hence, too, we fear, the mis-

take of their philosophers, who deny the existence of a spiritual principle in man.

We do not desire to insist on this unpleasant topic; but we have met with few writers, save among the French, possessed by a passionate solicitude to claim affinity with the ape and the chimpanzee. Our feelings, at least, carry us towards another goal. If they experience the yearnings of relationship in the direction we have indicated, we relinquish them to their kindred, and trust they will make much of them; but for ourselves we would much rather soar upwards with humanity, and place it on the level of a higher species.

How the perusal of M. Capefigue's work has betrayed us into this course of observation, any one who reads it will easily understand. Claiming to be regarded as a history, it is in truth nothing but an apology for France, a very long, labored, but futile attempt to secure to her the first rank among nations. In one of M. Guizot's journals it was affirmed the other day, that France is the greatest Catholic power in the world, which left to England its natural supremacy over all states, Christian or Pagan. The historian of Louis Philippe would not be content with this, yet he rather insinuates than asserts his opinion which he appears to base entirely on this fact, that France has it in her power to unsettle the foundations of civil society throughout Europe. We grant that she is sufficiently great to play with much effect the part of an incendiary, but it requires much less power to disturb the world than to pacify it. A single flash may set a mountain of combustibles on fire, but to extinguish the flames, to substitute order for confusion, to repress the principle of anarchy and to restore a disjointed world to harmony and music, this is what France has never yet done or attempted to do. The task has invariably been reserved for us. We are the hereditary pacificators of Christendom. Ours is a preserving not a destructive power, though in the act of repressing violence and injustice, we can, when it suits our views, put forth considerable energy, as France and many other countries can testify.

Had M. Capefigue been altogether destitute of ability, we should have spared ourselves the trouble of examining his labors. But he is in many respects a clever man. Several passages in the volumes now before us, are interesting and well written, and the whole would have possessed a certain

value, had he confined himself within far narrower limits. Some idea of the diffuseness of his style may be gathered from this, that the history of a month, with the previous explanations which he judged necessary, is more voluminous than the history of the Peloponnesian war; and the narrative of events from the accession of Louis Philippe to the present day, will nearly equal in extent Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' a work which embraces the history of the world during fourteen hundred years! M. Capefigue aims, perhaps, at being considered the Clarendon of these times. But we fear he will be disappointed, for though he is quite as tedious as Clarendon, he has little of his acute insight into affairs, nothing of his stately egotism, or of the voluminous grandeur of his style. He begins by describing a state of things extremely curious in itself, the position of parties, and the feelings prevalent throughout France and Europe previous to the Revolution of July—but the whole is presented to the mind in so vague a manner, that it will require extraordinary labor to derive much instruction from it. We happened to be on the spot during the momentous period under review; we witnessed much of the revolution, and observed at leisure its effects and consequences; we conversed with some of the principal actors in it, more especially with him whom M. Capefigue treats with the greatest severity, the Marquis de Lafayette; we beheld the effervescence and the agitation that pervaded the distant provinces; we witnessed the setting up of some of the supplementary barricades, and therefore we may, perhaps, be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the difficulties which the historian of Louis Philippe had to encounter, but certainly has not overcome. He has, no doubt, got through a considerable portion of his task after a fashion, and it may be useful to review or even to read him; but whoever does so, in the hope of acquiring by his aid, a just conception of the period and of the characters of the men who figured during its continuance, will be egregiously disappointed.

The French people never show to so much advantage as during an *émeute* or a revolution. In the state of intense excitement into which they are then thrown, they appear to escape from the trammels of their habitual selfishness, and to display many of the qualities of heroism. It would be in-

justice to them not to allow that they love their country. We have had convincing proofs of the contrary, both at home and abroad; by their own fire-sides, and in far distant regions, where the name of France with the familiar sounds of its beloved language have brought tears of unaffected rapture into their eyes, and we have every where been treated by them with partiality on account of our attachment to many departments of their literature, and to many particular spots in their native land.

It would be unjust, we say, then, to deny that the French love their country with a deep and passionate love, more than half instinctive it may be, but still most powerful and ennobling. We saw and mixed familiarly with them at a distance from the capital during the fiery excitement of the three days, when every hour threatened an explosion of popular fury, when the troops and the people stood for whole days face to face; the one with their fingers perpetually on their trigger, and the other with the accidental weapons supplied by courage in their hands. We shall never think of those days otherwise than with admiration. They were most honorable to the French people. Fathers, husbands, children, all assembled in the great thoroughfares of the city, ready at the first warning to march upon Paris, and lay down their lives in support of their theory of liberty. All industrious avocations were put a stop to. The sense of private gain and the value of sous, so dear in the eyes of a Frenchman, were forgotten. People did nothing but watch for the *diligence* from Paris, and when its uncouth bulk at length appeared in the distance, rolling forward at the heels of nine or ten horses, and swinging to and fro like the side of a street put in motion, the intensely anxious crowd rushed tumultuously towards it to inquire what news from Paris, what chance there was of a republic? what hope of getting rid of royalty for ever? The *conducteur* and the outside passengers, sun-burnt and thickly powdered with dust, the weather being then exceedingly hot and dry, with bits of tri-colored riband in their button-holes, would then doff their hats and, from their lofty platform, give as full an account as they were able of the state of things in the capital. When they could tell no more they were usually greeted with loud huzzas, and allowed to pursue their journey with the blessings of the multitude on their heads.

This fervor of public feeling continued

for many days; but when at length the news came that the chiefs of the liberal party had, in their view of the matter, played the nation false, and given them one branch of the Bourbon family for another, the exhibition was like the extinguishing of flames by a heavy, sudden shower. Every countenance looked blank. The men hung their heads for shame, and sneaked away as fast as they could into their houses; the women, less able to contain themselves, in many cases wept for very vexation, and there was an almost universal sorrow diffused through the whole department. No doubt, in the interior of numerous houses there were, at the same time royalists rejoicing at the event, and legitimists who deluded themselves with the notion that Louis Philippe was only holding the crown in trust for Charles X. We knew some of both these sections of the people, who did not hesitate to communicate their feelings to us.

In a few days afterwards, when we found ourselves in the capital, among the fragments of the barricades, and while the funeral baked meats for those who fell during the three days, were still furnishing the feasts of triumph and rejoicing, other proofs of the secret dissatisfaction of the people presented themselves continually. Professed politicians, who had been engaged in the late drama, affected to regard it as a grand stroke of policy, though not one of them could completely disguise the feeling of chagrin and disappointment that lurked in his breast. They had, in fact, no sooner made themselves a king, than they discovered the fallacy of pretending to surround him with republicans and republican institutions. M. Capefigue plants himself on the steps of the Tuileries, and considers the whole question from that point of view. Yet, from his narrative, or, rather, elaborate special pleading, it is quite possible to acquire a tolerably correct notion of what was going forward. He of course hates Lafayette, together with the whole democratic party, and labors to hold them up to ridicule throughout his work. He is at the same time enamoured of Louis Philippe, the hero of his piece, the object of his most servile idolatry. To damage the one and serve the other, he would at any moment of the day or night make a holocaust of truth, and sometimes, we are almost tempted to think, of those also who reverence her. But, notwithstanding all this, M. Capefigue is unable to conceal the cardinal fact that Louis Philippe, both before

and after the Revolution of July, played the part of a consummate hypocrite.

Of Lafayette we feel no inclination to become the apologists. We think, and always thought, him a weak, well-meaning man, with far too much attachment to cut-and-dried theories, and too little knowledge of the circumstances and generation among which he lived. His notions of republicanism were obsolete. He had, no doubt, studied the theory of free government, and was likewise acquainted with the habits and characteristics of his countrymen; but he had not sufficiently applied himself to understand the relations between his archetype and his materials, and the possibility of fashioning the latter into a strict resemblance of the former. In other words, he could not see what every real statesman could, that the French are incapable of republican government, and are scarcely yet ripe even for constitutional monarchy.

This was M. Lafayette's leading fault. But E. Capefigue at once thinks him a simpleton and a Jesuit; a man without political reach and discernment, and yet so deep as to be almost unfathomable to all around him. He fancies him to have been aiming at making a cat's-paw of Louis Philippe, and to have placed him on the throne only in order to pull him down again, as soon as it should be found to suit the interests of his party. Few persons, however, who knew the Marquis de Lafayette, will agree with him on this point. It is quite true that a coolness almost immediately took place between the old republican general and the king, who, in the course of a few weeks after his accession, ceased to come to the parties in the Rue d'Anjou, of which he had, until then, formed one of the most remarkable ornaments. From M. Capefigue's account, one might be tempted to think that Louis Philippe had never mingled with the strange company that assembled weekly in the Hôtel de Lafayette, consisting, we are told, of the discontented of all countries, habitually living and moving in an atmosphere of anarchy and sedition. The fact, however, is quite otherwise. Not only while Duke of Orleans, but for six or seven weeks after he became King of the French, did M. Capefigue's model statesman court the society of those anarchists, old and young. He then made the discovery, which he might reasonably have been expected to make, that it was not quite becoming in the grave king of a great people, to mix familiarly with the young enthusiasts,

whether for liberty or legitimacy, who congregated weekly at the houses of his friends. He therefore dropped the habit of frequenting private parties, not only at Lafayette's, but elsewhere also.

However democratic the worthy marquis may have been—in our opinion he was less so than is generally imagined—he felt severely the slight which his old friend, in his interpretation of the matter, put upon him. It would be difficult to forget the fidgettiness of his manner the first evening that his kingly guest omitted his visit. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, many of whom, whatever M. Capefigue may fancy, belonged to the first families in Europe, had assembled early to meet the king, who usually came late and left soon. That there were several republicans present is quite true, and that they occasionally met in knots, and talked what the Philippists would call sedition, is probable also; but a majority of the company then, and always, consisted of the most distinguished members of all parties and all nations in Christendom—English, Russians, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks. On the very evening in question some of the loveliest daughters of the noble houses of England were present, and instead of discussing the doctrines of the political propaganda, were far otherwise engaged in giving utterance to those remarks and sentiments which spring from a polished education and a joyous heart.

Every carriage that drove into the spacious court was supposed to be the king's, and Lafayette, notwithstanding his aristocratic breeding, veered more than once towards the door, as though to attract the wished-for visiter. But he did not make his appearance, and people contrived to amuse themselves without him. There were, we remember, a few Orientals among the company, who at times led the conversation towards the East; and there were those also who introduced the comparison between the French and Austrian armies, at that moment a most exciting topic, since the idea had gone abroad through Europe that events might speedily bring them into collision. Comparatively little was said in any of the circles of the domestic politics of the hour. On other occasions, when the company consisted of less heterogeneous elements, the case may have been different.

M. Capefigue labors hard to justify Louis Philippe for the manner in which he conducted himself towards his republican friends, the Marquis de Lafayette, M. La-

fitte, and others, and in order to attain the end proposed, judges it necessary to blacken with might and main those whom he regards as the king's enemies. He may find this course necessary to the forwarding of his own interest, in which case we sincerely pity him. The fact, nevertheless, is not as he supposes. The king's defence may be based on the unchangeable nature of things; it being wholly impossible for a man recently invested with sovereignty to continue on terms of friendship with those to whom he owed his elevation. Doubtful of his situation, jealous of his privileges, the prince almost necessarily fancies that every one who approaches him, is about to invade his dignity, while his old friends observing his punctilious devotion to the newly imposed laws of etiquette and court formalities, are no less necessarily offended by the changes in his demeanor. Thus coolness, distance, and anger, arise not so much from the fault of either party as from the incompatibility of their claims and pretensions. Had M. Capefigue taken this view of the case, as we think he might, he would have escaped the supposed necessity of libelling the former associates of the Duke of Orleans.

We have omitted to dwell on the events of the three days in Paris, because, though the details may be highly exciting, they are not very instructive, and have already frequently been laid before the public. But with respect to the revolution itself, was it justifiable or was it not? In answering this question people will of course be guided by the habitual cast of their politics. The partisans of freedom will of course decide that it was founded in justice because Charles X. had violated his compact with the nation, and thus forfeited his right to govern. On the other hand the Philippists will maintain pretty nearly the same doctrine, only they will be careful to add, or at least to insinuate, that though the elder branch of the Bourbon family had thus as it were abdicated the throne by its folly, yet a sort of right derivable in part from it, passed to the younger branch, and gave it a certain claim to sovereignty.

Such, at least, appears to be M. Capefigue's view. He nowhere, indeed, distinctly expresses himself to this effect; but we may very fairly gather it from the language he employs. Like all other weak persons, he is smitten with a profound reverence for traditional names and traditional titles, and the Bourbon family, in his estimation, is as respectable as that of Confucius. By what

chain of reasoning he arrives at this conclusion, he never explains. He thinks so, apparently because he thinks so, which he reckons satisfactory, though we can scarcely go so far along with him. On the contrary, if we may venture to express an opinion at all on so *immense* a question (to borrow one of M. Capefigue's favorite expressions), we should say that the Bourbon family was any thing but respectable. It has produced very few able, and still fewer good men; and its virtuous women it would be much harder yet to find.

But M. Capefigue is not particular. He thinks Louis Quatorze a great man, and would probably, therefore, experience no difficulty in discovering greatness under every hedge. Louis Quatorze, according to our simple apprehension, was an accumulation of elaborate littleness, of profligacy, meanness, cruelty, and the most sordid and grovelling superstition. To refer to such an individual, therefore, by way of illustrating the glory of a family, is much the same as if he had referred to Cartouche, the one having been a knave on a grand and the other on a small scale.

We are less at odds with the historian, when he comes to estimate the personal merits and character of Louis Philippe. And here we may observe, by the way, that in the drawing of character, when no party prejudice happens to interfere, M. Capefigue sometimes exhibits considerable ability; in proof of which we might certainly adduce that of Louis Philippe himself. There is, of course, a strong disposition to indulge in panegyric. His hero has a world of good qualities, some of which are real, and others imaginary, but, upon the whole, there is a striking general resemblance between the picture and the man. We trust M. Capefigue thrives by writing contemporary history, which may constitute his justification for the manner in which he speaks of persons high in office and power:—

"For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,
"T" espouse that cause by which they eat and
drink."

That Louis Philippe is an extremely able prince, the events of the last fifteen years clearly show. He has a great aptitude for business, is calm, clear-sighted, and capable of much political combination; as a husband and a father, too, he appears to be deserving of high praise; nor would it, perhaps, be too much to give him credit for considerable industry. But, when M. Cape-

figure requires us to put faith in the limited nature of his ambition, we smile at the simplicity of the man; for great simplicity it is, whether he believes what he says or not. If he believes, then he is a charming instance of unsophisticated trustfulness in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. But if, as is more probable, he believe nothing at all, and only threw out his bait to catch gulls, still he must be capable of putting large trust in human credulity to suppose that the world would be deceived by an artifice so transparent, in spite of the facts of history.

From these it would appear that Louis Philippe had long been closely linked with those who were engaged in undermining the elder branch of his family, and that he had assiduously aided and abetted them. For this he must have had some powerful motive—love of his country, or love of the house of Orleans. In these our iron days, we much fear that his majesty, the King of the French, will not be able to obtain much credit for love of country, otherwise than as a means to an end. He saw the madness of his relative, Charles X., and may really at times have entertained serious apprehensions for the consequences both to himself and France. But to understand a man's antecedents, as the French express it, we must have recourse to the subsequent portions of his life.

It was a maxim, we believe, among the old Roman lawyers and rhetoricians, that the man who profited most by a crime always lay open to the suspicion of having committed it; and very justly, unless he could clearly prove his innocence. Now, though many gained by the overthrow of Charles X. none gained so much as Louis Philippe. It may fairly, therefore, be presumed, unless M. Capefigue can prove the contrary, that he kindly aided the process by which his ambition was so much gratified. His case is not that of a prince, who, having lived at a distance from the court in the obscurity of private life, has been dragged suddenly forward by the force of circumstances, and through the instrumentality of strangers, to take upon himself the much coveted cares of royalty. Quite the contrary. It was the intimate friends of Louis Philippe, men with whom he was in daily and nightly habits of intercourse, between whom and him there were no secrets, who overthrew Charles X.

It is scarcely credible, at least to us, though the publication of the July ordinances was precipitated by the folly of the

king and his ministers, that the business should not have been long foreseen and provided against. No word is more common in the mouths of French politicians than *eventuality*, and we fancy that this particular eventuality had for some months been calculated upon as a dead certainty. But calculated upon by whom? Why, in the first place, by Louis Philippe, and next by MM. Lafitte and Guizot, the Marquis de Lafayette and their coadjutors. Few, perhaps, knew exactly that the ordinances were coming, but most persons anticipated some foolish act of power by which the throne would be endangered, if not lost; and the probability is that among the keenest haruspices in France, his present majesty, Louis Philippe, was the chief.

Kings of all ages have been addicted to snuff up with incredible satisfaction the incense of flattery, knowing which, there has been, ever since the invention of letters, a large herd of writers ready to administer it to them. To this herd M. Capefigue emphatically belongs, and he is a great adept in the art, seizing adroitly on every circumstance that may enable him to put forward things agreeable to royalty. He loves every thing that wears the broad R. upon it. He loves queens regnant and queens dowager; princes and princesses of the blood; he loves their lacqueys, he loves their horses and their spaniels; he loves even their saddles and their coach-wheels. How amiable a man must he then be, and how exquisitely adapted to draw the characters of royal personages. In fact, his family groups are models in their way. All kings and princes are good, but with a certain difference, the living being always better than the dead, the more powerful better than the weak, the reigning infinitely better than the abdicated and exiled. Even in the delineation of the Orleans family, we discover traces of exquisite tact.

The Duke of Orleans was, of course, perfection in his way; gallant and chivalrous, full of generosity, and overflowing with politeness. But then, having come occasionally in contact with Lafayette and the democracy, he had acquired a certain soldierly air hardly compatible with princely grandeur. The truth is, he was frank and free, and the nearest approach in look and bearing to an English gentleman of any we have ever seen in France. His manners were almost wholly divested of affectation. There was no appearance of condescension in his affability. He had, in short, some

of the beautiful frankness of democracy, though a prince. Is it for this reason that M. Capefigue's eulogy is somewhat cold, and tinged with cynical indifference? We fear not. The Duke of Orleans is dead, and dead princes exercise no power, and distribute no patronage. It is lawful, therefore, to remember their faults.

Not so of those who have regencies in their eyes. Accordingly, we find that the Duc de Nemours is a right noble gentleman, aristocratic in his manners, and with an aristocratic nose, who never, even from his boyhood, liked Lafayette, or could endure the people, whether in or out of uniform, or was attached to any thing below the level of his august self.

If this be not adroit, we know not what is. Of course there is one page in M. Capefigue's work which the Duc de Nemours will read with singular pleasure, and will doubtless remember when he comes to be regent and has places to give away. The truth, meanwhile, is, that this same duke is much disliked in France, and no one who ever saw the two brothers together, who ever watched the masculine, open countenance of the one, and contrasted it with the supercilious, finikin, effeminate man-milliner physiognomy of the other, could fail to discover the reason. The Duc de Nemours is thoroughly unamiable, and looks so. Even during the levelling pleasures of the chase, when most persons put on a jovial unconcern which places them on a level with their neighbors, the Duc de Nemours has all his drawing-room looks about him, and glances down the forest glades at the bounding deer as though he thought the fairest scenes in the world not good enough to hold him.

It is unnecessary to proceed with this royal spawn of the revolution, to celebrate the virtues of the Prince de Joinville or d'Aumale, or Montpensier. They who are desirous to know all their good qualities may consult M. Capefigue. In no part, as Chaucer says, will he fail. He has made a *catalogue raisonné* of their excellences, upon which he will enlarge with all the self-complacency of Juliet's nurse. He dilates on their mighty actions, past, present, and to come; and consequently merits any pension which Louis Philippe may give, or be inclined to give him. He is really worth a considerable salary, and earns his cash, whatever it may be.

In saying that M. Capefigue has a knack at drawing characters, we may, perhaps,

have contrived to be misunderstood. It is not by any means our intention to insinuate that he is at all solicitous to preserve a strict resemblance between his portraits and the persons represented. Not at all. His object is to produce a clever picture that may attract attention and amuse and pique the curiosity of the public. They who have not seen the originals will not puzzle themselves with conjectures about the degree of correctness in the likenesses; while they who have, will good-naturedly, perhaps, imagine that the dashing chronicler may have seen further than they. However this may be, M. Capefigue's off-hand group of Louis Philippe's first ministry is cleverly imagined, and still more cleverly executed. In such pictures truth would be an impertinence. We have no right to expect it. The object is to cry up the politicians of the king's party, and to cry down all those who are troubled with popular leanings. And this is very ingeniously done. Conte Molé, the Duc de Broglie, and M. Guizot are held up to public admiration as men of business, as grave statesmen, gifted more or less with genius, and equal to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies. It does one good to live in the same age with men of this vast calibre, whose colossal greatness throws its shadow even across the Channel, and enables us, hyperboreans as we are, to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating their Titanian proportions.

There is, however, one slight defect in the character of the Duc de Broglie, which M. Capefigue may perhaps forgive, but could not consent to overlook: the duke is a religious man, a sort of diplomatic puritan, who endeavors to reconcile the principles of probity and honor with the practice of public affairs. This it must be admitted is a great mistake of his. What should a minister of Louis Philippe have to do with religion or any thing of that sort? M. Capefigue feels the preposterousness of the combination, and is at pains to point it out. The objects of his veneration are persons like M. de Talleyrand, and Pozzo di Borgo, and Prince Metternich, proficient in worldly wisdom, who refuse to recognize in the universe any intellect superior to their own. These are the kind of people to manage the affairs of great states. They feel and are prone to exercise the power of men over the nature of things. Raised by meditation to that high level from which it is possible to discover the perfect unity of whatever exists, they regard all actions with their

issues, as things indifferent in themselves, and only more or less preferable according to their bearing on the interests of the contemplator. What are the creations of ethical science? What is good, or bad, or right, or wrong, but that which we choose to think so? Nature establishes differences, but no preferences. To her all things are alike, the toad and the Venus di Medici, the habits of Borgia and the habits of Socrates. That which enables us to attain our ends is lawful, and that which obstructs us is to be shunned. There is no other rule of morality—no other scale of good or bad.

To the school of politicians by whom these doctrines are propagated, have belonged Louis Philippe and all his favorite ministers. Of course the historian discloses truths like this with becoming reserve. He has studied under the Jesuits, and forestalled Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.

In the midst of the grave and reverend seniors above commemorated are found in the July cabinet certain individuals ill adapted to co-operate with them, such as M. Dupont de l'Eure, M. Lafitte, and two or three other minor notabilities, the especial aversion of M. Capefigue. These gentlemen seem to have taken the Revolution in earnest, and to have imagined that they could at once have a king and a free constitution, because such a thing has proved practicable in England. The historian pities them and so do we; they had, it seems, been long amusing themselves with dreams about 1668, and the American system, and what not, and now that they had overthrown the elder Bourbons, cherished the expectation that with a younger branch of that illustrious house, they should be able to accomplish all they desired. Experience, however, soon brought them to their senses. Like the horse, when he first put a man on his back in order to avenge him against his enemies, they found that they had got a master, and the thought seems soon to have crossed their minds, that it might yet be possible to get rid of him. This idea in reality it was, that produced those fierce dissensions in the cabinet, which, with so much unction, M. Capefigue commemorates. M. Dupont, he says, always entered with the thought of resignation uppermost in his mind, and the word upon his lips. Twice at least in every twenty-four hours did he threaten Louis Philippe and his colleagues, that he would leave them to their fate. He opposed his morose and inflexible will to their courtly

facility, and often forced them to adopt measures altogether against their preferences and convictions.

But how happened it that M. Dupont de l'Eure could exercise so irresistible an influence? Was he a great statesman? Did he possess a mind of a superior order? Had he a long experience of business, or a great capacity for the conduct of affairs? Not at all, according to the historian. He had nothing, and was nothing but the leader of a party. But how came he to be the leader of a party? By the exercise, according to the historian, of his nonentity. People followed him just because he was incapable of leading them, they had no other reason in the world. This is an odd statement, and one might be inclined to disbelieve it, were it not that M. Capefigue assures us of the fact. Upon his testimony, therefore, we must confide, falling as we do, bound hand and foot, helpless into his hands; he is the great magician of the period, and converts servility into wisdom, and honesty, ability, and patriotism, into folly, with a skill altogether marvellous.

Most persons will probably recollect the trial to which the revolutionary ministry was put, almost immediately after its formation. That it should not have pulled together, under any circumstances, is quite intelligible, considering the elements of which it was composed. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in France, and, therefore, no heads of parties, otherwise such a ministry would only have been a standing evidence of the utter profligacy of the country: it consisted of Republicans, Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives, or of the things in France most analogous to those distinctions. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to patch up a better ministry at the time, or a worse at any other time; but even an able cabinet would then have experienced some difficulty in maintaining its ground.

The people of Paris, deeply enamoured of change, and proud of their success against the old monarchy, were little disposed to return at once to the jog-trot habits of daily life, under a strict and jealous government. M. Capefigue, however, grossly caricatures their propensities; converting a few accidental outbreaks into a general rule, he maintains that they were desirous of forgetting altogether the rights of property, and that there was every disposition to toss up for a general scramble. Most literary men of the period, shut up in a little

study with their books, conceived much the same idea. One of the most distinguished among them observed to us, during the prevalence of the excitement: 'Sir, there are 12,000 rascals in Paris who would cut your throat for ten sous,'* and others seriously maintained that all the ragamuffins who fought during the three days, were actuated solely by the love of plunder, though accident prevented them from indulging the propensity.

Strolling about one evening in the neighborhood of the Pantheon, or church of Ste. Geneviève, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain. There was a lady with us, and having no umbrella, we were glad to take shelter in the first passage we saw open; it was that of a cobbler, who sat at work within, singing merrily, and at intervals pausing to chat with his wife, or poke with the handle of his awl a pretty, chubby little fellow who stood close to his knee. The cobbler very civilly asked us into his room, handed us a couple of chairs, and while we were sitting out the continuance of the shower, amused us with the history of his life. He had been a soldier in the grand army, and accompanied Napoleon to Moscow. During the dire retreat from that city, he had the good fortune to escape the almost universal ruin, and on returning to Paris took up again with his old trade of making and mending shoes. He had at a later period married and become the father of three children, two of which now lay sleeping on a neat, white bed, in a recess of the room where we sat, while the third stood, as has been said, at his knee, pleasantly, from time to time, interrupting him in his work. 'When the revolution of the three days began,' said he, 'I took down my old musket which hangs against the wall yonder, kissed my wife and children, and went out, as I ought, to fight for liberty. I thought, it is true, that I had done

with that sort of thing, and had no wish, I assure you, to be engaged in insurrection. If I kept my musket it was merely as a *souvenir*. I had carried it through the snows of Russia; it had saved my life, and I loved it, monsieur, as one loves an old friend. And though a poor man, sir, I loved my wife and children, too, and was very loath to part with them. Mais enfin que voulez-vous, monsieur, nous sommes tous enfans de la patrie.' And with the words he paused and hammered away more energetically than ever on his lap-stone, looking sideways at the little boy, and seeming to be under the influence of a good deal of emotion. While we replied: 'You have fought bravely, and it is to be hoped have gained for yourselves a good government.' 'Ah, pour cela,' answered he, without raising his eyes, 'je n'en sais rien,' accompanying the words by that expressive shrug of the shoulders, into which a Frenchman sometimes contrives to throw so much meaning.

This honest fellow had, at any rate, gained nothing by the three days, and we afterwards found, upon diligent inquiry, that the same was the case with by far the greater number of those who had overthrown the old monarchy. Nor do we think that they fought for plunder; it was opinion that swayed them. They fancied they were going to get a republic, and there is no conceivable earthly advantage which a French democrat does not believe to be signified by that magic word. Of course, the vagabonds of Paris availed themselves of the row to practise the legitimate arts of their profession; but they were far from being in a majority. In all the *émeutes* that afterwards took place, before and during the trial of the absolutist ministers, we were present and conversed freely with those desperadoes in *blouses Gauloises*, against whom M. Capefigue inveighs with so much unction. They were by no means the tatterdemalions described in his 'history.' On the contrary, the most respectable portion of the working classes were out, and although they were certainly of opinion that Prince Polignac and his associates ought to be put to death, there was no ferocity either in their looks or their expressions. No doubt they were laboring under a grievous fallacy; they fancied the lives of poor men are of as much value as the lives of the rich and titled, which is a mistake in all monarchies, constitutional or unconstitutional. In France, at least, you have only to call peo-

* That Monsieur Capefigue's ideas of his townsfolk are not a whit more favorable may be inferred from the following passages:—'Si cette multitude avait trouvé sous ses mains le Prince de Polignac, MM. de Peyronnet, de Chantelauze, ou de Guernon Ranville, elle leur aurait arraché les entrailles, elle aurait promené leurs têtes ensanglantées sur des piques.' 'Sous prétexte que la Chambre des Paris voulait sauver les accusés, ces masses affreuses espéraient les déchirer de leurs ongles.' 'Ainsi la mort partout, peut-être l'échafaud en vertu d'une sentence arrachée au pairie par la violence, et ce qui est plus pénible encore que la mort sur l'échafaud les excès du peuple qui demande à déchirer les entrailles des victimes.' L. iv., 108, 149.

ple rabble, and you may shoot them. It would argue something like relationship to feel any sympathy for the *canaille*. And then *canaille* can have no affections, no social domestic ties; they are none of them fathers or husbands, or sons or brothers, or lovers or friends. They are simply *canaille*, and when they happen to fall in an insurrection or otherwise, it is enough to state their quality. There is no necessity for sorrow or commiseration,—so, at least, reasons M. Capefigue, and he represents very accurately, we dare say, the prevalent feeling among the Philippists.

It is not our intention to deny that Paris wore a very alarming aspect during the trial of the ex-ministers. Angry and threatening crowds filled the streets and public places. Barricades were thrown up in various parts of the city. Even in the Place Vendôme and the Rue Rivoli, *voitures* and *diligences* were hauled out and jammed closely together so as completely to choke the thoroughfare. The Place de la Revolution, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and all the open spaces round the Louvre, were so densely thronged, that you might have walked over the heads of the people. At one moment, when the thought struck the mob that the criminals closely shut up in their prison were to be screened from the course of justice, the cry of vengeance was raised, and a vast body of men with torches in their hands passed the Barrière du Trône, and marched by night towards the Château de Vincennes. In such a temper of mind and fever of excitement they might, doubtless, have been betrayed into an act of atrocity. It was suggested by some one—some father, perhaps, who had lost his only son during the three days—that the people should fire the château, and thus take justice into their own hands; and with this idea in their heads, the multitude stretched forward in a column, and with shouts, and torches waving, advanced with fearful resolution along the road towards the State Prison.

The Château de Vincennes may be regarded as a second Bastille, with its turrets, moats, and dungeons, where indescribable crimes have at various periods of the monarchy been perpetrated. It was spared by mere oversight during the great Revolution, and the people appeared to be now resolved to correct the error of their predecessors.

It would, no doubt, have been a shocking thing, had they been able to carry out their design. All men, even the greatest crimi-

nals, have a right to a fair trial; and had the ex-ministers been burnt alive, the act would have been a stain on the civilization of the nineteenth century. For once, therefore, we agree with M. Capefigue, and reprobate as heartily as he can, the form which the vengeance of the populace seemed likely at that moment to take. But it would be the height of injustice to confine our sympathy to the prisoners. Pre-eminently guilty they, no doubt, were; all their acts and their demeanor during the trial proved it. But the period of active criminality had ceased, and they were now unfortunate. This fact would have sufficed, no doubt, to disarm the resentment of dispassionate men; whom they had not personally injured, whose whole hopes in life they had not blasted, whose nearest and dearest friends their acts of tyranny had not consigned to a premature grave; but some allowance must be made for the multitude, for those remnants of families which had been broken up for ever by the events of the three days, for those mourning and desolate persons who felt that they could never again know comfort, or hope, or peace in this world. M. Capefigue seeks to interest us in the fate of the guilty ministers, by dwelling on their firmness and courage, by sketching with as much art as he is master of, their aristocratic bearing and physiognomy, their pale and passive looks, their devoted attachment to the old monarchy. But what was the old monarchy? What was it but a name, or, as he is fond of expressing himself, a tradition? We are quite aware that men are generally weak enough to be the slaves of associations, traditions, prejudices, even in politics; but when the lives of thousands, and the happiness of millions, are placed side by side with an antiquated prejudice, what man, who takes upon himself to write history, ought for a single moment to hesitate on which side he should give his vote? We respect all forms of government which are capable of commanding the attachment of mankind. There is, and must be some good in every one of them. Even despotisms become amiable when they put on the character of paternal sway, and are administered by mild and gentle tyrants. But when the light of an institution has been quenched in the blood of the people, we experience the greatest possible repugnance both for the memory of the thing itself, and for those who cherish a preference for it. Indifference for human life is in itself a

crime, and we discern no very distinct line of demarcation between those who are guilty of such indifference, and those who take part with them against the people.

Few studies in politics can be more instructive than that of the planting and growth of what the French, with ridiculous affectation, call the Monarchy of July. In the accomplishment of this undertaking, M. Capefigue's work may be useful. It would be quite absurd to regard it, with the author, as a history of Europe from the accession of Louis Philippe. It is not even a history of France. It is simply a partial exposition of the arts and contrivances by which the present sovereign of that country has succeeded in setting up a new dynasty, and weaning his subjects from the love of liberty and independence. Most statesmen are of opinion that the passion for freedom is only a paroxysm among the French, and that the normal state of their feelings is an absorbing predilection for glittering and ostentatious authority. This at least is the settled opinion of Louis Philippe, who has made it the basis of his whole policy, domestic and foreign. He believes that the French are willing to forego the advantages of free institutions, provided they can be enabled to enjoy a sufficient amount of drum-beating, waving of flags, marching and countermarching, and be regaled from time to time with the smell of powder and blood. All these things are collectively signified by the word *glory*. There is, of course, an immense amount of this article in the sound produced by two sticks descending on a tight piece of parchment; there is still more of it in unfolding a large square of parti-colored silk, and holding it up to flutter in the air; and there is an infinitely greater quantity still in applying fire to a little pile of saltpetre and charcoal, and thereby giving motion to a spherical piece of lead, for the purpose of perforating the skull, or epidermis, and fibres, and respiratory organs of a biped.

When men do these things under the conviction that they are necessary to their freedom, the greatness of the end appears to sanctify the means. Red cloth and frizzled worsted then assume a respectable look, and we denominate the wearer of them a soldier, because, for a moderate amount of pay he is *soldé* or hired to fight in defence of his country's institutions. It is a wholly different thing when men put on uniforms, and play with lead and gunpowder, merely to make a noise, and call the

echo of it *glory*. But this is the French notion. They think it extremely glorious just now to roast a whole tribe of Arabs alive, or wall up thousands of them in a cavern, to perish slowly of hunger, or by each other's hands. They think it glorious also to send their sons and brothers, by a hundred thousand at a time, to knock their heads against Mount Atlas, and perish in the sands of Africa, for the purpose of giving expansion to the fighting gas which might otherwise take fire and explode nearer home, to the no small danger of Louis Philippe's dynasty. But perhaps the height of glory, the delicate apex of that sort of passion, is to place paper and ink at the command of a dozen sophists, with the understanding that they are to expend all the tropes and figures with which the Polytechnic School or the Sorbonne may have enriched their memories, in vilifying, libelling, and vituperating *Perfidious Albion*.

Knowing these little harmless foibles of the people over whom he was called to reign, Louis Philippe seriously set himself, from the very outset, about putting in practice the arts by which he could alone hope to render them happy. He knew it to be one of their crotchets that they would like to be free, and it cost him very little labor to manufacture certain forms of liberty, which would of course serve their purpose just as well as the reality. It was likewise quite easy to satisfy the popular leaders, who would think themselves honestly laboring in the cause of democracy, if raised to office and power, and enabled from time to time to indulge the people with flaming eulogiums on their heroism and idolatry of glory. Democracy in France means talking about the people, and serving one's self. Panegyrics cost little, particularly to those who are used to the manufacture of the article, and Louis Philippe commissioned all his popular supporters to keep the enthusiastic folks of Paris in good humor by all manner of rhodomontade. He foresaw what would be the issue of the business, and that he should be able to let the heroes down softly from the slippery pinnacle to which the surge of the Revolution had lifted them.

It is not just now in our power to pause to describe minutely all the means by which this exemplary monarch managed successively to deliver himself from his old friends. A man so illustrious, so fortunate in the acquisition of power, so lofty by his position, so mentally enriched by study and

reflection, should be above the weakness of friendship. In the serenity of those elevated regions which princes inhabit, the passions that disturb the tranquillity of the *canaille* ought to have no place. Every person there takes care of one individual, and universal contentment is the result. To describe a man living in perfect independence, the people of a different class often say of him, that when his hat is on, his house is thatched. So exactly is it with princes. Every one of them is a perfect whole, *teres atque rotundus*, so that when his own microcosm is nestled snugly under the wing of fortune, all the rest of the world may go to the devil, if they think proper.

In strict accordance with this theory acted his majesty Louis Philippe. As a great statesman and a wise prince, he could not but know that friends are mere incumbrances, unless they can be made to serve as stepping stones from a lower to a higher level of society. The man who aims at power, should never entangle himself with inextricable relations, but hold every one about him by a slip-knot, which, when it suits his purpose, he can let go at a moment's notice. In this admirable art the new king was a great proficient. He felt the most profound contempt for the rest of the world, and was even wiser than Pistol, who regarded the whole system as his oyster, which he as he said with sword would open. Louis Philippe's wisdom, we say, was of a higher quality than this. He despised the sword, because he felt himself to be in possession of an instrument far more delicate and finely tempered, with which, like another adept of his fraternity, he would confidently have undertaken to wheedle the devil, had his majesty been weak enough to believe in such an entity. He knew much better, but undertook and accomplished a task of equal difficulty, when he enlisted Talleyrand in the service of the new dynasty.

That old gentleman was chiefly formidable from the perfect laxity of his character. All affections, principles, and sense of duty dropped through him like water through a sieve. He was bound by nothing, and to nothing. His only pleasure in life was to delude as many people as he could, to practise universal hypocrisy, to raise himself, if possible, and if not, to keep other people down. When brought into contact with Louis Philippe, this Coryphæus of knaves felt that he was over-matched, and experienced a strong anxiety to be removed as far as possible beyond

the sphere of his master's influence. It was painful for him to recognize even secretly that he had met with his superior in the virtues of diplomacy. It was for this reason chiefly, that he desired the embassy to London rather than any post in the cabinet.

It is no doubt true, also, as M. Capefigue observes, that Talleyrand hated the people and every thing popular, and loved to be buried either in the obscurity of an office or in the misty glitter of a saloon. But the historian does not, apparently, comprehend the reason of this idiosyncrasy, which we shall endeavor therefore to explain. Lax principles of morals, epicurean indifference to good and evil, which some philosophers have dignified by the name of equanimity, aversion from strong emotions, trace their origin to some defect in the physical organization. What may be denominated the defensive passions, as fear, caution, hatred, revenge, are strong in such persons; while the attractive and expansive passions, as love, friendship, patriotism, are feeble or inactive. They, therefore, like spiders, delight to wrap themselves in the web of their own artifices, and lie in wait for men, that they may trip them up in the dark. Mobs, public assemblies, parliaments, are hateful to them, because they dislike meeting with opposition face to face, and also because they cherish an instinctive fear of popular men, who are commonly bold and energetic. This in part, at least, explains the repugnance of our countryman Hobbes for the institutions of a free commonwealth, and the anxiety of Talleyrand to sneak away from Paris, and place himself out of hearing of the tumultuous voice of the populace.

But in whatever way we explain the fact, certain it is that Louis Philippe contrived to rid himself of Talleyrand, and at the same time to turn his unscrupulous morality to account, by despatching him to the court of St. James's, where he could engage in the congenial employment of doing mischief, and amuse himself with repeating the hackneyed tricks of diplomacy. Here in London, however, he was held in no high estimation by statesmen; the minister who had most to do with him, and knew him best, thought meanly of his abilities, and considered him much better adapted to shine in the confined and murky atmosphere of a continental court, where genius itself is dwarfed and paralyzed by the influence of despotism, than to carry on public

business in a free country like this, where if statesmen over-reach their rivals at all, it is by dint of shere openness and candor in which men accustomed to fraud can put no faith, and therefore suppose them to conceal something else which they vainly torture themselves to discover.

Talleyrand, we say, was regarded in London as a wicked old woman, abounding in scandalous gossip, full of tricks, artful to the last degree in the fabrication of frivolous impostures. While he was hugging himself, therefore, in the belief of his own impenetrability, he was earwigged, hoaxed, and baffled, by more than one British diplomatist. Nevertheless, there are still left some public men, who cherish a sort of traditional respect for this old sinner, whose inferiority is irrefragably established by this, that he was incapable of noble thoughts, and could not comprehend an elevated theory of humanity. The corrupt and ignoble never can, whatever may be their abilities. A man truly great, must put faith in human greatness, because he derives from himself his archetype of humanity. He at least knows what thoughts and aspirations inhabit his own soul, he discovers there no taint of meanness; he loves his country and his kind, because it is his pleasure to love them, because he knows that the counterpart of his own greatness and goodness must exist external to himself. All the elements of grandeur are concentrated in this ennobling creed, which is firmly believed in by none but the chiefs of human kind. Talleyrand, in common with all other knaves, repudiated it utterly. He felt his own intrinsic worthlessness, and sought to avenge himself on the rest of the world, by being sceptical in regard to their virtues.

Our object, however, is not to paint the character of this vacillating and hackneyed diplomatist, but cursorily to indicate the manner in which Louis Philippe, after his accession to the throne, eased his shoulders of the burden of obligation, through whatever motive conferred upon him. It has, we believe, been said, that from gratitude to hatred there is but one step. This is more especially true in the case of princes; they always hate such of their subjects as have done them greater services than they can repay. In their presence, they feel themselves to be in some sort their inferiors, because in the reckoning of honor they are debtors, and to owe is a mark of circumscribed power. Besides, it is hard for men whom accident has raised to a throne, to

persuade themselves that they do not deserve their advancement. They, therefore, soon learn to imagine, that as they exercise supreme authority, so ought they to monopolize all endowments and all fame. They are above all things jealous of their rivals in popularity. To be esteemed by the people is to trench upon their prerogative, to stand before them, to eclipse them, and ultimately to deprive them of the affections of the country. This made Tiberius abhor his triumphant generals, and regulated Louis Philippe's machinations to effect the overthrow of the popular leaders, whose folly had placed him over their heads.

It is not, meanwhile, our intention to absolve the victims of Louis Philippe's craft from all blame. They were many of them weak, vain, grasping, and overbearing. They should have understood their situation better. Experience ought to have taught them that a throne, like the seat of the Delphian priestess, inspires all who sit on it with supernatural wisdom, and that frankly to advise a king, therefore, is like attempting to intermeddle with the laws of nature. They had undertaken to reconcile contradictions, to wed democracy to royalty, to give supremacy at once to the will of the people, and to that of the sovereign. But one result could consequently follow. Louis Philippe felt secretly persuaded, and perhaps justly, that they repented of having made him king, and would soon be engaged in endeavoring to unmake him; while, on the other hand, they felt that their presence was irksome to the new court, because it always seemed to wear an air of importunity; and that persons who had done nothing for the monarch, were for that very reason more agreeable to him.

Had they read history with any care, they might have foreseen that things would necessarily happen thus. Here, in England, precisely the same game was played. Charles II., immediately after the restoration, turned adrift all those who had done him any service during his exile. He felt exactly like a debtor in the midst of duns, and took the first opportunity to deliver himself. Every one remembers the fate of Clarendon, and how pathetically the old gentleman bemoaned himself. Yet the reward he received was the proper one. He had written a lying history, and been for many long years engaged in fabricating false and mischievous proclamations, malicious libels, and fraudulent state papers. Charles II. knew all this, and could not trust him. He

remembered the old proverb—the dog that will fetch will carry, and arrived instinctively at the conclusion that the abilities which Clarendon had prostituted in his behalf, he might some day or other be tempted by self-interest to turn against him. It is the fate of dishonesty never to inspire confidence.

The example of Louis Philippe and his friends may be regarded as a fresh illustration of this truth. Many of them had been dishonest. If they believed in the practicability of a republic, they were dishonest in raising him to the throne; and if the contrary was their opinion, they were dishonest in seeking to lead the country to expect the establishment of a democracy. Nothing accordingly could have taken place but that which actually happened. Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and their friends, demagogues, not statesmen, naturally dropped away from about the new idol. Louis Philippe no longer wanted them, and their interference in what were now his concerns, became a bore to him. He abhorred their fantastic nonsense about a republic of which he knew himself to be the antipodes, and he soon grew weary of acting a farce no longer necessary to his political advancement. The consequence was obvious.

It is the business, however, of M. Capefigue to represent the circumstances of those times in a different light. What he wishes to make appear is this; that while the leaders of the movement were silly and ridiculous pretenders to statesmanship, and as destitute of virtue as of ability, the king was all probity and honor, endowed by nature with a superior intellect, and by experience with every variety of knowledge. This apology adroitly leads to the comparison of Louis Philippe with Augustus Cæsar, whom, indeed, he somewhat resembles. He is quite as cunning, and, perhaps, quite as wicked. He has something also of his munificence, though little or nothing of the genius which overthrew the last bulwarks of liberty in Rome, and by policy, suavity, generous confidence and the native force of his character, subdued into acquiescence the boldest and sturdiest of her votaries.

Louis Philippe has in his own country had no great enemies to overcome. France has produced no Brutus or Cassius, and even no Anthony in these latter days. Against Napoleon, who in genius and villainy was a Roman, Louis Philippe would have been able to effect nothing. His ene-

mies have been the Fieschi's and Alibauds, antagonists far more worthy of him. He has had to escape from infernal machines, from garret conspiracies, from the Liliputian wickedness of a Liliputian race. There was a magnitude and a grandeur about the crimes of Rome, of which, even in imagination, France is incapable. In the worst days of the revolution, when the genius of villainy was emancipated and even encouraged to exercise its utmost invention, there was no massiveness, no originality in the atrocities which were perpetrated. Even the Noyades were an imitation.

M. Capefigue labors hard to create a contrary impression, but only practically exemplifies the truth, that the sublime is next door neighbor to the ridiculous. His pen would fain invest a row with all the attributes of an insurrection. He imagines what the people might have done, and is led by a sort of national consciousness to compare them with an old raven flapping his wings and digging his beak and talons into a corpse,* accompanying the act by the most disgusting croakings. No writer, even in the worst times of the empire, would ever for a moment have thought of debasing the Roman people by such a comparison. When most a prey to corruption and degeneracy, there was terror in their indignation. Trepidation accompanied their outbreaks, and the most hardened tyrants trembled to face them in the paroxysms of their fury. An *émeute* in France has generally, since the accession of Louis Philippe, been a hole and corner business, instigated by some obscure criminal, and carried into effect by a handful of desperate vagabonds. To overcome such adversaries surely requires no display of transcendent abilities. Any thing superior to the anile incapacity of Charles X. will suffice to govern France. There is not a despot in Europe who would be unequal to the task. The Parisians bend their neck to the yoke; they only ask bread and journals, and incessant abuse of England.

Where then is the mighty merit of governing, during fifteen years, so submissive and docile a people? There is no nation

* This delicate image is, with some slight variation, thus expressed by M. Capefigue, "Le General Daumesnie le vieux soldat, fut obligé de venir parlementer avec cette troupe rugissante, et il parvint à calmer ce rassemblement, plus sombre que le battement des ailes des corbeaux qui s'abatent pour aiguïser leur bec sur les ossements des cadavres."—T. iii. 168.

in the world whose relations, internal or external, are less complex. The population is homogeneous, and addicted to little variety of occupation; and a large amount of political ignorance lies like a dead weight on public opinion all over the kingdom; and this is a necessary result of the rural occupations of the people. An immense majority of the French, engaged from father to son in the pursuits of agriculture, live scattered over the face of the country, in villages and small towns, where much more thought is bestowed on fiddles and five franc pieces than on the franchise, on *réunions* than on reform, on soup than on political economy. There are few great cities which may be regarded as the forges of political opinion. There is little movement in the population, which has every where a local impress, a provincial character, a traditional cast of thought utterly inconceivable to us. No speculation, no enterprise, disturbs or intermingles the various strata of society. The descent of trades and professions operates almost like the laws of caste among the Hindus. The channels of trade are few and narrow, and swept by no brisk current. A sluggish communication goes on between place and place, like that which existed in England during the middle ages. Externally, France has no multiplied relations, little commerce, few colonies, no neighbors but those on her own frontier. Great Britain is neighbor to three-fourths of the world. Innumerable nations stand in contact with her. Half the world depends on her for clothing and the productions of the useful arts. France has nothing to offer to strangers but wines or gewgaws, things which they can very well do without. Her people, therefore, are not much tempted abroad, and, consequently, never acquire that reckless independence of character which is incompatible with a tyrannical government.

The English people could not live under Louis Philippe for one week. They would not attack him with infernal machines, they would hatch no conspiracies, they would break out into no *émeutes*, but they would smother him under petitions, or brain him with a remonstrance. They would meet from one end of the kingdom to the other, they would agitate, they would shake the whole soil of the island with popular emotion. There would be no rest for him or his ministers, night or day. Trade would cease, politics would absorb man, woman, and child, throughout the three kingdoms.

He would perceive that he could hope for no peace or intermission till he granted them their rights, and he would therefore grant them.

If M. Capefigue be of a different opinion, as most probably he is, we should like to hear his reasons for the faith that is in him. These he has not given in the lengthy volumes before us. We grant he is very severe on the French people, abundantly ready to acknowledge their imperfections and to exaggerate their wickedness; for the worse he can prove them to be, the more credit must be due to Louis Philippe for keeping them quiet.

That the King of the Barricades very early learned to distrust his subjects we are aware. Even so far back as December, 1830, he began to be apprehensive of a fatal termination to his reign, and issued a curious order, to the knowledge of which we came by accident. Traversing the Champs Elysées one rainy day, wrapped up to the nose in a cloak, we were about to step into the gardens of the Tuileries, when a sentinel stepped forward and said: 'You can't go in.' 'And why not?' said we. 'Because,' replied the man, 'you have a cloak on.' 'And what harm,' we inquired, 'is there in a cloak?' 'Oh, none in the world,' rejoined he, 'but it is feared there may be something under it.' 'And what is to be done?' continued we. 'Why, just slip off your cloak,' observed the soldier, and then step inside the gate and put it on again. I shall have done my duty, and that's all I care about. His majesty, however, I can tell you, is afraid of cloaks, and of the people who wear them.'

The soldier was right, Louis Philippe had already begun to dread his people. For a few weeks after the Barricades he used to drive about with his family in an open carriage, and appeared anxious to court popularity. He even sometimes ventured, as M. Capefigue very carefully relates, to go abroad on foot with a single aide-de-camp, when he was usually recognized and saluted with loud demonstrations of loyalty. But such days were far too bright to last. The intercourse between king and people is not to be carried on after that fashion in France. It might do very well for the old Emperor of Austria to stump about Vienna, like a parish beadle, and be known and greeted by his phlegmatic subjects with a submissive, affectionate alarm, which insured his safety, and their servitude. The offspring of the French Revolution have

not yet reached that pitch. They have just enough of fire left in them, to make it hazardous for their sovereigns to go unescorted abroad, though not enough to compel them to rule constitutionally. They have never yet conquered for themselves the right to hold a public meeting. They cannot congregate together to discuss their grievances, and make speeches, good or bad, and pass resolutions and petition parliament, or remonstrate with it. Hence their partiality for secret societies, and the offensive asperity of their opposition press. But their hostile feelings do not exhale themselves in fierce and fiery declamation as with us; but in calumnious statements, quietly expressed, and odious insinuations. On this fact the French sometimes pride themselves. The reason, however, is, that they always write under correction, and play their little harmless gambols, like a spaniel accustomed to be beaten. They must not speak out, dare not be rough and boisterous. Such habits flourish only in free countries. The subjects of despotic states have always a certain tincture of politeness, which has a secret reference to the stick. In proof of their supposed freedom, they sometimes refer to their *émeutes*, and the saturnalia of their revolution. But all these demonstrate the contrary; they are indications that the pressure was too great, and that the passions of the populace, finding a chance outlet, had burst forth, like the winds in Virgil, suddenly to ravage sea and land.

A people replete with energy, and actuated by strong feelings of independence, is little addicted to revolutions. It will stand no nonsense from its rulers. It does not suffer grievances to accumulate; it lies always on the watch against abuses; it murmurs, it grumbles, it threatens, and thus prevents the necessity of trying conclusions with the established authorities. Louis Philippe would be a harmless man enough on this side of the Channel. Being gifted with considerable shrewdness, he would at once perceive that it is not for courts or cabinets to play with the feelings of the English people. We must have our representatives, good or bad; we must enjoy the freedom of the tongue; we must say what we please, and publish what we please; discuss any thing and every thing, and that, too, in any numbers, from five hundred to half a million. Enjoying these privileges, we eschew altogether infernal machines, barricades, and that sort of thing. Occasionally, to be sure, we ourselves submit to great

abuses, because we know but one way of getting rid of any thing that annoys us, and that way generally requires a considerable length of time to bring us to the point desired. We convince, instead of killing, the opposite party. We assail them with the artillery of public opinion, we thrust out towards them the ugly muzzles of syllogisms, we bring them down by force of argument.

And yet the French sometimes fancy that it is their mission to carry moral and intellectual ideas round the world. To Great Britain they attribute a much lower aim:—

“They call us *traders*, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition.”

But, among other things, we trade also in constitutions, and watch with as much anxiety over the fate of our freedom as over that of our printed cottons. We produce statesmen, too, and would not submit to be lectured by dreary doctrinaires, such as elaborate fustian for the French Chambers. Look at the two countries and the two people! In France, authority meddles with every thing; in England, it never shows itself if it can help it, so that a foreigner might almost imagine we had no government at all. Authority never was so modest as it is in England. It conceals itself behind a thousand pretences, rather than come forward and contest the privileges of the subject. In France, the people cannot make a railway but the government will immediately have a hand in it. In England, scarcely any stress of circumstances can compel the government to invade the domains of private speculation. We draw an almost impassable line between public and private business, and confiding the one to the care of our rulers, forbid them to meddle with any thing else. They know, also, and observe the limits of their duty. They understand what the public expects of them, and with a tact which would excite admiration if it were not every day witnessed, they generally contrive to avoid producing a shock between the interests of the community and the interests of government.

We throw out these hints now, that as M. Capefigue progresses with his pamphlet in ten volumes, he may, if possible, take them into consideration. Perhaps, however, he may not find room for them, since, although he pretends to take all Europe for his theme, he is scarcely ever able to look beyond the frontiers of France. But to him, of course, France is Europe. We ad-

mire the ingenuity of patriotism when it keeps within any tolerable limits. But French patriotism too commonly means an utter contempt for every thing beyond the borders. They are the only parallel the Chinese have in Christendom. They have two eyes, and see clearly with both, while all other nations have but one at most.

When the historian of Louis Philippe comes, however, to estimate the amount of mental activity displayed during the first six months of the new period, he discovers little that can afford him satisfaction. Arts and literature seldom flourish in the periods of excitement. They are but the ornaments of our intellectual life, and when we are contending for the thing itself, it is impossible to bestow much attention on the mere graces of it. Literary men, in reviewing the progress of mankind, are too apt to overrate the value of mere letters. They forget that nations may be happy without them, and that, even in periods of high civilization, it may sometimes be questionable whether the contemporary additions to them produce more good or harm. In France, as M. Capefigue acknowledges, the harm predominated. A vicious spirit pervaded nearly all the compositions of the day, which aimed at acquiring popularity by flattering the ignoble passions of the multitude. A sort of mock philosophy, half pantheism, and half sentiment, was got up expressly for the occasion; and this was accompanied by a new theory of political economy, adapted to the capacity of sots and dreamers. The noblest principles of politics were shorn of their dignity by being exhibited in connexion with odious doctrines, which have always been the aversion of honest men. The speculators and visionaries of the period were obviously not aware that, in proportion as political systems divest themselves of the aid of material force, they require the support of doctrines and opinions. Despotism may repose on sensual creeds, may consort with vice, and even derive strength from national profligacy; but the opposite of despotism must, in all times and countries, owe its permanent existence and efficacy to spiritual theories, which nourish virtue in the people, and render patriotism and the abnegation of self habitual conditions of the mind.

France has endeavored to obtain possession of liberty under impossible circumstances. Her reformers have not sufficiently reflected that society cannot be kept to-

gether without the operation of cohesive or repressive principles. If lofty ethical habits, which endear men to each other, and lead them to discover their own good in the prosperity of their neighbors do not prevail, their place must be supplied by the fear of power, by selfish solicitude, by mutual suspicion, with which freedom cannot coexist. There is a strong sensual tendency in the French character. Even the most spiritual writers escape with difficulty from this failing, their highest thoughts and aspirations being too commonly disturbed by exhalations from worldly objects.

At the time immediately succeeding the revolution of July, great additional force was imparted to the grosser passions of the people; during the struggle itself they had, as we have said already, exhibited many good qualities, much disinterestedness, and a very strong desire to promote the good of the community. But afterwards, when they came to observe that the leaders of all parties were endeavoring to secure as many advantages as possible to themselves, and that what might be called the aristocratic class, placed in opposition to the democratic, was drawing up to itself and absorbing all the warmth that should go to vivify the whole body politic, they began to grow ashamed of their enthusiasm, and in their turn endeavored to snatch as much pleasure and to accumulate as much property as they could for themselves. It was this reactionary feeling that gave rise to most of the excesses of the Parisians. Anxious above all things not to be duped, they sought to recompense themselves for their former sacrifices, by seizing upon all manner of coarse indulgences, which the vicissitudes of the hour flung in their way.

Hence the debasement of literature, the abuse of dramatic exhibitions, and the profane and odious character assumed by what passed just then for philosophy. Volney had observed of an Oriental people, that apprehending nothing after death, believing that when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, no dreams come to disturb our everlasting sleep, they take up arms with alacrity, and throw away their lives with absolute indifference. A phenomenon exactly analogous has from time to time been observable in France. Men steeped in the influence of the senses, swayed by irregular passions, unaccustomed to reflection, destitute of all correct knowledge, have rushed from the orgies of sensuality into the embrace of death without allowing themselves

a moment's pause for calm thought. And this is the heroism of pantheistical dogmas, the heroism of those villanous schools, which, at different epochs of the world's history, have reappeared for the calamity of mankind. St. Simonians, Communists, Fourierists, and a rabble of other sectarians arose, preaching vice, and eating like canker-worms into the hopes of future generations.

Their principal attacks were directed against property and marriage, and it is characteristic of the French that they have clung far more tenaciously to the former than to the latter; for while there has been no relinquishment of estates, no indifference to five-franc pieces, marriage has been allowed to fall into so much disrepute that half the children now born in Paris are illegitimate, and yet the French perceive no absurdity in prating from time to time about democratic institutions as though it were practicable to reconcile such things with the character of a people, a moiety of whom, by their own showing, live in habitual disregard of the fundamental duties of society. With these data before him, any one may foresee what is to be the future destiny of France. It must submit to servitude under some form or other until it can resolve to have a national religion; Catholicism, if it can discover nothing better. There is no freedom without faith. The man who believes in nothing better than himself, will never make great sacrifices for his fellow-creatures. The body politic is a sphere which is but half earthly, the other half is in the skies, and belongs to them. Weak and fantastic reasoners would strip politics of this attribute of sublimity, and reduce the people to a body of calculating savages congregated together, but still, secretly, in a state of mutual hostility. Religion gives men a common parentage, melts them into one family, throws the links of affection far and wide around the necks of all, creates a common home for the whole human race, where, in the sight of one common Father, they may taste of eternal happiness. The influence exercised by this system is, we own, less powerful than, for our good, we could desire; but without it man has no choice but to degenerate perpetually, and lose one by one all the attributes which raised him from primeval barbarism, and gave grandeur and expansion to his intellect, beauty to his thoughts, force to his principles, elevation to his fancies, and a broad and permanent basis to his happiness.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

1. *Charakterzüge aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III. (Traits of Character from the Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia.) Founded on Personal observation, by Fr. Eylert, Evangelical Bishop and Court-Precacher. Potsdam and Magdeburg. 1844, 1845.*
2. *The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III., King of Prussia. (Extracts from the above.) By Jonathan Birch. London, 1844.*
3. *Das königliche Wort Frederick Wilhelm III., König von Preussen; eine den Preussischen Ständen überreichte Denkschrift. (The Royal Word of Frederick William III., King of Prussia; a Memorial presented to the States of Prussia.) By Dr. John Jacoby. December, 1844.*

In the clean and elegant town of Töplitz, amid the lonely Bohemian hills, where the most select sprigs of Prussian and Austrian gentility flock annually to refresh their jaded bodies with salubrious baths, there used (some ten or a dozen years ago) to be seen, regularly at a certain hour, a tall and well-built figure, of a sombre aspect and a measured stride, plainly clad, with an olive-colored coat sometimes a little the worse for wear), a white vest, gray trousers, a round hat on his head, and a walking-stick in his hand. Judging by the stiffness and solemnity of this personage, you might have taken him for a Methodist minister meditating a sermon; for a Scottish 'Dominie' pondering on the relative *qui, quæ, quod*; or, for a provincial stroller rehearsing to himself the part of the Ghost in 'Hamlet.' But if you wait a little, you will perceive that this judgment, like most others made on the first blush, is as superficial as it is precipitate, and very far wide of the truth. You will perceive that this personage, though courting solitude, a friend of silence and laconic in his phrase; though he will often stand for hours together on the banks of the large pond in Prince Clary's park, contemplating the slow and solemn sailing of the stately swans; that this remarkably severe and solemn man is any thing but a recluse, has, on the contrary, moved much in the great world; and is known and re-

cognized by every baron and baroness in Töplitz as a person whom all are bound, and whom many of them delight, to honor. He is in fact a monarch; Frederick William III., King of Prussia; one of the most remarkable men of his age, if not by virtue of his overtopping personal qualities, certainly by the strange and eventful nature of his public history. Yet even as a private character you will find him not unworthy of a little passing observance; if he has got the prim exterior of a parading Prussian, he has also the true heart and the straightforward aspect of an honest German; and when you consider how much the character of an absolute monarchy like Prussia is moulded and modified by the personal qualities of the monarch, you may be apt to think that this ungainly and repulsive personage is a character that will richly reward the trouble of a more minute personal inspection. Frederick William, however formal and pedantic in his outward man, is evidently no mere player-king, speaking the speech exactly in all points as it is set down; you may rest assured, on the contrary, that behind this exact and measured exterior there dwells a soul not unfurnished with certain native ideas and purposes, that well know how to assert their own steady place in the world, and will not easily be jostled out of joint.

The number 40 seems to be a special favorite of the Fates in the advancing history of the house of Brandenburg. In 1640, that 'great Elector' mounted the throne, to whom Prussia owes her first prominence over the mass of petty states with which she was originally confounded; in the year 1740, that greater Frederick began to reign, who first gave to Prussia the reality, as his grandfather had given it the name, of a European kingdom. Another century revolves; and the same year 40 witnesses the death of one sovereign who organized the commencement, and the succession of another who is destined to preside over the completion of the greatest social revolution effected without bloodshed that modern history records. Frederick William III., who lost the battle of Jena, in 1806, and called the Baron von Stein to his counsels, in 1808, died in the year 1840. In his character and policy, the seeds lie concealed of much that is full of important consequence in the present political and ecclesiastical aspect of one of the most rising states of Europe. We shall endeavor, in the remarks that follow, to

bring forward a few points of this European biography, the contemplation of which may enable us more perfectly, whether to understand the past or to anticipate the future of Prussian history.

One word, in the first place, on the author of the three volumes, the title of which is prefixed. A good biography of a king any where is a rarity; a good biography of a German continental absolutist, written by a German bishop, and a father confessor immediately after the decease of its royal subject, is, as human nature goes, we may say shortly, an impossibility. Bishop Eylert's life of Frederick William, accordingly exhibits in rich abundance every fault that might be expected to belong to it in the circumstances; it is prosy and discursive as the production of a German (for the Germans, once for all, as a general rule, cannot write biographies), eulogistic and exaggerated as the production of a courtier, submissive, subservient, and stupid as the production of a centralized Prussian, and an Erastianized bishop. Nevertheless, the book is a very useful book; and the bishop a man for whom we feel no vulgar respect. He has, indeed, said many things that he ought not to have said; and, on the other hand, refrained from saying much that he ought to have said; but for the one fault, that of superfluity, he has the double plea to urge that he is a German, and that he is an old man above seventy; while for his sins of omission he can state, that in Prussia many matters are considered as of private interpretation and professional decision, on which in England every drinker of portwine or porter thinks himself privileged to descant. How honest, for instance, is the following prefatory confession:—

"The portrait which I have given," says the bishop, "is taken from the life, but it is incomplete; I do not exhibit the monarch to my readers as a soldier, or at the head of his army, not as a financier, nor as a ruler, not as a diplomatist, nor as a politician, in none of these most important relations of his public life, where he exerted his most remarkable influence; *for these are matters, in fact, which I do not understand; and in matters which I do not understand, I can pass no judgment.*"

There is a certain humility here, which, like charity, may well be allowed to cover a multitude of sins; though we cannot help remarking, that in countries situated as Prussia at the present moment is, there may be as much of worldly convenience as of

Christian self-restraint in the virtue. However, we shall think no evil; opinions on matters of this kind, like plants and animals, are liable to be affected not a little by the atmosphere in which they grow; and we agree entirely with the worthy bishop, that the root of the governor and the politician is to be found in the man and the Christian, whom he makes it his main business to characterize. Let us commence, therefore, under the guidance of the evangelical father-confessor, with a few of these personal traits.

The late King of Prussia, in his intellectual and moral character was a true German; but he possessed eminently rather the qualities which the German has in common with the Lowland Scot, than those other and characteristic elements which distinguish the Trans-Rhenane Teut from every other species of the same wide family. There are indeed, as all who are familiar with the Germans know, two kinds of men amongst them, both very German as opposed to Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, but opposed to each other by the strongest and most obstinate laws of natural temperament. There is what we may call the winged German and the walking German, or if you please, the ballooning German and the architectural German; the soaring German, and the steady German; the speculative German, and the practical German. The late King of Prussia belonged altogether to the latter class; and was, in fact, according to the more common English idea of Germanism, more like a Scotchman than a German. Like the Scotchman, of a plain unpretending exterior, he was not less plain, discreet, and downright in his whole cast of thought and tone of sentiment; and though he was not without respect for Immanuel Kant—whom he called ‘a strong soul in a weak body;’ and even went so far as to call the transcendental Fichte to Berlin, when he had been expelled from Jena on a charge of Atheism—yet was his nature any thing but speculative: he was prosaic, practical, and utilitarian in the highest degree; and no professor of Calvinistic theology in the shrewd North ever expressed a greater abhorrence of German metaphysics than did Frederick William III. As his quiet and decent-minded brother, ‘good Kaiser Franz,’ of Austria, used to say often very emphatically—‘We want no *clever* people’—so his Prussian majesty not less characteristically, but with infinitely more sense used to re-

peat—‘I want no phantoms and no phantasmagorias; your fantastic gentlemen I cannot use; *PHANTASUS WAS THE BROTHER OF MORPHEUS.*’ There is truth here and wit also; for that morose and monosyllabic German mouth could at times, as the bishop assures us, expand itself, and give utterance to something like a French *bon mot*; but still the characteristic feature of his mind was that Scotch one of sound sense, and the general complexion of his existence the most bald and inveterate prose. A grand habitual antidote he did bear in his mind to that portentous effusion, and diffusion, and confusion, which is the besetting sin of German intellect; and how often did he not, in the course of business, put a wise stop to the large discourses of his councillors, by the words—‘*Gehört nicht hierher. Zur Sache! Zur Sache!*’ Nothing to do with the matter—to the point! to the point!’ Intimately connected with this direct and blunt practicality was another feature in the king’s character; and a feature more characteristically German; a great love of truth and a detestation of any thing in the shape of unsubstantial rhetoric, sounding compliment, and well-turned flattery; for all these things are at the core essentially false; and a direct, truthful, plain working-man can have nothing to do with them. He showed, also, no vulgar insight into Christian ethics, when he said that, ‘*acting against a man’s conviction is the sin against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven.*’ Of his general regard for truth the following interesting traits are given by the bishop:—

“Once when the king was entering a considerable town, the superintendent of the place thought proper to greet him with a eulogistic address. Frederick interrupted him, turning indignantly to the adjutant, Colonel Witzleben, ‘This is not to be endured—the man speaks plain untruths.’ Then taking out the paper upon which the names of those invited to the afternoon entertainment stood, with his own hand he scored the name of the superintendent out.

“A young man possessing good talents and much fluency, and furnished with high testimonials, had been proposed as preacher to the division of guards. He was permitted to preach his trial sermon in the presence of the king in the court and garrison church at Potsdam. He here discoursed eloquently upon Christian heroism, but making use of unmeasured encomiums upon the conduct of the king and the Prussian army, the former, who at other times sat there listening with undivided attention to all he heard, lost his equa-

nimity, and rising, looked round the church. As his eye rested on me, in his displeasure, he added, 'The preacher has certainly not studied the Holy Scriptures, at least he has not learnt their *spirit*, or he would have known well that the inspired writings never flatter men, but on the contrary, humble them. A preacher who makes my troops feel their self-sufficiency, and puts them asleep when he ought to rouse them, I will not endure.'

"In 1809, when the king with his family returned to Berlin according to his former practice, he attended the celebration of the Lord's supper in the church at Potsdam with the congregation. The moving and elevating spectacle of a sovereign and his people uniting on such consecrated ground, affected every heart so much that I thought some allusion to the circumstance was necessary. But trifling as the allusion was it displeased him. 'I thank you for your sermon,' he said, afterwards; 'it was an excellent one, and it edified me. But it is painful to me when, in the preaching of the divine word, any mention is made of my name, especially in the way of praise.' I answered that his feelings on this subject were known to me, and that I honored such sentiments; but that in present circumstances the people would have been disappointed in their justest expectations, had I passed over in utter silence the subject which warms all hearts.' I added, 'If, however, on that account, I have displeased you, yet may the good intentions which I had excuse me.' The memorable words of the king in answer to me were, 'Your good intentions I have by no means mistaken, but I believe *there is no king in a church in the eyes of God, no distinctions, no merit. The more earnestly and freely, and without respect of persons, a man preaches God's word, the more will I esteem him. The public worship of God, and the participation in it, is meant to improve man, and on that account real truth and disagreeable truth must be spoken as well to master as to servant.*'"

Beautifully illustrative of this deep-rooted love of truth in the royal breast, is the following reminiscence from the king's own mouth of his early intercourse with the great Frederick in his latter days. It concludes with a prophetic intimation of the French revolution, inferior in interest and significance to nothing of the kind that is recorded:

"Yes! a truly great man. On this very spot it was, here on this seat, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. He was full of kindness and tenderness. He examined me on the different subjects of study in which I was then receiving instruction, especially in history and mathematics. He made me converse with him in French; and then took out of his pocket Lafontaine's fables, one of which

he made me translate. By mere chance it happened to be one that I had read before with my tutor; and when he began praising me for my performance, I told him so. Immediately his earnest countenance brightened up, he stroked me gently on the cheeks, and added, '*So ist's recht, lieber Fritz*,—that's the right plan, my dear Fritz, always honest and without concealment. Never wish to seem what you are not; always be more than you appear. These words made a deep impression upon me; and dissimulation and misrepresentation of every kind I have, from my earliest years, held in the greatest detestation and abhorrence.

"He exhorted me particularly to cultivate the French language; the language of diplomacy over the whole world, and by its flexibility peculiarly adapted for that purpose. And, in fact, I do speak it (for it is more pliant) with greater readiness than German; but still I like the German better. Then, on dismissing me, Frederick, I remember, spoke seriously to this effect. 'Now, Fritz, *werde was tüchtiges par excellence*. Learn to do something thorough in the world. There are great events waiting for you. I am at the end of my career, and my work will soon be finished. I am afraid things will go *pêle-mêle* in the world when I am gone. Every where I see a great deal of fermenting matter; and the men that should regulate and lay the approaching disturbance, especially in France, do all they can to nourish it. The masses are already beginning to move up from below; and when this comes to an outbreak, *da ist der Teufel los*—then the devil is loose. I fear you will have hard work of it some day. Make yourself ready; keep yourself in training; be firm. Remember me. Guard our honor and our fame. Do INJUSTICE TO NO MAN; BUT LET NO MAN DO INJUSTICE TO YOU.'"

But the most prominent feature in the character of the late Prussian sovereign, and one which seems to have been communicated to the present monarch, was his profound reverence for religion, and his conscientious supervisorship of ecclesiastical matters. As Dr. Arnold said of Sir Robert Peel, that he has an *idea* on the subject of the currency, and will, therefore, show constancy and consistency in that region, however he may vacillate elsewhere: so we may say truly of Frederick William III., that if many parts of his political conduct are inexplicable on any constant principle, his ecclesiastical views are always the same. In this part of his character, also, the Prussian monarch showed more of the Scottish, than of the Saxon Teut. The Scot and the Saxon are, indeed, both pre-eminently reli-

gious; but the piety of the one is more closely bound to definite dogma and external institution, while that of the other partakes more largely of discursive speculation and desultory sentiment. From every thing of this kind, so common among German philosophers, theologians, and poets, the plain, practical, prosaic mind, of Frederick William III. was particularly averse; and instead of the new lights by which Hegel taught the modern divines to interpret the Nicæan doctrine of the Trinity, his majesty preferred the old and obsolete guidance of Luther and Melancthon. He was, indeed, not only a most pious, sincere and serious Protestant Christian, but like our notable James I. (with infinitely greater sense) a theologian, and like his son Charles, a manufacturer of liturgies. The deeply religious tone of Frederick William's mind sprang, no doubt, from an original and essential element of his character; but it received its full development, as the religious faculty not unfrequently does, in his years of deep personal affliction and public prostration; in the years 1807-8-9, when Napoleon had forced him to flee from the sight of his own enslaved capital to the far banks of the Pregel at Königsberg. Here the humbled monarch found that spiritual consolation of which he stood in need, in the evangelic words of Archbishop Borowsky, a man whom he always looked up to with such emotions of reverence and gratitude, as belong to the converted man when he contemplates the apostolic agent of his conversion. In Borowsky the wounded majesty of Prussia found a healing power, that, on a mind constituted as his was, neither the profound subtlety of Kant, nor the iron energy of Fichte was calculated to exercise. The following extract is characteristic:—

"You must contemplate Borowsky as a prophet of the Old Testament, and an apostle of the New; or, if this is saying too much, at least look upon him as a true copy of this original type. Every thing in him bears the stamp of his position—suggestive and solid, gentle and serene, artless and simple, truthful and open. The Christian minister only is seen and heard in him, free from all affectation and all pedantry. And so it shall and must be; and so it ever is when the vocation to which a man has devoted himself has penetrated his heart so as to become his second nature. It is this that is wanting in the clergymen of our times. Every profession gives to him who lives and breathes in it a peculiar and recognizable impress. The jurist is rooted in positive law

and rests there; the philosopher in the subtlety of the thoughts which are ever passing through his speculative understanding; the physician in search after the laws and powers of Nature. To the soldier the word of command is 'rule and type.' Each of these vocations has its allotted sphere to cultivate; and it is to the limited nature of this sphere that all its consistency, steadiness, and calmness are owing—*this* gives it at once a sure centre and a wide circumference.

"On the other hand, I find in the clergymen of our age a visible and tangible indefiniteness and desultoriness of character—an irresolution, a guessing, an imagining, a play of opinion; now this way, now that way, to suit the many-colored and changing ideas of the age.

"I am aware that the stagnation of religion in a nation is corruption and death; but indecision begets insecurity, and in the fluctuation we lose hold of the basis and firm foundation on which we ought to rest. Perfectionation is the ever restless grand impulse of humanity; but without a deep, solid foundation, no advance can be made towards this; and what with the charm of novelty for a certain period may look like progress, is found afterwards to be but a vague wandering about and beating of the bush, in which real experience is lost, and a wild, hazardous, experimenting supplies its place. In a Christian clergyman I at least desire a man, who, both in word and deed, shows that he is impressed with the deep conviction that he is the servant of the Church. This is seen in many in nothing but their priestly garments—it is lost when in colored and modish clothing they mix with the world around them. I am certainly not of opinion that the doctrinal scheme of the Church, according to its symbolical books, ought to be considered perfect, and remain for ever as it is; I am convinced rather that the Church would be revived and would develop and retain a fresh and vigorous existence were it to enrich itself out of the inexhaustible fulness of God's word, and restricting itself to this decisive authority still further to make use of the results of the progressive age for its own advantage.

"But a fixed system, in which she is what she is, and will be, and shall be, and by which she separates herself from other bodies, the Church must have, and moreover must watch over, as over a sacred possession; because only by means of a common element can a Christian community exist, and only in a community is there a cementing and self-preserving power. But where that which is the object of the Church's Faith is lost and split into opposing countless individual opinions, each man making a new religion to himself, into stead of accepting the one religion given to him in the Scriptures, and where men are allowed to use such discretionary power and to call it Protestantism, the inevitable result will be that they will go on protesting till not

one iota of the tenor and substance of Biblical Christianity is left remaining."

These sentiments, so familiar to us in this country, where most persons that are Christians at all are so as believers in a strictly miraculous and supernatural communication, might not be worth quoting at such length in this place, were it not that this very matter of religion, in this very shape of a fixed and definite super-naturalism as opposed to a more free and floating rationalism, is one of the great questions now agitated between the German people, and the present King of Prussia. The struggle is not merely between bureaucratists and constitutionalists, between central uniformity and local variety; but eminently and decidedly between one religious party of which the watchword is Church, and another of which the watchword is Freedom. It is a dangerous thing indeed, in some sense, for a people to have a very religious sovereign; at least all the great civil wars in Europe during the last three hundred years have been excited and cherished by the zeal of eminently religious kings. Ferdinand of Austria, in the year 1618, and Charles of England in 1638, equally set their kindoms in a blaze by their piety. Genius of any kind, indeed military no less than religious, is dangerous upon a throne; not because genius is a bad thing any where, but because it is often unaccompanied with sense; and genius with a sceptre in one hand, and a sword in the other, is a thing of all others the most apt to become despotic. We shall not, therefore, be surprised if we find the mild, sober, and tolerant personal piety of Frederick William III., taking a form upon the throne, in little distinguishable from the most obdurate bigotry and systematic intolerance. Most interesting and instructive in this view is the following passage, in which the royal theologian himself, with a curious casuistry (of which we have familiar examples nearer home), draws the line of distinction between the private conscience of the citizen, and the state conscience of the monarch. In his private capacity, according to this doctrine, the crowned individual must be comprehensively tolerant, and delicately polite; in the performance of his public duties intolerance may often become a necessary first principle, and persecution a natural result.

"The often repeated sentiment of Frederick the Great—"In my kingdom every man

may go to heaven in his own way," is one to which I cannot give my unconditional assent. Taken with reference to individuals indeed, and single cases, the maxim is not merely perfectly safe, but absolutely imperative. No man, no ruler, has the right to prescribe to another what he shall believe: faith cannot be commanded; it is the freest possible act of a free mind. Every man appropriates to himself and assimilates the objects of his faith according to his capacities and temperament; this man with the understanding, that with the heart. A perfect unanimity in matters of this kind is an impossibility. And if an attempt is made to force such unanimity by the imposition of external forms, this outward compulsion must always remain a dead letter; nay, worse, it will even excite hatred and opposition, for this plain reason, that the mind of man, as soon as it begins to think, must assert its liberty in all directions, and especially in the dominion of religion. Here to maintain independent dignity, and to enjoy absolute liberty, are necessary correlatives.

"So far Frederick's maxim is correct; and is the best practical rule that can be given to guard society against the evils of intolerance and sectarian hatred; but it becomes wrong and false whenever it is attempted to be applied to the serious relation in which a Protestant monarchy stands to a Protestant Church. This Church came into existence at first, only by the protecting power of those princes who adhere to its principles; and only by their subscription and executorial power did the Augsburg Confession receive public sanction and ecclesiastical authority. The reformers, in order to give stability and permanence to the new Church, placed it under the protection of the supreme territorial authorities, and these are, therefore, the born patrons of the Church. This protectorate, by the free act of the Church, made their sacred duty, and intimately connected with every thing that possesses intense vitality under their government, has, by the peace of Westphalia, been secured as the sacred right of the princes of Germany. They must, therefore, take the Evangelical Church of the country under their protection, and this can, in common sense, mean nothing else than that they must watch over the maintenance and operative power of the fixed leading principles which constitute the spirit and the substance of the Evangelical Church; and through which, and in which, she has become that which she is, by which she distinguishes herself from other communions, and especially from the Roman Catholic; principles, in short, which she cannot surrender and lose, without giving up her own character and losing her own existence. For wherever this ordering, controlling, and leading hand is absent, the arbitrary will of the individual becomes supreme; and every where, in the state as well as in the Church, there is nothing more terrible than individual caprice. The lawless power having no boundaries to keep, scatters the

seeds of destruction around; all ties are loosened, and social dissolution is the unavoidable consequence.

"I am a decided enemy of every hierarchy because it is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and I detest above all things its despotical government; but if the Evangelical Church is without all government, and if every clergyman is to have the right and the liberty to administer the sacrament according to his private opinion and caprice, if he may preach and teach in one congregation so, and in the other congregation so, then all organic connexion is dissolved, and to talk of a confession of faith of the Evangelical Church (though every church must have some confession or other,) becomes a practical absurdity. The ecclesiastical element thus becomes identified with the whirl of every momentary and ephemeral idea, and amid choosing and rejecting, building up and pulling down, gradually undermines the evangelical faith of the people. The children have then a different faith from their parents; family worship and domestic piety have no longer any nucleus round which they can form, and public worship loses every charm, and the Church itself all binding power and authority. Binding, cementing, and controlling liturgical forms are, therefore, according to the precedent of the reformers, an essential want of the evangelical as of every other church.

"These prescribed forms are by no means the essentials of religion, but they are the encircling and preserving cause of vital piety, and this often vanishes when these are broken down. The great matter always is, that the officiating clergyman shall know how to keep himself at a distance from a mere cold and dead mechanism, and to breathe into the simple and noble form the animating and elevating spirit which belongs to it. When this is done, the stable uniformity and the constant recurrence of these forms is, in fact, the very thing which clothes them with a peculiar charm; for it is consistent with the testimony of all experience, that Christian congregations, of the middle and lower classes especially, are so much the more edified with these forms the more familiarly and fondly they recur to them, as to a sure guide and a clear light amid the constant changes of earthly existence. I have thought and read much on this matter, *pro* and *con.*, and what I have stated is my decided and well proved conviction, of which no man shall rob me."

This whole passage is pregnant with instruction; and equally so, whether we apply it as an interpreter to explain the most notable ecclesiastical events in Prussia since the peace, or as a prophet to predict the result of the struggle at present going on beyond the Elbe, between the Prussian people and the Prussian government. In the one application we see clearly how the

same sovereign, who offered his territory as an asylum to the expatriated victims of Austrian bigotry in the Tyrol, could lend his countenance and his arm to the expulsion of the pious old Lutherans from Silesia. In the other application, we see how evangelical piety, inherited from his father, has, in the person of the present sovereign, become a synonym for bigotry, methodism, and every sort of selfish narrow-mindedness. In an absolute monarchy, indeed, where the personal feelings of the king are at no point separable from the public law of the land, a zealously religious man almost necessarily becomes an energetic Erastian; he studies Luther and Melancthon, he determines the number of the sacraments, he makes and unmakes bishops, he edits a new version of the hymn-book, he fuses old Calvinists and Lutherans into one new 'EVANGELICAL' Church; and in so doing, while matters proceed smoothly enough with an indifferent or a submissive people, he now and then stumbles on a stump of obstinate old orthodoxy; and in this case, if he will not say *peccavi*, (which a king and a public man can rarely do,) he becomes, with all his piety and peacefulness, a Henry VIII., and nothing less, in principle; and he also must victimize his score of Sir Thomas Mores, or other worthies, though in a bloodless fashion, by the more decent and temperate martyrdom of the nineteenth century. Such has hitherto been the history of 'evangelical' piety on the throne of Prussia; while its present workings and expected explosions chain the eye of the reflective, before all other parts of Europe, chiefly on Breslau, on Königsberg, and on Berlin.

Let us now, to complete the outline, cast a glance on the political and military aspect of his majesty's character; and here we cannot do better than choose as our text the short characteristic of the Prussian Monarch given by his great adversary, Napoleon: '*Le roi de Prusse, comme caractère privé, est un loyal, bon, et honnête homme; mais dans sa capacité politique c'est un homme naturellement plié à la nécessité; avec lui on est le maître tant qu'on a la force, et qui la main est levée.*'* Now, if the part of this portraiture which relates to the king's political character be softened down a little, and expressed in phrase a trifle more polite, it seems to give the whole truth of the matter, so far as we can judge, fairly enough. In the political career of Freder-

* 'Las Casas,' in Fain. 1813. Vol. I., p. 99.

ick William III. we see nothing of that consistent and homogeneous character which is impressed on his ecclesiastical movements; an incoherent alternation of caution and rashness, liberalism at the helm to-day, and despotism to-morrow, indicate plainly enough that in this sphere the ostensible leader of affairs was in reality led, and that the royal movements were in all cases the result, not the cause, of the circumstances, with which they were connected. We have, therefore, to seek for the political history of Frederick William III. more in the times than in the man; for he was, in fact, nothing of a born king and a ruler of men; the great stage of public life was not his natural element; and he was by temperament utterly ignorant of the grand, and to kingly actions in critical times indispensable, science of DARING. He had one great virtue, however, which our Charles I. did not possess; he had modesty and sense enough, when necessity pressed hard, to allow himself to be used by those circumstances which he could not control. If he could not be the steam in the coach, as little would he be the drag, much less would he be the impertinent peg, that by pushing itself in at every hole, where it was not required, might even cause an explosion. In his long reign of forty-three years, while, on the one hand, ill-timed timidity and vacillation had reduced the kingdom of the great Frederick almost to the bounds of the original electorate; on the other hand, well-timed decision and steady resolution achieved in the course of a few years a social regeneration in Prussia, more important in its consequences than the political importance acquired to the same country by the European renown of the famous Seven Years' War. A man naturally cautious, and a king essentially conservative, the preacher of moderation and progressive development in all things, became, in fact, under the sudden pressure of urgent circumstances, a bold state surgeon, amputating limbs by wholesale, cutting off thousands of legs (as Nero wished to do necks) at one fell swoop; was, unquestionably, as one of his own academical men said, 'the most radical reformer in Europe.' Such an excellent thing is it, when a man, however far out of his natural place, still retains that one virtue, which is the soil of many virtues, docility, or the capacity of benefiting by the hard lessons of experience!

The first great era in the king's political life is that from his accession, in 1797, to

the battle of Jena, in October, 1806. Frederick William III. found his kingdom isolated from the great European alliance against France, by the peace of Basle, made in 1795. At what period precisely he should have taken up arms against the even more glaring acts of Gallic insolence, we shall not undertake to decide; certain it is, that he took them up at the very time when he ought *not* to have done so; and the crowned Corsican, by the slowness and indecision of his adversary, had the full advantage, with regard to Germany, of that old Roman maxim, so skilfully exhibited by the sententious Tacitus, '*Dum singuli pugnant, universi vinicuntur.*' But on this part of the king's conduct, so unlike the bold preventive style of his great ancestor, we have the benefit of direct evidence from a man who could say of those eventful days, with a more just pride than any man in Prussia, '*Et quorum pars magna fui.*' In Von Gagern's correspondence with Stein,* we have the following most instructive utterances from the fiery old baron:—

"It was not Frederick William II.," says he, commenting on Gagern, "but his successor, Frederick William III., who is to be blamed for the long duration of the peace with France. The former wished for war—loved war—hated the French, and allowed the peace of Basle to be made against his will; and there was nothing for which he was so eager as that it should be broken with all possible convenience. He was well read in history, and with his high notions of royal dignity could not but be sensibly alive to the danger that threatened Europe from French preponderance. Had this king been alive in 1799 he would have taken part in the war against France. Both with the army and with the people at that time there was a very general desire for war. Neither were the ministers to blame. Lombard was not a shallow nor a weak man: as little was Haugwitz. Both had good understandings, the former a great deal of classical learning, a thorough knowledge of French literature, and no vulgar poetical talents. Both were immoral and *roués*; Lombard of low birth (his father was a wig-maker, and therefore he often used to say *mon père de poudreuse memoire*.) both having been bred in the licentious school of Riezen and Lichtenau. Haugwitz wished war in 1799. In the conference which he, the Duke of Brunswick, and the king, held at Petershagen in May, 1809, war was in fact resolved on, and Prussia was to take part with Russia. Haugwitz went to Berlin for the purpose of arranging the final details with Count Panin. The king, however, on the road from Minden to Wesel, took back his resolution,

* 'Antheil,' iv., 48.

gave Haugwitz instructions to back out of the matter the best way he could, and the event is known to all the world. The discontent in Prussia at this impolitic hesitation and delay was universal. At this time Haugwitz should have given in his resignation."

This not merely on Stein's authority, but on a due consideration of the late king's character, and reviewing the whole circumstances of the war in 1806, we take to be the real state of the case. If the vain confidence of the Prussian aristocracy is most righteously called on to bear one-third of the burden of Jena, and if another third is no less justly (as in all military matters it ought to be) laid to the charge of CHANCE, to complete the prostrating forces, we must call in the doubtful and undecided temper, the vacillations and tergiversations of Frederick William III. Weakness upon a throne, indeed, never was capable of any thing better; and as a politician, so far as we have been able to see, the late majesty of Prussia was essentially weak. Of a piece with this ill-omened beginning is the whole after-course of his public life; nowhere do we find him acting on any other principle than that negative one of all weaklings and cowards—*don't be in a hurry, don't anticipate Providence, wait upon God*; and as caution sometimes is a virtue, and much oftener than rashness leads to a safe result, so we find that, after the event, when it has happened to turn out in his favor, the doubt and the delay of a weak man, whom nature never equipped to sit upon a throne, becomes, in the courtly style of episcopal and bureaucratic eulogizers, the most rare wisdom and the most prophetic intuition. Bishop Eylert, professing as he does to abstain altogether from the difficult science of politics, descants nevertheless,* with considerable pomp of words, on the extraordinary sagacity of Frederick William in 1811 and 1812, when all his best advisers and the substantial men in his service were eager for a league with Russia; but this lauded perspicacity of royal vision was in fact nothing more than the same spirit of doubt and indecision that had brought the same sovereign, to his own utter shame and ruin, to refrain from war in 1799 and 1805, nothing higher than the vulgar instinct of choosing the side which seems the safer for the day, and waiting the moment when a man may afford to act rashly at the least possible risk to his own flesh. The king

waited in 1811 till he had seen what 1812 might produce. The thing produced happened to be the thing desired; but what if the contrary had chanced?—what if Napoleon (a thing certainly within the fairest range of probability) had succeeded as well against the modern 'Scythians' as Alexander the Great did against the ancient?—where was Prussia then? Bound neck and heel at the foot of haughty Gaul, with the one favorable opportunity of shaking off the hated yoke, lost perhaps for ever. Let us hear, therefore, no more of empty laudations of the political sagacity of Frederick William III., in 1811, or at any other period. He understood Luther, and the Lutheran liturgy; but he did not understand politics. Not even in 1808, when he made Baron Stein his minister, and forged his famous Agrarian Law, was Frederick William III. a great legislator; nor in 1811, when he made Blücher, and Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau his generals, was he a great commander; but in both cases greatness was forced upon him: in the one case by the battle of Jena, in the other case by the people of Prussia, and he received it (to this praise he is well entitled) in both cases not ungraciously.

There is one more point yet remaining, and it is a sad one. The king of Prussia, in his private character, was, as we have seen, remarkable for nothing more than for his plain, direct, unvarnished manner, and for his love of truth. But in his public character we see him publicly arraigned by his own people as a deceiver and a liar; as a person at least who, on the pledge of certain solemn promises, induced his people to hazard their lives for his safety, and then, when that safety was secured, he found it inconvenient to attempt the fulfilment of the self-imposed obligation. The matter is well known, and does not require any detailed exhibition in this place. We merely state it as a fact known to all who take any interest in continental politics, that in the year 1808, under the pressure of necessity, Frederick William III. called men to his counsels who were of decidedly liberal opinions, and originated not a few measures of a decidedly popular character; that under the fresh impulse and salutary inspiration of these measures, the tremendous struggle of 1813 was begun and carried to a successful conclusion chiefly by the efforts of Blücher, Gneisenau, and the Prussian PEOPLE, emphatically so called; and that in furtherance of these popular measures, and under

* Vol. i., p. 32.

the influence of that liberal inspiration, the late King of Prussia, in May, 1815 (in anticipation of the renewed contest at Waterloo,) gave a deliberate public promise to his people that he would grant them a representative constitution in conformity with the demands of the age. Now it is quite true that promises of this kind relating to complex social changes, even when given with the most honest purpose, and acted upon with the most zealous diligence, cannot be fulfilled, for the most part, so soon as either party would desire; but it is equally certain that the space of twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—is long enough for an absolute monarch of ordinary vigor and determination, in ordinary circumstances, to take steps for carrying his expressed will into execution. Frederick William III., however, lived exactly a quarter of a century after the giving of this public pledge, in the midst of his royal subjects at Berlin, and Europe still looks in vain for the assembling of a national parliament on the banks of the Spree, and for the re-echoing of a free popular voice from the Rhine to the Niemen. So far from this, we have seen Prussia since the paltry proceeding against the students in 1817, closely banded with Metternich, Gentz, and the other minions of Kaizer Franz at Frankfort, in what we cannot designate otherwise than as a secret conspiracy to rob the German people of their dear-bought political liberties, and to reduce the royal word* of the King of Prussia, in its practical operation, as much as possible, to a mockery and a sham. The conclusion from all this is, that his late majesty, in the matter of the constitution, was either a liar meaning purposely to deceive, or a political weakling unable to carry his own plans into execution, and shrinking dastardly from the spirit which himself had raised. The former supposition is altogether inconsistent with his known character; there remains only the latter; and it is a supposition in perfect consistency both with his previous political conduct, and with the opinion of Napoleon already quoted,

* "Charles I. sent a message to parliament wherein he desired the houses' charity to let him know whether they will rest upon his royal promise in favor of their liberties; which promise he had made at several times, and chiefly by the lord keeper's speech made in his own presence. If they rely on it, he assured them it should be really and royally performed."—*Hume*.

It seems to be implied here that the word of a king, like that of a Quaker, is as good as another man's oath. Let history be consulted.

that in political matters his late majesty was the child of circumstance and the slave of necessity; not to be trusted unless when the arm of chastisement stood ready uplifted to enforce a prompt and a decided obedience. The same pliability of temper, that after the battle of Jena, when the aristocratic party failed him, threw the royal pleasure of Prussia into the hands of Stein and other constitutional reformers, did, after Waterloo, prepare him, as swiftly as decency would allow, for sinking back into the arms of the old bureaucratic party that now, when the storm had been weathered by better men, dexterously played themselves back into place. Once in possession of the royal ear, these men had no difficulty in conjuring up a thousand phantoms of conspiracies and convulsions, rebellions and revolutions, to work upon his large organ of caution and conservativeness; and though they could not induce him, being an honest man, deliberately to recall his word, they supplied him with reason after reason sufficiently weighty to make him delay its execution from day to day, and from year to year; till, at last, after twenty-five years waiting for the more convenient season, the fond old promiser dropt quietly into his grave, leaving the double legacy of royal perjury and popular resentment to his successor. Such a kingly game of shuffling the cards with solemn pledges and promises was played in Britain by several crowned individuals in succession, at various periods preceding the year 1688. What it led to then in our island all true Britons now, both whigs and Tories, contemplate with satisfaction; what it may lead to on the banks of the Spree, at the present hour the living majesty of Prussia ought certainly, while it is yet time, in all seriousness to consider.

From the London Quarterly Review.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

Kosmos. Entwurf einer physischen Weltbeschreibung. Von Alexander von Humboldt. Erster Band. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1845. Pp. 493. (Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the World. Volume First.)

BARON Alexander Von Humboldt was born on the 14th September, 1769; he has consequently now entered his 77th year.

In his preface to the *Kosmos* he says:—'In the late evening of an active life I present to the German public a work whose undefined outline has hovered before my imagination for half a century.' The circumstances under which the volume is presented to us secure beforehand a respectful and cordial interest, independently of its own great merits.

The general features of the active life to which Humboldt here alludes are pretty generally known. In the various partial biographies of him which have already appeared, we have a more or less accurate repetition of nearly the same details; but to know Humboldt aright there is much more of which the public would naturally wish to be informed, regarding so eminent a man, and which would throw light upon the history of his occupations and enterprises. For this, however, as well as for a complete and impartial estimate of his philosophical character, we must be content to wait till a period, we hope still remote, when the events of his life may be considered as matter of history.

In the mean time we may recall the prominent circumstances of his scientific career. After the routine of an education at Göttingen and elsewhere, which offers, so far as we know, nothing peculiar, he studied mining at Freyberg under Werner—having already, however, made a rapid journey to Holland, England, and France, and having published, in his 21st year, an 'Essay on the Basalts of the Rhine.' Though afterwards attached officially to the mining corps, he appears to have continued his excursions in foreign countries, particularly in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally reached Paris in 1797, or 1798, where he was destined to spend many after years of his life. His attention to mining does not seem to have prevented him from attaching himself to many different pursuits, amongst which botany and the then recent discoveries of Galvani connected with muscular irritability may be particularly noticed. Botany indeed, we know from his own authority, occupied him nearly exclusively for some years;* but even at this time he was practising the use of those astronomical and physical instruments which he afterwards turned to so good an account.† His subsequent struggles and disappointments in the attempt to extend

his knowledge of nature in different regions are told of in the first part of his 'Personal Narrative.' The political disturbances of the civilized world at the close of the last century were such as to make our impatient traveller an unwilling prisoner within the boundaries of Europe. His first scheme was to join a friend going to explore Egypt; his second, to unite himself to a French circumnavigatory expedition; his third, to accompany a Swedish consul to Algiers from Marseilles; but all these projects were negated by the causes which we have mentioned; and at last, in the hope of entering Africa from Cadiz, he proceeded to Spain in 1799—where his plans took an entirely new direction from the unexpected patronage which he received at the court of Madrid. This decided him to proceed directly to the Spanish possessions in America, and there gratify the longings for foreign adventure and the scenery of the tropics, which had haunted him from boyhood, but had all along been turned in the diametrically opposite direction of Asia. He did not reach America without one or two alarms of capture at sea, which would have returned him to the shores of Europe, wherewith his perverse destiny seemed to connect him; but he succeeded, and from 1799 to 1804 carried on those extensive researches in the physical geography of the New World, by which his name was to be invested with permanent celebrity.

His return to Europe in 1804 imposed upon him fresh labors—the publication, namely, of the results of his journey. In his manner of effecting this Baron Humboldt was, we think, ill advised, and probably he has long been of the same opinion. In order to bring his results before the world in a manner worthy, as he conceived, of their importance, he commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every branch of science, and rendered himself for the best years of his life a slave to booksellers and engravers. In ponderous continuity, but with diminishing celebrity, folio after folio, quarto after quarto, octavo after octavo, dropped from the press. In 1817, (as we find from an advertisement of that period,) after more than twelve years of incessant labor, four-fifths of the publication were completed, and a copy of the part then in print cost, upon ordinary paper, one hundred pounds sterling. Since that time the publication has been more remitted;—even now, more than forty years after the termination of the

* *Kosmos*, p. 375.

† *Relation Historique*. 8vo. edit., i. 67.

expedition, it continues incomplete—and will probably remain so.* The Baron's constitution had need have been a good one to withstand his exposure amidst the snows of the Andes and the swamps of the Orinoco; but it was doubtless more severely tried by the pains and anxieties of so protracted a literary labor.

The lesson is one too important to be lost. Life is too short and uncertain to encourage the undertaking of encyclopædical publications by individuals. There cannot be a doubt that what was truly valuable in Humboldt's investigations might have been comprised in a fifth, if not a tenth, of the bulk, and published within a proportionally smaller compass of time. If a traveller narrates circumstantially and faithfully what he has seen and observed, expresses his own opinions, draws his own conclusions, and refers generally to the writings of his predecessors, so as to facilitate a comparison, and to exonerate himself from a just charge of endeavoring to throw them into the shade, he does all that can reasonably be required of him. It may be left for other and systematic writers, or for himself, as a future and independent task when he changes the character of a traveller for that of a didactic author, to harmonize the entire body of scientific information to which he has contributed into a methodical whole: but first let him publish, speedily, and at all hazards what belongs to himself:—otherwise, ere he has finished, he may have spent his life, or his fortune; or (as in the present case) his own labors may be anticipated by other travellers whom his example has encouraged, and whose publication has been more individual and less tardy. This error (as we consider it) applies most particularly to the *Relation Historique*, or Personal Narrative, which was intended to bind together and harmonize the multifarious collection of astronomical, geographical, botanical, zoological,

physical, antiquarian, political and commercial facts and investigations which the author was to distribute over so many volumes. But unfortunately and strangely, this narrative was an after-thought, and being chiefly compiled from meagre notes, its volume is swelled by elaborate analyses of preceding and contemporary works, and even those of a date posterior to the journey of Humboldt, intermixed with learned dissertations on different branches of science.

We said of this work, in a contemporary article of our *Review*, (Q. R., vol. xxi. p. 320,) that 'it exhibits an exuberance of style, and a weight of diction in treating of the most common occurrences, which could scarcely be tolerated if it were not for the solidity of the judgment and the justness of the conceptions;' but, on the other hand, that the author 'is so deeply versed in the study of nature, and possessed of such facility in bringing to bear on every object that arrests his attention so vast a fund of knowledge, that we may say of him in physics, what was said of Barrow in divinity, that he never quits a subject till he has exhausted it.' This criticism and this commendation are, we think, equally applicable to Humboldt's later writings, with reference to which indeed we make these remarks on the history of his life.

Excepting a short journey to Naples with Gay Lussac and Von Buch in 1805 (the year after his return from America,) his taste for travelling seems to have been controlled by circumstances for more than twenty years, eighteen of which he spent constantly in Paris,* where he cemented his early friendship with a much younger, but even then eminent, philosopher, M. Arago, of which very many traces may be seen in the work before us. The choicest years of Humboldt's life, from thirty-five to fifty-five, were thus spent in a capital, and almost exclusively employed in editing his 'Voyage.' The result was not only to deprive the world of much which he might have done had he been enabled to prosecute sooner and more effectually his early and continually cherished project of exploring the interior of Asia; but it was perhaps even injurious in some respects to his qualifications as an author. To dwell with incessant attention for twenty years upon the acquisitions made during five, cannot be esteemed a desirable arrangement. Espe-

* It seems, from the excellent new edition of *Brunet* (1842, vol. ii. p. 659,) that the nineteenth *livraison* of the Geographical Atlas of the 'Voyage' was published as late as 1840; that the fourth volume of the 'Relation Historique' is still due; and that the *Geography of Plants* by Humboldt and Kunth, announced in 1827, has never yet appeared. Lest the omission should appear an intentional one, we ought to recall to mind the services of M. Bonpland, a meritorious naturalist who was united with Humboldt in his grand expedition, and to whose friendly perseverance our author was greatly indebted. Some of the strictly botanical parts of the work were brought out under his care.

* *Kosmos*, p. 437.

cially since, from the form of publication adopted, a vast number of observations and of subjects of discussion came to be treated of in different divisions of the work—which occasions a perpetual reference from one to the other, a continued struggle to present the same simple fact in several forms and under several aspects, and that tendency to make the most of trivial circumstances, already alluded to, which inevitably encourages a prolix and embarrassed style. Vivid description, close and convincing reasonings, and terse composition are not in general characteristic of Humboldt's writings; and the reason is, that when he ought to have written a single work, or at most two, he wrote an encyclopædia. Even his hand-writing bears testimony to the drudgery of continued labor for the press, and the minute conglomeration of half-formed characters betrays the secret of writing a volume with the least possible amount of muscular exertion.

What might not those twenty years have done for exploring other and equally (if not more) interesting regions, which he spent in toiling over and over the ground of his youthful travels. If instead of describing and re-describing his Cotopaxi and Jorullo, and Teneriffe, he had explored the volcanoes of Central Asia, never seen by geologist; if instead of dwelling so continually on his favorite Chimborazo (soon to lose the character of maximum elevation even in its own continent) he had attempted the heights of the Himalaya, posterity would have been more benefited, and his contemporary reputation would surely not have suffered. To the East his early studies, as well as his early aspirations, had been directed: he had made progress, as he tells us, in the Oriental tongues, and in the study of the history of those obscure, in some instances forgotten nations, whose literature and arts contributed so much to European civilization. Finally when, partially relieved from the trammels of his book, he undertook in 1828 a journey to Siberia, under the special protection of the Russian government, and with two companions worthy of him—Ehrenberg and Gustav Rose,—his procedure was far too rapid to be productive of any great results; for we find him carried over a space of about 11,000 English miles in nine months—in the course of which he had not touched on any of the more problematical ground which it is so important to geography and

geology to explore.* The results, very interesting so far as they went, have already been distributed or repeated in at least four different works.†

It may be suspected too that our author, whilst acquiring a knowledge of the physical geography of these remote regions, has not paid so much attention to objects not less important, though near at hand. His early and cursory journeys in England, France, and Switzerland, the trip to Vesuvius in 1805, and his brief transit through Spain on his way to America, are the only ones which we can collect from his writings (and he never omits an opportunity of specifying what he has personally seen) to have been made for the purposes of scientific observation, and these regions he surveyed in so general a manner that he almost invariably cites other writers for the authority of European facts. We learn from the work before us, what we always suspected, that though volcanic phenomena have obtained more of his attention than any others in geology, he has never visited Etna. Whilst we admire Humboldt's character, and most deeply respect his attainments, we cannot but cast a regretful retrospect on what he might have done, had he not devoted himself to raise a literary pyramid whose mass, like those of Egypt, should be itself a passport to immortality.

It is satisfactory, however, to add that the happy accident of a protracted life—protracted, as the *Kosmos* shows, to beyond the limit assigned by the Psalmist, without any diminution of mental power, or even a flagging of the indomitable perseverance and research of his earlier days,—has well nigh compensated the world for the time expended in publication. Baron Humboldt has lived not only to enlighten the world by a series of original works, continued in tolerably rapid succession, and of which the latest, as we shall hope to show, is not unworthy of its predecessors, but he has been enabled to confer upon the sciences, to which he has all his life been devoted with a pure and disinterested attachment, other and great collateral benefits. His position in society enables him to be the friend and companion of the sovereign of his own country, and if his attendance on the King of Prussia has required some sacrifices of a scientific kind, these are probably compen-

* Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*, iii 608.

† Rose's *Reise nach dem Oural*. Ritter's *Asien*. Humboldt, *Fragments Asiatiques*. Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*.

sated by the value of his political influence in the encouragement of the labors, and distinction of the merits of others. No human being breathes who is more free from personal jealousy and literary enmity than the Prussian philosopher. It may well be believed that he has not an enemy, and many are the warm friends whom his urbanity and generosity have attached to him. We shall have occasion to show in this article that he seems to feel more pleasure in claiming for others the reputation which he thinks they deserve, than in demanding honor for himself. Nor is his influence confined to his own country. Domesticated equally in Paris as in Berlin, two of the chief European Academies regard him almost as an oracle; and in States with which he has no connexion his influence has, to our own knowledge, been efficiently exerted, not merely for the promotion of science, by making suggestions for carrying on extended schemes of observation, but with two at least of the most jealous governments of Europe in procuring personal favor, and the relaxation of political decrees, on behalf of persons engaged in scientific pursuits.

We turn then to the work immediately before us—the first volume of three which are intended to embrace a summary of physical knowledge, as connected with a delineation of the material universe; for such, as well as we can define it, appears to be the scope of an undertaking, worthy certainly of this author's accurate and extensive acquirements and mature experience, with which he proposes to sum up the labors of an energetic and thoughtful life.

The scheme is great, and he does not disguise to himself its difficulty. The volume before us includes some comparatively short prefatory dissertations—and then 'Naturgemälde,' or a descriptive account of the material universe. The remaining two volumes are to treat of the ways in which the study of nature may be promoted and rendered attractive; the history of natural investigations, or the progress of the human mind towards the discovery of physical truths; and, finally, a systematic development of individual natural sciences. The first volume, which alone is published, includes in itself so wide a range, and treats of subjects so peculiarly fitted for Humboldt's genius,—(the pictures of nature)—that we do not fear any injustice to the author in treating of it sep-

arately.* Unfortunately for every reader it possesses neither table of contents nor index, and these deficiencies add considerably to the difficulty of our proposed task.

Of the prolegomena, or initiatory essays, we have not much to say. They consist in the first place of a preface—in the next, of a popular discourse on the pleasures and advantages of science—and the third is entitled 'an attempt to define the limits and materials of a physical description of the world.' In this triple preface, covering, with the notes, nearly eighty pages of the original, we find some repetition and a want of definiteness, together with a tendency to digression, which we think calculated to convey an unfavorable impression in opening a volume of which by far the greater part is not liable to any one of these objections, for the Picture of Nature which follows is concise, methodical, and perspicuous. We are the more sorry that the Introduction should be uninviting. The first discourse told very well, we have no doubt, in the circumstances under which it was delivered, as an oration in presence of the Prussian royal family and a mixed audience, where consecutive exposition and unity of argument are not missed, unless by a few critical auditors, their place being supplied by a series of rather lively pictures connected with the personal history of an expositor dignified by rank as well as fame, and by the interest which the mention of illustrious contemporaries always produces in oral discourse. Did our limits permit, there are, however, several passages which we should like to transfer to our pages; and even as it is, we cannot omit to mention the manner in which the somewhat delicate national question of the merits of his German countrymen as expositors of the physical sciences is treated:—

* We regret that the appearance of an English translation of the *Kosmos* undertaken by Colonel Sabine, with the concurrence of the author, has been anticipated by the publication of another translation in the form of *Parts* or *Fasciculi*. This translation may, we dare say, be, on the whole, decently executed, but we should much prefer, of course, a deliberate version bearing the guarantee of a name so eminent as Colonel Sabine's, and authenticated by Baron Humboldt's approbation. We hope and trust, therefore, that Colonel Sabine has not dropped his design. In our quotations in the present article, we have generally consulted the German original alone; but in the extracts from the first eighty pages of preliminary matter, reference has likewise been made to proof-sheets of the French translation, revised by the author himself, in which some modifications are noticeable.

'It is not perhaps, without reason,' he says, 'that our scientific literature has been reproached with not sufficiently distinguishing the General from the Special, the enlarged view of the results of knowledge from the examination of the facts in detail by means of which they have been obtained; which has led the first poet of our time (Goethe) impatiently to exclaim, "The Germans possess the gift of rendering the sciences inaccessible." If we let the scaffolding remain we are deprived of a full view of the building.'—*Kosmos*, p. 29.

In a subsequent passage he disclaims any participations in the metaphysical dreams of the German 'Natur-philosophie,' which, erring as far on the other side of the standard of Bacon and Newton as the merely laborious compilers of facts without regard to principles do on this,—show how easy it is first to degrade science and then to trample it under foot. Humboldt says, in his second essay—

'The exposition of the totality of observed facts does not exclude the desire to trace by principles of reasoning their mutual connexion, to generalize where it is practicable amongst the mass of individual observations, and to tend to the discovery of laws. Conceptions of the universe founded solely on abstract principles of speculative philosophy, would assign, no doubt, to the science of the material universe, a more elevated aim. I am far from blaming efforts which I have not attempted, merely because their success remains as yet very questionable. Contrary to the desire and advice of those profound and powerful thinkers who have given a new life to the speculations which the ancients originated, systems of the philosophy of nature have, in our Germany, withdrawn attention for a time from the important studies of mathematical physics. The intoxication of pretended conquests already made, a new and extravagantly symbolical language, a predilection for formulæ of scholastic reasoning more contracted than were known to the middle ages, have distinguished, by the youthful abuse of noble powers, the short saturnalia of a purely ideal system of nature. I repeat the expression, abuse of power; for eminent persons attached both to speculative studies and to the sciences of observation have not taken part in these saturnalia. Results obtained by experimental observation cannot be in contradiction with the true philosophy of nature. When contradiction appears, the fault lies either in the hollowness of the speculation—or in the exaggerated pretensions of an empiricism which attempts to prove from experience more than can really be deduced from it.'—*Kosmos*, pp. 68–9.

These sentiments are honorable to the

author, and are well expressed; and the candor with which he exposes the errors which have unspeakably injured the character of German authors on the economy of the material universe, should have led, we think, to a plainer recognition of the superiority of the English school in this respect. But Humboldt himself is perhaps not beyond the reach of his own censure: for he becomes involved and obscure, and seems to feel his ground shake under him, whenever his subject inevitably leads him for a moment from the detail of phenomena and their classification, to speak of, or hint at, the remotest idea of causation. The most distinct passage to be found on this subject is the following:—

'In submitting physical phenomena and historical events to the exercise of the reflecting faculty, and in ascending by reasoning to their causes, we become more and more penetrated by that ancient belief that the forces inherent in matter, and those regulating the moral world, exert their action under the empire of a *Primordial Necessity*, and according to movements periodically renewed at longer or shorter intervals. It is this Necessity, this secret but permanent bond, this periodical return in the progressive development of forms, of phenomena, and of events, which constitute *Nature*, obedient to a primæval impulse given.'

We have here used the French version, corrected by Humboldt himself. In his original German text the definition of Nature is somewhat different:—

'This Necessity is the essence (*Wesen*) of Nature:—it is nature herself in both spheres of its existence, the material and the intellectual.'—*Kosmos*, p. 32.

But Humboldt's views of the restriction under which physical philosophers are placed in their inductive speculations is more limited than the men of science of our own country will readily concede. It is easy to say that the 'ultimate end of the experimental sciences is to ascend to the existence of laws, and to generalize them progressively;' but where is the inductive process to end? Where is the generalization of the last and highest group of laws? The contemplation of a law of Nature derived from the generalization of individual facts, is as purely a subject of abstract intellectual conception as any founded on moral phenomena; and the reasoning through a chain of causes must evidently bring us at last to the first cause of all—be it Neces

sity, or be it God. Our author seems even to admit as much, although he excuses himself from prosecuting his own generalizations up to the point whither they must ultimately carry him:—

‘We are yet far,’ he adds in the second discourse, ‘from the period when it will be possible to reduce all the manifestations of our senses to the conception of unity in Nature. It may even be doubted whether that epoch will ever arrive. The complication of the problem, and the immensity of the universe almost quell the hope of it. But if the whole be impossible, there remains the partial solution of the problem, and to strive after the comprehension of natural phenomena must be the highest and perpetual goal of all scientific inquiry. *True to the character of my earlier writings and to the nature of my occupations, which were devoted to experiments, measures, and search after facts, I confine myself strictly to empirical considerations. It is the only ground upon which I feel myself competent to move without a sense of insecurity.*’—*Kosmos*, pp. 67–8.

We think that this is too humble an estimate of the province of an author who proposes to map creation in its length and breadth, and to explain the connexion and mutual dependence of its parts; a province well entitled to the name of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY founded on the principles of induction, as opposed to that scholastic science of presumptuous Deduction, which our author has so justly condemned, and which in Germany seeks to monopolize a name rendered at once sacred and classical by its adoption by Newton. Far other was *his* estimate of the end and limit of natural investigations. To exclude the idea of *cause* would have been, in his estimation, to have degraded his science.—‘*Hæc de Deo,*’ said the author of the *Principia*, ‘*de quo utique ex phenomenis disserere, ad Philosophiam Naturalem pertinet.*’

We are far indeed from delighting in the tendency of some authors on natural sciences to drag in religious views at every turn, thus secularizing things sacred in the attempt to sanctify things profane. We avow our belief that the province of Natural Theology is confined within narrow and very definite limits, although within these limits it exercises a just and incontestable jurisdiction; but we delight not in the pedantry of converting treatises of science into doctrinal compilations. There is, however, an opposite pedantry as worthy of condemnation. We conceive it to be im-

possible for any well-constituted mind to contemplate the sum and totality of creation, to generalize its principles, to mark the curious relations of its parts, and especially the subtle chain of connexion and unity between beings and events apparently the most remote in space, time, and constitution, without referring more or less to the doctrine of final causes, and to the *design* of a superintending Providence.—We call it the highest pedantry of intellect to put to silence suggestions which arise spontaneously in every mind, whether cultivated or not, when engaged in such contemplations; and we are sorry to observe in the work before us a silence on such topics so pointed as must attract the attention of at least every English reader. We must consider it as part of the same principle that in treating of works on the general objects and ends of science, Dr. Whewell’s *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* are never mentioned, and even Dr. Buckland’s *Bridgewater Treatise* is quoted by a wrong title.

We had something to say (if time permitted) upon the special subject of the second discourse—the limitation (*Begrenzung*) and treatment of a physical description of the world; which, however, in reality, only occupies a portion of it. We perceive that the English translator has been sorely puzzled by the Germanisms, the subtleties, and the digressive nature of this composition. For ourselves, we can only say that, after a careful study of it, our notions of the subtle something which the author wishes to define under the name of *Cosmos* remain invested with a somewhat hazy want of precision. Notwithstanding the declaration (p. 61) of our author’s dislike to new terms, and of his attachment to facts instead of words, we venture to think his introduction of the word *Cosmos* into our vocabulary unnecessary, and the word itself, after all, indefinite. As to its necessity, we perceive that our author finds fault with physical geographers in the treatment of their science on two grounds—1st, as limiting it to a mere *detail* of terrestrial peculiarities, such as heights of mountains, declivities of rivers, or forms of continents, without reference to any governing or predominant principle by which these facts may be classified, which he reserves to the science of *Cosmos* (p. 53): and 2ndly, as treating of our globe only incidentally as a member of the planetary system, and not treating of sidereal and plan-

etary systems first, and our earth as a member of one of them. As to the first of these objections, we are satisfied that no physical geographer of the least merit ever thought that his task was completed by a bare enumeration of facts in *geographical* and not in *systematic* order; and to systematize is in such a case to compare—which is all that *Cosmos* does. Our physical geographers have therefore been cosmographers without knowing it. They may say like Lagrange, when Monge's new science of Descriptive Geometry was explained to him, 'Ah! je ne savais pas que je savais la Géométrie Descriptive.' As to the supposed exclusion of terrestrial from celestial physics, it does not really appear to us of much consequence whether the relation of our globe to the other heavenly bodies be treated of, as we believe it has almost invariably been by physical geographers, as a preliminary or introductory chapter to the physical description of the earth, or whether the two be wrought up together into a connected discourse; at least for so trifling a distinction, it seems scarcely worth while to introduce a fresh nomenclature.

We should also have wished to consider how far the philosophy of physical geography can be accurately restricted in the manner which we understand to be the wish of our author (although that wish and these restrictions are, we must add, rather to be collected from the sense than submitted to definition.) We are at some loss to perceive why all the most certain part of physical astronomy is omitted, and yet we have a very interesting and minute dissertation upon the hypotheses proposed to explain the fall of *aérolites*, volcanic eruptions, and many questions of geological and atmospheric dynamics. We are at a loss also to see why the philosophy of botany is to be confined to the geography of plants—why the general doctrines of crystallography and the broad outlines of the sciences of mineralogy and zoology do not form as much a part of the science of *Cosmos* as the prior existence and succession of extinct species, or as the varieties of the human race now peopling the globe? These and other questions we could have dwelt upon, with the wish that we might see these preliminary dissertations re-modelled so as to display, without circumlocution and without ambiguity, the actual division of human knowledge which the author appears to contemplate, and which his systematic acquirements, great experience and acknowledged

authority, eminently entitle him to promulgate. But we have already dwelt long enough upon these preliminaries, and proceed to analyze the main body of the work, the Descriptive account of the Material World, which occupies (with copious notes citing authorities,) five-sixths of the volume.

Baron Humboldt thus sums up his purpose in this portion of his work:—

'We commence with the consideration of the depths of space and the region of the farthest nebulae, gradually descending through the mass of stars to which our system belongs, to the terrestrial spheroid surrounded by air and water, to the consideration of its form, temperature, and magnetic tension, and to the world of life which, under the excitement of light, expands itself upon its surface. . . . Every thing sensible, which a persevering study of Nature in every direction and down to our own times, has brought to light, is the material from which our delineation is to be drawn; it includes its inherent testimony of truth and fidelity.—*Kosmos*, p. 80.

And farther on after referring to a future section of the work for the history of science, he adds—

'My duty is to depict generally the state of knowledge, according to its measure and limits, at the present time. *Mean results* are the ultimate aim, nay, the expression of physical laws, as regards what is subject to motion and change. They exhibit to us Constancy in the midst of Change and the ceaseless course of events. So, for example, the progress of the modern measuring and weighing science of physics is eminently indicated by the attainment or the correction of the mean values of certain magnitudes; so numerical cyphers present themselves again, but with an enlarged meaning, as they formerly did in the schools of Italy, the last and only remain of hieroglyphics in our writings, but all-powerful in Cosmical science.'—p. 82.

He thus proceeds in a more lively strain:

'The zealous philosopher is delighted by the simplicity of the numerical relations by which the dimensions of space, the magnitudes of the planets, and their periodical disturbances, are denoted; or the threefold elements of the earth's magnetism, the mean pressure of the atmosphere, or the quantity of heat which the sun sheds daily or yearly on any spot of the fixed or fluid surface of our globe. But unsatisfied is the poet, unsatisfied the ever-curious multitude. To both of these, Science seems as if desolate, many questions being rejected as dubious or insoluble which formerly were entertained. In her more rigid

form and stiffer drapery she loses the more seductive charm with which she was invested by a philosophy of forms and symbols calculated to deceive the judgment and amuse the fancy. Long before the discovery of the New World it had been supposed that land was visible from the Canaries and Azores. But these were phantoms, not caused by extraordinary refraction, but due only to the conjectures of the spectators, whose longing eyes strove to penetrate the distant haze. The natural philosophy of the Greeks, and the physics of the middle ages, and even of a later period, abundantly offered similar airy visions. At the limits of exact knowledge (as from a lofty island shore,) we cast a sanguine gaze towards unknown regions. The belief of the unusual and the marvellous lends a distinct outline to every creation of fancy; and the realms of imagination, with their cosmological, geognostical, and magnetic dreams, are immediately confounded with the domain of reality? *Kosmos*, p. 82-3.

In the astronomical part of *Cosmos*, our author invariably treats the so-called nebular hypothesis as an ascertained physical fact, and in so far appears for once to abandon the cautious limits of descriptive writing and simple classification which he has imposed upon himself. Not only does he maintain Herschel's doctrine of the progressive consolidation of nebulous matter (which, however, he ascribes (p. 87) to Anaximenes and the Ionic school;) not only does he affirm this process to be 'going on under our eyes,' and to be in all respects similar to the 'development' of organic beings—thus assimilating the universe to a garden or a forest. He also accepts as established, and apparently not admitting of a doubt, the theory peculiar to Laplace of the *genesis* of nebulous rings by centrifugal force, and the subsequent still more incomprehensible agglomeration of these rings into solitary rotating planets and satellites: and he even assumes it as established (p. 89, 95,) that the zodiacal light arises (as Cassini imagined) from a still uncondensed ring of world-vapor, (*welt-dunst*) between the orbits of Venus and Mars. On all this doctrine we retain the most energetic doubts.* The progress of discovery at the

* The sole phenomenon of our system which might lend countenance to Laplace's notion (and which perhaps suggested it) is the unique and imposing one of Saturn's ring. We observe a very good remark on this subject in Mr. Monck Mason's 'Creation by the immediate Agency of God,' p. 50, which is undoubtedly correct; to wit, that the excessively small and uniform thickness of this vast expansion of matter, (estimated at only 100 miles, with an extreme diameter of nearly 200,-

present time is decidedly unfavorable to it, as every one conversant with the scientific literature of the day is aware of; as a physical description of what *exists*, it is inaccurate, because it is uncertain; as a physical account of what has been and what will be, it can rank at best amongst the numerous list of bold but unestablished inductions. Nor can we think more favorably of an idea of Humboldt's own, that there exists an analogy between the distribution of *plants* and that of satellites in groups round their primary and planets round the sun. A still more palpable similarity would, we imagine, permit us to compare the individuals of celestial groups to the stamens and pistils of flowers; to call our earth and moon of the order *Monandria Monogynia*, Jupiter's system *Monandria Tetragynia*, and the like.* This shows how mere analogies from collocation, without reference to the end or design of the whole, may retard science. What is barely tolerable in the poetry of Darwin, cannot come well from the matter-of-fact pen of the astronomer.†

It is not to be supposed that much of novelty should be elicited in the purely astronomical part of the subject. But starting with the Nebular Hypothesis, our author manages with much ingenuity to consider in succession a series of phenomena which lead into one another, and which convey us, by easy steps, from the celestial to the terrestrial part of the science of *Cosmos*. Surveying in succession the heavenly bodies with whose density we are tolerably acquainted, the sun and planets, he next passes to comets, whose rarer texture forms a step to that inconceivable attenuation of

000,) indicates a degree of oblateness quite inconceivable under the circumstances, the planet whose centrifugal force is supposed to have generated it being almost spherical, or flattened at the poles only by one-eleventh part (Laplace, *Système du Monde*, I. 79.)

* So Milton—

— 'and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, wilt thou descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world'

Par. Lost, viii. 148.

† *Botanic Garden*, iv. 359, commencing—

'So, late descry'd by Herschel's piercing sight.'

A noble passage, though in Darwin's inflated style. His cosmogony seems to have some analogy with that in the work before us, (*Kosmos*, p. 86,) which appears to ascribe to matter generally a power of indefinite 'development' and regeneration, such as is usually admitted only to exist in living plants and animals, and that to a limited degree.

gravitating matter which constitutes, according to Laplace and Humboldt, the Zodiacal Light; and to shooting stars and aërolites, celestial in their origin, terrestrial in their component parts, (iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper, arsenic, tin, soda, potash, sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon,) which bring us down to the vulgar chemistry and geology of our own Earth.

Of cometary astronomy we have (p. 105, &c.) an interesting synopsis which we should willingly have transferred to our pages were it not too long; besides, our readers will be more interested in parts of the subject more akin to Humboldt's own pursuits. It may be mentioned in passing, as a curious fact, that the earliest valuable observations, of comets are due to the Chinese, and extend as far back as the years A. D. 240, (under Gordian III.) 539, (under Justinian,) and 565. Our author does not fail to draw a contrast between the terror with which these bodies were then regarded throughout Europe, and the scientific composure of the Chinese. In 837, when a comet of alarming magnitude approached the earth, within twice the moon's distance, whilst Louis I. of France was trying to avert the impending danger by vowing to found a monastery, the countrymen of Confucius were coolly measuring the length of its tail and determining its course amongst the stars.

The comets of 1402, 1532, 1577, 1744, and 1843, were so bright that the nucleus was visible in broad daylight; but their well-defined disks are commonly excessively small, and indicate a diameter of but a few hundred miles, or even less. The cometary light is ascertained by Arago to be polarized, and therefore he concludes it to be reflected from the sun; whereas it seems to us that were the matter the same as that of the Sidereal Nebulæ, as has been supposed, it ought to be, like them, self-luminous. The tail is sometimes double, (1807, 1843,) and in 1744 was divided into six. The apparent length was, in 1618, 104° , or 14° greater than the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The comet of 1680 had an absolute extent of tail as great as from the sun to the earth, (95,000,000 miles.) A star of the 10th magnitude lost no sensible part of its brilliancy in being eclipsed by Halley's comet in 1835 at a distance of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ from the comet's centre, (Struve,) nor do stars appear refracted out of their course by the interven-

tion of the nebulous matter, which is therefore conjectured to be *dusty*, not fluid. The mass of comets is conjectured not to exceed 1-5000th of the earth's at a *maximum*, and perhaps not 1-100,000th at an average.

The periods and eccentricities of comets have, as is well known, an enormous range. Three orbits are considered to lie wholly within the recognized limits of our solar system:—1. Encke's comet, which revolves in $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, and whose aphelion or most distant point lies within Jupiter's orbit; 2. Biela's comet of $6\frac{3}{4}$ years extends its path beyond Jupiter's orbit, but far within Saturn's; 3. Faye's comet, (discovered in 1843, and of which the return has yet to be observed) is supposed to have a smaller eccentricity than any other known comet, and a period of $7\frac{1}{10}$ years, with an orbit lying wholly between those of Mars and Saturn.

On the other hand the comet of 1680 is supposed to reach its aphelion at a distance of 80,000 millions of miles from the sun, forty-four times further than Uranus. Yet the nearest fixed star, whose distance has been approximately estimated (α Centauri,) is distant no less than 11,000 radii of Uranus's orbit, and the star 61 Cygni 31,000 radii. Yet this same comet of 1680 approached the sun's surface within 1-6th of the sun's diameter, or 7-10ths of the moon's distance from the earth. It was then moving with the velocity of about 250 English miles in a second, whilst at the other extremity of its eccentric orbit it must toil along at the rate of but 10 feet in a second, a speed comparable to that of many large rivers. Nor does it return to the sun until the lapse of 8800 years from the time of its departure.

It is singular, that in enumerating (p. 118) instances of the near approach of comets to the body of the sun, our author has omitted that of 1843, of which the orbit was first calculated by an accomplished young astronomer, M. Plantamour, of Geneva, and shown to have a perihelion distance less than that of any previously known, even that of 1680.

The next topic is one of general interest, and is treated of with great fulness and originality: the phenomena and origin of meteors, including aërolites and common shooting stars. This part of the work (pp. 120-137) will be studied with interest by men of science as well as by popular readers. It begins by recalling the general

phenomena which are probably due to a common cause. The appearance of luminous fire-balls, sometimes so large and bright as to shed a visible gleam in broad daylight, is unequivocally connected by experience with the fall of *aërolites* or meteoric stones—as was the case (to cite only recent instances) in 1799 at Barbotan in the South of France; in 1794, at Siena in Italy; in 1804, at Weston in Connecticut; and in 1821, in the department of the Ardèche in France. Sometimes a small dark cloud appears to originate the meteoric shower, whose descent is accompanied by a noise like thunder. The fire-balls, which occasionally appear to exceed the diameter of the moon, have every intermediate magnitude down to that of common shooting stars—and this is the strongest, perhaps the sole evidence, for their identity of nature; both one and the other leave phosphoric trains behind them, a real phenomenon, and not due to an optical deception, as has been sometimes imagined (p. 394, note 30.) The important consideration which has recently recalled particular attention to these curious and beautiful appearances of luminous meteors, is their alleged *periodicity*. On this subject Humboldt says:—

‘Shooting stars fall either singly and rarely, (sporadically) or in groups of many thousands. In the latter case they are periodical and generally move in parallel directions. Of periodic groups the best known are the November-phenomenon (12th–14th of November,) and that of the Feast of St. Lawrence, (10th of August) whose “fiery tears” have long since been suspected by tradition, and in an old monkish Calendar,* to be a recurring meteorological phenomenon. Although a mixed shower of falling stars and fire-balls was seen in the night of the 12th–13th of November at Klöten, near Potsdam, and in 1832 throughout all Europe, from Portsmouth to Orenburg on the Ural river, and even in the Isle of France in the Southern Hemisphere, still the idea that great meteoric showers are connected with certain days was first occasioned by the observations of Olmsted and Palmer in North America, on the 12th–13th of November, 1833, when the falling stars appeared compressed like snow-flakes about one spot in the sky, so that in nine hours not less than 240,000 must have fallen. Palmer, in New Haven, Massachusetts, recollected the meteors of 1799 (also on the 12th–13th of November,) which were first described by Ellicott and myself, and which it is proved by the observations which I have cited, were simultaneously seen in the

New Continent from the Equator to the Herrnhut in Greenland (lat. $61^{\circ} 14'$) and between 46° and 82° of longitude. The identity of the periods was observed with astonishment. The meteoric stream which filled the whole sky on the 12th–13th of November, 1833, from Jamaica to Boston, was repeated on the night of the 13th–14th of November, 1834, in the United States of North America, but with somewhat less brilliancy. In Europe the periodicity has been since more regularly established.

‘A second equally regular meteoric shower is that of August—the shower of St. Lawrence (9th–14th of August.) In the middle of last century Musschenbroeck had remarked the frequency of meteors in this month; but the certainty of their periodical return at the period of St. Lawrence’s day was first established by Quetelet, Olbers, and Benzenberg. No doubt in time we shall discover other periodically recurring streams—perhaps about the 22nd–25th of April, and the 6th–12th of December, the 27th–29th of November (remarked by Capocci) and the 17th of July.’—*Kosmos*, pp. 129, 130.

It is impossible to deny the startling force of these recurring exhibitions, as leading naturally to the conjecture that meteors are Cosmical, and not atmospheric phenomena as Halley first supposed;* for how, otherwise, can we account for a periodicity depending solely upon the time of year, that is, upon the earth’s geocentric longitude or position in space? If the periodicity were certain, it would seem impossible to entertain any other supposition than that these bodies, the very same with the ferruginous (unoxidated) and stony masses (resembling *dolerite*, a trap-rock) which sometimes fall to the ground with such a velocity as to penetrate ten or fifteen feet into the soil (p. 122,) are independent planetary bodies circulating round the sun (not the earth) with a mean velocity, distance, and period similar to that of the earth in its orbit; for under no other circumstances could they remain thus, as it were, suspended in space, ready to meet the earth at the points of mutual intersection of their respective orbits (the orbit of the meteors being more or less inclined to that of our planet.) Undoubtedly no more exciting question in natural philosophy could be started: we will briefly add such particulars from the details given by Humboldt as may assist in forming a fair judgment, though probably the cautious reader may be of opinion that the time for decision has not yet arrived.

* Said to exist in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

* Philosophical Transactions, vol. xxix.

The most important observations, next to the periodicity, concern the absolute height, velocity, and magnitude of these bodies, including, for the present, fireballs and falling stars in one category. From the observations of Brandes and Benzenberg, the height varies from 16 to 140 English geographical miles. If this estimate be correct, some shooting stars are undoubtedly seen within the limits of the atmosphere, but others are as certainly far beyond the extreme bounds which have ever been assigned to it. Hence the atmosphere cannot be necessary to their luminosity, and indeed it is not easy to conceive how it should be so, in the state of extreme tenuity which its upper regions must present. The apparent or relative *velocity* of the meteors (supposing the earth at rest) would be by the same authorities from eighteen to thirty-six nautical miles a second, which can only be compared to planetary velocities. In this our author finds a powerful argument against those who have ascribed the origin of these bodies to lunar volcanoes. For the velocity with which a body launched from the moon with just sufficient speed to escape from the lunar attraction (8000 English feet) would reach the earth, would be no more than six miles a second. The remaining velocity of twelve to thirty miles a second would therefore be due to the projectile force of the lunar volcano, which far exceeds all probability.

The height of the meteors and their apparent size being known, their real dimensions may be calculated; and the largest, according to Humboldt, vary from 500 to 2600 (French) feet in diameter. These are vast indeed, worthy of being considered planetary fragments. The meteor of the 18th August, 1783, observed in England, was apparently as large as the moon, and was computed to have exploded at a height of fifty miles, whilst moving with a velocity of at least twenty miles a second, and to have had a diameter of half a mile;* yet the fragments were never found. The largest known meteoric masses (two in South America) have, according to Humboldt (*Kosmos*, p. 123,) a length of between seven and eight feet; but they are doubtless only fragments.

Another circumstance of much importance is the *general direction* of apparent motion of these so-called periodic streams. On this point we shall give Humboldt's own account:—

* Philosophical Transactions, 1784.

'A striking confirmation of the opinion of the Cosmical origin of such phenomena was obtained by Denison Olmsted of New Haven (Massachusetts,) who has shown that, from the testimony of all observers, the fireballs and falling stars of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833, appeared to be directed *from* one and the same point in space near Leonis; nor did they deviate from that origin, although the star changed its apparent altitude and azimuth during the long continuance of the observation. Such an independence of the earth's rotation proves that the luminous bodies reached our atmosphere from the planetary spaces *beyond* it. From Encke's calculation of the whole observations made in the United States between the latitudes of 35° and 42°, they must have come from the point in space towards which the earth's motion was then directed.'—*Kosmos*, p. 126.

It has been supposed that the less exact observations in August confirm the same view. But it is worthy of note that such an hypothesis as to the general direction of the meteors, must not only be universal if true, but supposes the meteors to be directed in their orbits diametrically opposite to the earth's motion at the moment; for, as we have already observed, it is mechanically impossible that they should be *still* in space, and the earth merely dash through them; and in any other case than a concurrent or diametrically opposed motion to the earth's, their apparent paths must be the resultant of their own motion and that of the earth, and therefore *not* directed from the point towards which the earth is moving at the time. These considerations suggest doubts upon which our limits do not allow us to enter.

It is impossible, however, to deny that the considerations which we have detailed, seem to confirm the opinion entertained even by some Grecian philosophers, that *aërolites*, at least, are uncombined portions of the matter of which our planetary system is composed. The fact that their constituents (already enumerated) include (so far as our chemical analyses extends) no ingredient not already recognized as composing the crust of our planet, is highly interesting and perhaps unexpected. But instead of drawing the conclusion that *therefore* they must be of terrestrial origin, we agree with Humboldt, that it is more philosophical to imagine (as Newton is said to have done) that the matter of all the bodies of our system is nearly alike; nor will it take away from the interest with which the geologist regards the meteoric fragment which he has been fortunate enough to secure for

his cabinet, that it represents a portion of the *rough material* of the universe, that which Omnipotence has elsewhere wrought into suns, and planets, and satellites; it is a portion of primæval chaos.

The doctrine of the periodicity of the meteors, of their fixed direction in space, and their consequently forming a zone of revolving atoms in space, was quickly seized upon by the astronomers and naturalists of Germany, and was carried out perhaps beyond the limits of a rigorous induction. Not only was the periodicity in our own day admitted (the far more numerous blank years than those distinguished by the meteors being overlooked,) but old chronicles were ransacked for records of similar appearances. Considering that such occurrences were almost as carefully registered in the annals of superstition as in those of science, it is not wonderful that in the course of nine centuries three or four such displays should be authentically noticed as occurring about the same time of year (Kosmos, p. 398.) Even to obtain this partial confirmation, a latitude of almost a month required to be allowed. But this circumstance no way disconcerted the German astronomers: they forthwith imagined a *precession of the nodes* of the meteoric ring with the earth's orbit, which causes a continual retardation in the period of conjunction. But more than this, a German writer of credit has attempted to explain an anomalous meteorological fact (which, however, very probably depends upon the local position of Europe,) the occurrence, namely, of some days in February and May, which are colder than the regularity of the annual curve of temperature would assign, to the intervention of this problematical zone of asteroids between the earth and sun at these periods! We are surprised to see that our author lends his distinguished countenance to this most rash and improbable hypothesis.

Whilst the cosmical origin of true aërolites may be admitted to be more than barely probable, long and patient experience must be required before the 'November phenomenon' can be placed in the same category. The common nature of true meteorolites and falling stars, though once admitted by the sagacious Chladni, was finally rejected by him, and was also rejected by Humboldt himself long after he had observed the November meteors of 1799.* The great diversity in their di-

rections, attested by almost every author until the supposed discovery of their radiation from the constellation Leo; the fact that more than thirty years elapsed in our own day, during which they are only once recorded to have been seen; the fact that whilst hundreds of thousands of meteors have been seen in one night at one place, no single meteoric mass has fallen synchronously at any known point of the earth's surface, but that, on the contrary, aërolites have fallen indifferently at every season of the year; the fact that these meteoric showers are sometimes so local, that in 1837 they made a great show in England, but constituted no phenomenon at all in Prussia, where they were carefully watched for;—all these circumstances constitute unexplained difficulties. How to reconcile them with any theory—'nous ignorons comme on l'ignorait du temps d'Anaxagore.*'

From the digression on meteors our author returns to sidereal astronomy, in which he gives a neat summary of what is known or inferred respecting the physical conditions and distances of the fixed stars, the proper motion of our own system (p. 149,) and of double stars about their common centres of gravity (p. 152.) The luminous phenomena of occasional and variable stars he elegantly and justly describes (p. 160) as 'Voices of the Past'—(*Stimmen der Vergangenheit.*) These topics are pretty well known to English readers, particularly from Sir John Herschel's excellent writings.

At last we descend upon *terra firma*, and our author proceeds to a description of our globe and its phenomena. He gives first an interesting detail of the physical bounds of our acquaintance with it—limited indeed, compared to its vast extent. The greatest depth below the sea-level to which the solid earth has been penetrated is about 2000 feet, or little more than 1-10,000th of the earth's radius; but the unfathomed ocean has been penetrated by Sir James Ross's lead to a depth of 25,400 feet, or nearly five miles, no bottom being found. The depth of the trough-shaped geological basins of the coal formations (containing fossils) in Belgium, is, from probable data, estimated at 5000 or 6000 feet below the surface of the sea. The highest of the Himalaya (Dhawalagiri) rises to 28,000 English feet, though that height has never been attained by man. When to this we

Humboldt, *Relation Historique*, 8vo., iv. 47.

* Ibid., p. 52.

add that volcanoes pour forth matter derived (according to Humboldt, p. 166) from a depth of 25 English miles or more, we have an idea of the smallness of the portion of our earth (a spheroid nearly 8000 miles in diameter) which we can explore. The lowest exposed part of the terrestrial surface is the Dead Sea, which is (*Kosmos*, p. 419) 1300 feet below the Mediterranean.*

Astronomy, geodesy, and modern physics, enable us, however, to determine not only the size and figure of our globe, but its solid contents, compared to a given bulk, for instance, of water. The size and figure are more or less completely determined by three methods;—from the lunar inequalities,—by the measurement of degrees,—and by pendulum experiments: on the two last methods our author has collected in the notes (pp. 421–424) some curious and valuable information. The still more interesting question of the earth's mass and density (*Kosmos*, p. 176, and p. 424) is solved also by three methods;—by the attraction of the plumb-line by mountains,—by the irregularities of the pendulum,—and most satisfactorily and elegantly by the balance of torsion of Mitchell and Cavendish. In treating of the last, our author has most unaccountably omitted the capital experiments of Mr. Baily, which have reduced the previous ones to mere matters of history, and which were already well known at the time at which *Kosmos* appears (by internal evidence) to have been written.†

The state of the earth's interior remains an 'open question;' and as the mention of it is the only part of *Kosmos* which can by possibility provoke a smile, we give our readers the benefit of it.

‘In order to bring the known small ellipticity of the earth into conformity with the supposition of the uniform indefinite compressibility of its substance, the ingenious Leslie has described the earth as a hollow shell, filled with the so-called imponderable substances possessed of prodigious repulsive power. These hazarded and arbitrary opinions called forth

* Bertou and Russegger by the barometer, and Lieut. Symonds by trigonometry. See Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*, ii. 323. See, too, the interesting account of Sir D. Wilkie's Barometrical Observations, in his Life, by Allan Cunningham, vol. iii.

† Mr. Baily's result (5.66 for the earth's specific gravity) appears in Mr. Studer's excellent Physical Geography, published in Germany in 1843.

still more fantastical dreams. The internal sphere is by and bye peopled with plants and animals,* upon which two little subterranean planets, Pluto and Proserpine, shed their mild lustre. An equable temperature prevails in these terrestrial spaces, and the air, rendered luminous by compression, might well allow us to dispense with the internal planets. Near the North Pole, in lat. 82°, is a huge opening, whence the Polar lights stream forth, and by which we can enter the interior of our globe. Sir Humphry Davy and myself have been repeatedly and publicly invited by Captain Symmes to such a subterranean expedition!—*Kosmos*, p. 178.

The only reasonable notion which we can form of the interior condition of our planet is derived from the observed increase of temperature as we descend in mines or examine water rising to the surface from Artesian bores. Baron Humboldt gives (note 8 p. 426) a number of the individual results which lead to the general conclusion that the rate of increase is about 1° Cent. for 92 French feet of descent (1° Fahr. for 54 1-2 English feet. It is plain that if this rate be uniform, or tolerably uniform, all known substances would be in a state of permanent fusion at no very great depth. Humboldt estimates the depth at which granite must be fluid at 21 English miles (*Kosmos*, p. 181,) which is less than five times the height of the Himalaya, and little more than 1-400th of the earth's diameter. In treating of the proper heat of the earth our author adopts (we think rightly) the views of Fourier, rejecting as arbitrary the modifications of Poisson, a most distinguished mathematician, but a very poor physical theorist.

In connexion with the general question of the earth's heat our author treats of Magnetic phenomena, as being probably caused by electricity, and through electricity by heat. Speaking of the almost simultaneous disturbances of the needle over large spaces of the earth's surface, he says:—

‘These synchronous perturbations may serve for the determination of geographical longitudes within certain limits, like Jupiter's satellites, signals, and well-observed falling stars. We learn with astonishment that the movements of two small magnets, even were they suspended deep in the interior of the earth, may serve to measure the distance be-

* Halley seriously entertained such an idea, and compares the earth to an habitation of several stories, inhabited within and without.—Phil. Trans., 1693, quoted in *Kosmos*, p. 425.

tween them; that they show how far Kasan lies eastwards from Göttingen or the banks of the Seine. There are also places on the globe where the navigator, surrounded by fogs for many days, without sun or stars, and without any means of determining the time, can tell with certainty from the magnetic dip whether he is placed north or south from the haven of which he is in search.²—*Kosmos*, p. 185.

This last application of magnetic science to navigation was, as Humboldt tells us (*Kosmos*, p. 429), proposed by our most ingenious countryman, Gilbert, soon after the invention of the dipping-needle by Norman, towards the end of the 16th century. It is particularly applicable, says Humboldt, to the navigation of the west coast of South America. It must be added, however, that the determination of longitudes, widely apart, by means of magnetic perturbations, seems a doubtful application, since the publication by Colonel Sabine of the comparative curves of disturbances at Toronto and at Prague, which do not present the strict accordance noticed in the European observations.

Terrestrial magnetism, its recent history, and the especial interest which attaches to it at the present moment, from the unexampled labors in different parts of the globe, patronized by the Russian and English governments and by the East India Company, in order to advance it speedily and effectually, have been fully explained in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for 1840. We may therefore pass rapidly over one of the most attractive subjects which the enlarged science of physical geography presents. It will be sufficient to remind the reader that the science of terrestrial magnetism (empirically considered) involves three elements,—variation (or declination), dip (or inclination), and intensity;—and that the simultaneous condition of these three elements may be expressed by the ingeniously compendious notation of curved lines, drawn upon a terrestrial map—passing through all the points which have the same magnetic variation, for example—and so likewise for the other two elements. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of such graphical methods; at first only technical memories, they become engines of the most subtle discoveries. These elements *vary*. They vary from age to age, so that the magnetic charts do not remain exact for any considerable space of time. They have also annual and diurnal changes, which are

therefore periodic, and capable of being represented empirically in functions of the time—the elements returning to their original values, after the lapse of a year and of a day respectively. They are also disturbed in an irregular and capricious manner, as we have already mentioned, and to these disturbances we shall immediately return.

In Humboldt's *notes* the reader will find some curious information on this part of the subject. The total intensity of the magnetic forces was studied much later than the others, and up to a recent period no kind of approximation had been made to the *isodynamic* lines. Humboldt considers his ascertainment of the *gradual decrease* of intensity from the temperate zone to the equator as the *most important result of his great journey to the Tropics* (*Kosmos*, p. 434). We appreciate, therefore, the magnanimity with which (note 29, p. 432, &c.) he discusses the claims of his predecessors to this discovery. Humboldt announced his conclusion to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 26th Frimaire, An XIII. (17th December, 1804), which established the universally received value of the magnetic intensity at Paris = 1.3482; that at the magnetic equator in Peru being 1.0000. Admiral de Rossel's result, though founded on observations made in 1791–4, was only published in 1808; and consequently it is uncertain whether their author was aware of their exact import sooner, since he had certainly not communicated it to his friends. But Humboldt has found, from an unpublished letter of Lamanon, that this important fact had been already expressly deduced, in 1787, from the observations made during Laperouse's voyage. The scientific world will have little difficulty in leaving Humboldt in possession of the reputation which his discovery has given him, since, though (like most other great facts in science) only a rediscovery of something already known or guessed at, he first saw its importance, and published it to the world, accompanied by sufficient evidence.

There is a long and very interesting note (36, p. 436) which gives a detail, highly creditable to Baron Humboldt, of the share which his eminently practical mind has had in forwarding the science of magnetism, and in aiding, and indeed *originating*, the impulse which that part of physics has received in our own day. From this note it appears that, after his return from Ameri-

ca, whilst residing in Berlin, in 1807-8, he commenced a series of *closely consecutive* magnetic observations, pursued day and night for several days, at the period of the solstices and equinoxes, in which he was aided by his friend Oltmanns. These observations, which probably were originally intended to ascertain the regular diurnal periods whose existence had been known for the greater part of a century, led to the discovery of recurring but irregular perturbations—called by him *magnetic storms*—which he immediately perceived the importance of studying with reference to their simultaneity in different parts of the earth's surface. But circumstances prevented his following them out. His change of residence to Paris, and the political convulsions of the time, were amongst these; and here we are again reminded, in our perusal of Humboldt's Personal History, of the inestimable benefits to science of the profound peace which we at present enjoy. Oersted's great discovery of the connexion of electricity and magnetism awakened in 1820 fresh attention to the subject: and we presume it was by Humboldt's advice and influence that his friend Arago's valuable (but hitherto unfortunately unpublished) magnetic observations at Paris were compared with simultaneous observations at Kasan in Russia, when the similarity of the perturbations and the influence of the Aurora Borealis were clearly perceived.* On Humboldt's return to Berlin, in 1828, he recommenced his own long-interrupted labor, with the advantage of simultaneous comparable observations at Paris and in the depths of the Saxon mines; and then

* Not, however, discovered for the first time. The simultaneity at distant points had already been ascertained by Celsius and Graham, in 1741, whilst residing the one at Upsala and the other in London. The magnetic influence of the Aurora, which Humboldt (p. 199) attributes exclusively to Arago (*wie Arago zuerst entdeckt hat*), was clearly established by the Swedish observers, Celsius, Hiorter, and Wargentin, between 1740 and 1750, in a number of special cases, the details of which are recorded. These being detailed in Kämtz's *Meteorologie* (iii 494, &c.), in the very part of that work cited in the *Kosmos* (p. 442), we do not think that our author was entitled to pass them over in favor of the French Academician. If he justifies it on the ground of the observations being made at so great a distance from the Arctic Circle as Paris, he should recollect an observation of *his own* made in 1806, and demonstrating the same fact (Gilbert's *Annalen*, xxix 425, quoted by Kämtz). We find in all this a disagreeable tampering (even at a personal sacrifice) with the integrity of scientific history.

the similarity and simultaneity of the disturbances were fully proved by graphical projections, which were published in *Poggendorff's Annals*. But this was only a commencement; for the following year (1829) having undertaken, by desire of the Emperor of Russia, a scientific journey to Siberia, he took occasion to recommend to the Emperor the establishment of a chain of magnetic stations in his vast dominions. The Academy of Sciences, and Corps of Mines, obedient to the Imperial decree, instituted at Humboldt's suggestion the system of observation which has since been continued and improved.

Our author next speaks in most becoming terms of his acute countryman Gauss, who soon after (1832) taking up the subject both mathematically and practically, increased as much the delicacy of the methods of observation as the value and definiteness of the observations themselves, considered as the elements of a physical theory. But when the test of this theory was involved in the institution of physical observations at many points, as remote as possible from one another, over the globe, Humboldt's influence and Humboldt's *savoir* were again called into requisition. Casting his eyes over the political divisions of the earth, he saw that if England and Russia combined their influence, the problem would be solved. In 1836 he wrote to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, desiring his and their influence with the British government to have magnetic observations established at points of our colonial possessions, which he had already five years before (therefore previous to Gauss's publication), indicated as important for the ends of science; namely, Canada, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of France, Ceylon, and New Holland. These requisitions have been, for the national honor of Britain, almost literally carried out; and though the results are yet very imperfectly known, and cannot now be further alluded to, Humboldt must derive imperishable fame from having originated and impelled the movement, which was in his own country so powerfully stimulated by the sagacity of Gauss, and so generously acted on in ours by Herschel, Sabine, Airy, Lloyd, and Brisbane.

In page 428, Note 13, at the end, Humboldt, speaking of observations of 'Magnetic Storms,' uses these expressions:—

'One of the most remarkable disturbances

was that of the 25th of September, 1841, which was observed at Toronto in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Prague, and partially in Van Diemen's Land. The English festival of Sunday, upon which it is *sinful* (*sündhaft*) after midnight on Saturday to read off a scale or to follow out in all their development great natural phenomena, put a stop to the observation, since, on account of the difference of longitude of Van Diemen's Land, the magnetic storm happened there upon a Sunday!

We are surprised that Baron Humboldt, usually so cautious in imputing blame, should have thus attempted to cast ridicule upon the English government and English men of science, and upon such a ground. But the statement having been made in ignorance of how these things are really managed with us, it requires a word of explanation. It is quite certain that the English philosophers declined to accede to the Göttingen 'terms,' or fixed days of continued observation from five minutes to five minutes for twenty-four hours or more, which had been fixed, in defiance of the immemorial usage of all Christian communities, *UPON SUNDAYS*, 'for general convenience' (of the Jews we suppose). Here is no question of whether the mode of keeping the Sabbath in Scotland or at Geneva, in England or at Rome, be most correct; it is no question of whether amusements are to be indulged in or not; whether or not the theatres should be shut; it is the simple question whether the seventh day is to receive any distinctive observance whatever—whether the hebdomadal division of time, which even Laplace traced in its origin to the very dawn of civilization, is to be annihilated. Is there, we would ask, an observatory in Europe which has not its *congés de Dimanche*? In any country where we ever spent a Sunday it was claimed even by those who wholly neglected its religious duties, by a prescriptive and indefeasible right as a day of unbending, of relaxation, and of social converse. We need but mention a single instance, because it expresses the extreme case of compliance with a usage handed down from the remotest generations: we mean the practice of the Polytechnic school of Paris, where Sunday is kept 'holiday.' But our German friends emancipated themselves even from these relics of an ancient superstition, and declared that the first day of the week should be the hardest day of all; when the whole energies, physical and

intellectual, should be concentrated from minute to minute and from hour to hour (so long as the wants of nature could be postponed), on the incessant watching of three vibrating bars. To those who understand what such tasks imply, we need say nothing of this becoming Sunday's employment; but we may mention, for the information of others, that one of Gauss's most zealous pupils had almost sacrificed his life, through the consequences of a brain fever caught under the burning climate of Sicily, solely from pursuing the Sunday's *relaxations* of Göttingen. We repeat, that such a positive institution of Sunday term-days was disgraceful to Christendom, and it was so felt by the English philosophers, who refused to join the German confederation of magnetists in carrying out their system of observation. The confederation was therefore fain to indulge the English scrupulosity, and hence no doubt the sally in the *Kosmos*. When Mr. Airy (our excellent Astronomer Royal) mentioned these circumstances at the most crowded meeting which took place in the Senate-house at Cambridge, during the late visit of the British Association, the unanimous opinion of the assembly was sufficiently marked.

But if Baron Humboldt had lived longer in England, or had even questioned any one competent English authority, he would have known that it would *not* be considered as 'sinful' by, we suppose, any scientific man in this island to read off a scale after the clock had struck twelve on Saturday night, in order to observe an extraordinary natural phenomenon. Here is an example in point. In 1836 an annular eclipse of the sun was visible in the northern part of this kingdom (where the observance of Sunday is supposed to be more strict than elsewhere) *during church-time* on Sunday, the 15th of May. What was the consequence? The service was postponed, and the whole population saw the phenomenon, astronomers inclusive. The usage at Greenwich Observatory we believe to be this: the whole staff are at liberty on Sunday, except when an observation is to be made of no great continuance, and which is likely to be of value to the interests of astronomy, or for the special improvement of the lunar tables;—any extraordinary or unique phenomenon would be observed as a matter of course—but computations and all other work which can be done during the rest of the week are

entirely suspended. Being ourselves fully inclined to regard the usages of different countries and sects with charity, and, indeed, to admit that no absolute standard of conduct can be named on this subject suitable to all nations and all times, we are surprised that a cosmopolite traveller and grave sage should have on this occasion permitted himself the double indulgence of a blunder and a sneer.

There is that, however, in the case before us which requires it to be judged by a more specific rule than that of national morality or individual opinion. The system of magnetic observatories in the colonies is a military one, conducted solely by military men, officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery.* In every department of the public service complicated systems of duty must be conducted on fixed and precise rules. As artillerymen, they were engaged to work six days in the week, not seven. No option could be left to them to observe on Sundays or not as they pleased; it would have been an unfair imputation of want of zeal upon any whose conscientious scruples or the limit of physical strength did not admit of their complying. And the importance of this rule of no work on Sundays is so great, that not to have adhered to it must have changed the whole system of observation. For the personal strength of the observatories must have received a large accession in order to overtake the exhausting labor of *perpetually* observing and computing. To do a sixth part more work would have required, we are certain, a far more than proportional increase of the staff, and besides must sooner or later bring upon the most zealous a sense of unremitting drudgery. A periodical *absolute* cessation of a kind of work in its nature calculated to produce a speedy satiety, is undoubtedly on mere human principles a most wise legislative and economical provision. We reply, then, to those who wish the colonial observatories to be worked seven days a-week, in the characteristic language of the French functionary, 'It would be worse than a crime—it would be a *blunder*.' And where, after all, is the loss? Perhaps during the whole five years that the observations were intended to continue, a second great disturbance might not occur on Sunday, and in any period of observation six such will be

observed for one that is missed. As to mean results, the omission of the seventh day is inappreciable; and if it be said that magnetic disturbances come under the class of extraordinary and unique phenomena, before which the repose of Sunday gives way as matter of common sense, we must observe that these disturbances can only be seen by watching for them; they do not *yet* (whatever art may one day achieve) announce themselves. To note disturbances at all on Sundays requires the usual observations to be made as a matter of course; and where the system of observation extends round the globe, to have *universally* simultaneous comparisons could not be effected otherwise.

After all, we do not suppose that if the officer in command at Van Diemen's Land had been aware of the peculiar interest of the phenomenon, of which the observation was commenced on Saturday, he would have been deterred either by conscientious scruples or by the fear of disobeying orders, from pursuing his inspection of the magnets after the clock struck twelve. But we see one circumstance in the detail of the observation as published by the Board of Ordnance,* which leads to a different conjecture; the observation at midnight 'was missed;' the last recorded was 11h. 45m. (local time). The facts seem to speak for themselves; no doubt our non-commissioned officer, worn out by many hours' watching, *fell asleep*, and perhaps was awakened to a sense of his position by the bright sun of a Sunday morning, pleasant to him as a day *civilly*, at least, if not magnetically, free from perturbations. To conclude—we have carefully examined Sir James Ross's observations made at sea in the late Antarctic expedition (Phil. Trans. 1843, 1844) with a view to this question. The result is such as we should have anticipated. Sir James's short stay in the perilous seas of these high latitudes, whither he was sent expressly for the accumulation of magnetical observations, impelled him to use every favorable opportunity, whether on Sunday, or not, for making such observations as, requiring but a short time, if postponed, must have been inevitably lost.

From Magnetism the Baron proceeds to the consideration of the Polar lights, which are so evidently connected with it. We wish we could afford space to transcribe his

* Colonel Sabine's Introduction to Observations at Toronto, 4to. 1845, p. 13.

* Sabine on Observations of unusual Magnetic Disturbance, 4to. 1843, p. 87, col. 1.

excellent picture of auroral phenomena (p. 199,) and his judicious remarks on their connection with circumstances purely atmospheric; we should have demurred, however, to his comparison between our Polar lights and the feeble phosphorescence (as it has been called) of the unilluminated parts of the moon and Venus; and we should also have questioned whether science is advanced by classifying under the common head of 'earthlight' such diverse facts as the aurora, the supposed luminosity of certain fogs, the *animal* light of the ocean, and the 'dark light' of Moser's pictures (*Kosmos*, p. 206, &c.); but our diminishing space warns us to be brief, and we pass on to the important class of facts more immediately connected with geology.

The doctrine of the heat of the earth led us in one direction to the magnetic and electric phenomena which appear to be intimately connected with it (as exemplified by the similarity of the isothermal and magnetic curves first noticed by Sir D. Brewster, and by the fact of diurnal and annual magnetic periods); but there is a very different class of effects probably also due to it—the production, namely, of hot-springs, earthquakes, and volcanoes, the elevation of continents, the rupture of strata, and the metamorphosis of rocks. This mode of presenting the connected sciences is not less elegant than just. The range of phenomena connected with volcanoes (which form as it were their middle term and most characteristic type) is startling, but cannot be denied to be ingenious. It commences with earthquakes, (p. 210,) emissions of gas, of water, *i. e.* cold and hot springs, pure or mineral; next, mud volcanoes, lavic volcanoes possessing craters, dome-shaped trachytic mountains, whose matter has been ejected, but not burst open into the crater form: lastly, elevation craters, or mountains elevated and opened at top, but without emission of lavas. Of all this we should like to have given some account, but the reader of Humboldt's writings cannot expect much new on the subject of volcanoes. Teneriffe and Pichincha are already old friends; and for European volcanoes, and, we may add, for the whole theory, our author simply reproduces the well-known views of Von Buch.

In treating of geological formations, the Baron describes rocks as distinguished by their origin into two divisions, which he somewhat quaintly calls *endogenous* and *exogenous*, from the alleged fact in botany

that some plants increase from the exterior or by superposition of coats, whilst others are constantly pushing their fresh supplies of material from within outwards. The analogy (even supposing the botanical fact admitted, which is not the case) is undoubtedly more apparent than real, and expresses no more than the division of igneous and sedimentary rocks, with which geologists have long been familiar. Without quarrelling with names, however, we find formations divided according to their origin into four classes (p. 258). The first is the *endogenous*, or, as it has been better termed by some English geologists, *hypogene* class. It includes, according to Humboldt—1, granite and syenite, on which formations he gives some curious details, especially as to the extensive superposition of granite upon slates in the valley of the Irtysh in Siberia (p. 262); 2, quartz porphyry; 3, greenstone; 4, hypersthene; 5, euphotide and serpentine; 6, augitic rocks; 7, basalt and trachyte. The second class of rocks, which are, according to the author's view, *exogenous*, include sedimentary deposits of matter either dissolved or suspended in a fluid; such are—1, slates, up to the Devonian series; 2, coal-formation deposits; 3, the whole series of limestones—except 4, travertine or modern fresh-water deposits; 5, deposits formed of *infusoria*. The third class is composed of rocks, also sedimentary, but transformed in their physical and chemical characters by the superinduced action of the endogenous rocks of the first class. This introduces us to the wide and curious field of metamorphism, which the author illustrates by an interesting collection of examples and special cases, commencing with the effects of heat upon crystals and simple substances observed in the laboratory by Rose and Mitscherlich, and on natural and artificial compounds, variously cooled, by Sir James Hall and Gregory Watt (p. 271, 274, 457). Cases occurring in nature are next considered, such as the crystallization and formation of new cleavages in slates near their junction with igneous rocks, and the tendency to the development of segregated quartz in those formations (p. 272); the conversion of chalk and oolite into statuary marble, and of limestone into dolomite or into gypsum by the presence of certain intrusive rocks (pp. 272, 274, 278). The formation of quartz rock, and those in which garnet enters abundantly, is also considered as a metamorphic action. The doctrine of met-

amorphism has received no stronger confirmation than from the artificial production of simple minerals by processes of long-continued heat. Humboldt distinguishes those found accidentally in the slaggy produce of furnaces and those which have been directly prepared by art from the known ingredients. The following enumeration contains *crystallized* products:—of the first class or accidental—felspar, mica, augite, olivine, blende, specular iron-ore, magnetic iron-ore, and metallic titanium; of the second, or synthetically formed,—garnet, idocrase, ruby (as hard as Oriental,) olivine, and augite. To the latter class we might add the very remarkable case of lapis lazuli, which is a volcanic (or at least metamorphic) product, and which has lately been produced from its elements by heat in the synthetic way; but not, we believe, crystallized.

The fourth class of rocks is the conglomerate, including those sand-stones which contain the débris of old formations and the 'Reibung's Conglomerate' of Von Buch, which are igneous rocks, including pebbles of the same nature with the basis (p. 282).

The consideration of the *arrangement* of the kinds of formations now described, leads to the notice of fossils as distinguishing types of geological equivalents, as the chronometrical indices of the age of strata—a discovery commonly thought to be modern, but which our author unequivocally attributes to Robert Hooke in 1668. (*Kosmos*, p. 284 and 466.) Of the exquisite preservation of fossil animals our author gives this elegant illustration, borrowed from the Dean of Westminster:—

'In the lower Jura formation (lias of Lyme Regis,) the preservation of the ink bag of the cuttlefish is so perfect that the same material which myriads of years ago served to defend the animal by concealing it from its enemies, yields an excellent color (sepia) with which its portrait may be drawn.'—p. 285.

Our author seems disposed to adopt Agassiz' opinion, that with one single exception no fossil fish has been found in any part of the transition, secondary, or tertiary series, which is specifically identical with any living specimen; and below the chalk the *genera* are all extinct (p. 288). But in contrast with the statement (not in contradiction to it) he places the discovery of Ehrenberg, that whole masses of the chalk formation are actually composed of microscopic shells identical with those of our pre-

sent ocean in temperate latitudes. Whence he infers, that the term *Eocene* cannot be justly applied to tertiary formations, since the *dawn* of existing species is already to be found much lower.

The development of fossil geology is necessarily brief:* in p. 291 we have a condensed enumeration of strata in the order of superposition. The vexed question of diluvial phenomena and transported blocks is left almost untouched; our author merely intimates in one place (p. 299) his preference of the old theory of Von Buch, that they are due to currents of water caused by the sudden elevation of mountain chains, rather than to icebergs or any other cause.

After mentioning with deserved praise Elie de Beaumont's maps of the comparative extent of land and sea at different geological epochs, Humboldt thus sums up:—

'The result of the researches on the relative areas of the dry land is this;—that in the earliest times (the Silurian and Devonian Transition Epochs) and in the oldest secondaries, the dry land, the surface covered with plants, was confined to detached islands; that at later epochs these islands were united, and the deeply indented bays became inclosed in lakes; that at last when the mountain chains of the Pyrenees, Apennines, and Carpathians arose, about the period of the older tertiary rocks, great continents appeared, having almost their present dimensions. In the Silurian period, as well as that when Cycadæ and gigantic Saurians abounded, there might be less land between one pole and the other than we now see in the South Sea and Indian Ocean. How this excess of water, together with other causes, acted to produce a higher and more uniform temperature, will be shown hereafter. We must however remark here, with reference to the gradual growth by agglutination of the newly elevated spaces of dry land, that shortly before the revolutions which after longer or shorter pauses occasioned the sudden destruction in the diluvial period of so many vertebrated animals, portions of the present continental masses were still completely separated from one another. There prevails in South America and in Australia a great resemblance between the living and extinct animals. In New Holland we find fossil remains of the kangaroo; in New Zealand, half-fossil bones of a huge ostrich-like bird, Owen's *Dinornis*, which

* The precise geological limit of the great classes of fossils is always interesting. It at present stands thus: *Fish* begin with the Silurian rocks and ascend uninterruptedly to the tertiary formations inclusive. *Saurians* commence in the magnesian limestone (zechstein); *Mammalia* in the Jura formation; *Birds* in the older chalk.

is nearly related to the living Apteryx, but little so to the recently extinct Dodo of the island of Rodriguez.'—*Kosmos*, p. 303.

Passing from pure geology, our author next contributes some interesting information on the forms of continents, and on the struggle between the sea and land to which they are due. Relative changes of level are discussed (p. 312, &c.), particularly those in Sweden and of the Bay of Naples, which he considers may be due to great internal pressure or to the irregularity of expansion of great masses by central heat—an idea due to Breislak, though lately revived by Babbage and Bischoff.* The anomalous levels of the Dead Sea and Caspian are discussed, and the leading phenomena of the ocean, such as its temperature, saltiness, tides and currents, very summarily enumerated, (pp. 301–329).

The next topic is meteorology, or the phenomena of the atmosphere, including climate, which has always been, we should say, the subject of predilection with Humboldt, nor perhaps has he done any thing so likely to perpetuate his fame as the construction of isothermal lines, and his subsequent researches on their modifications and inflections, including the influence of season and of height. In such processes of first generalization of isolated facts, so as to obtain empirical laws, we find the undoubted *forte* of this distinguished traveller; and the patience and the skill with which he has endeavored to raise meteorology to the position of an exact science are deserving of all praise. There is, however, little in this part of the volume (pp. 332–362) not already well known to readers of his former writings.

Finally, the picture of the physical world, is completed by a glance at the wonders of organic life. Animal life, says Humboldt, characterizes the ocean; vegetables, the land; nor could he better illustrate this fact than by a curious extract from Ehrenberg, giving the latest results of his successful and brilliant career of discovery:—

* With reference to the rise of the coast of Sweden, it seems to us that our author's too marked partiality for every thing done by an eminent friend, has led him in Note 20, p. 473, to treat Playfair's prior and admirable expositions of the phenomena (in the Huttonian Theory, Art. 391. &c) as being no real anticipation. He so treats them because they were 'entirely unknown to our great geognost (Von Buch), and have exercised no influence on the progress of Physical Geography.' The first of these assertions may be correct, but we respectfully demur to the second

'There not only exists an invisibly minute microscopic life in the vicinity of either Pole, far beyond where larger animals have ceased to exist; but the microscopic creatures of the Southern Sea collected in the Antarctic Voyage of Sir James Ross, include an unsuspected abundance of hitherto perfectly unknown and often most beautiful structures. Even in the residuum of the melted ice which floats in rounded fragments in latitude 75° 10', were discovered above fifty species of siliceous shelled Polygastria and Coscino disks, with their green ovaries, therefore undoubtedly living and successfully contending with the extreme cold. In Erebus bay there were drawn up with the sounding-lead from a depth of from 1242 to 1620 feet not less than 68 siliceous-shelled Polygastria and Phytolitharia, and amongst them a single calcareous-shelled Polythalamia.'—*Kosmos*, pp. 369, 370.

The discoveries of the German microscopist are amongst the most striking of our time. Not content with peopling the depths of even the Polar seas with myriads of living beings, he traces their remains amidst the solid rocks of our globe, where they not only *characterize* but *constitute* whole formations. We know not whether the element of fire may not one day reveal microscopic phoenixes to our astonished gaze, but the air at least is peopled with its legions, and in the dusty rain which sometimes falls in the open ocean, Ehrenberg has discovered remains of eighteen polygastric animalcula (p. 373).

In the few remaining pages of the volume before us, Baron Humboldt treats of the geographical distribution of plants and animals; he touches with caution (p. 378) on the vexed question of generation and the origin of animal organization; and sums up with a brief notice of the natural history of man, whom he (like Dr. Pritchard) pronounces to belong (p. 379) to a single species.

In closing this volume, sufficiently complete in itself, although intended as a precursor to others, we cannot but repeat our expression of unfeigned admiration at the perseverance and research which it displays,—the generally happy selection of facts and skill in their combination, together with the ample and learned references to authorities in the notes. All this would be admirable from a person of any age, but in the work of a more than Septuagenarian it is really astonishing. It is not a musty collection of the gleanings of a life of hard reading, but bears within itself ample evidence of the freshness and even rapidity of

its composition. A vast majority of the references are to works and memoirs of the last ten years, and even less. It was only in February, 1843, that our author dismissed from his hands his three volumes on Central Asia, and this work appears to have been chiefly written since.

Possibly the struggle for novelty has been carried a little too far. A picture of the (so-called) natural sciences as they are, cannot be constructed solely from the annals of contemporary discovery. The book of nature is a roll extended from year to year, but of which the earlier part, though blotted and altered, is not expunged or useless. The facts of science form a diverging series, of which each term is larger than its predecessor, yet not so immeasurably so as to allow all that precede to be neglected in comparison of it. Baron Humboldt, indeed, promises a history of science in a future volume; but he seems to us to have anticipated a great deal of it in the present one. The notes contain much curious, perhaps rather too elaborate learning, on the acquirements of the ancients, and also (what is more germane to the matter) on the discoveries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the eighteenth century seems to have been forgotten, and the uninformed reader would, we fear, form an undue estimate of the relative importance of contemporary discoveries, distinguished as they undoubtedly are.

But we have yet another remark, which justice requires us to make, without meaning at all to detract from the cordial expression of approbation which we have pronounced. Though our author disclaims the intention (Preface, p. xiv.) of deciding claims of priority in scientific discoveries, it would be quite impossible to avoid them in a work like the present. Now on questions of individual or of national claims, Baron Humboldt will be tried by a severer standard of impartiality than most writers. His European reputation, his European correspondence, his extensive knowledge of languages, his liberal principles, his generous temper, even the fact of his having been almost equally domiciled in two countries, speaking and writing in French and German with equal facility;—on all these accounts, more perhaps than is reasonable will be and is expected from the author of *Kosmos*, a work, the greatness of whose scheme seems to address indifferently all civilized nations, and students in all departments.

Neither France nor Germany has any right to complain of the share which Humboldt has assigned to them in the great struggle for physical discovery. But we cannot rise from the careful perusal of this elaborate work without feeling that our own country has come off second, or rather *third*, best. The physics have (it seems to us) been written for the longitude of Paris, and the geology for that of Berlin; and no one, we think, who is conversant with the scientific circles of those capitals, can fail to see that the selection of topics and of authors is tinged with the unconscious prejudices of local opinion.

In saying so much (and we could not feel ourselves justified in saying less), we are far from imputing to Baron Humboldt any motive less amiable than a desire to gratify distinguished contemporaries whom a less noble-minded person might have regarded rather with jealousy than with deference. To his ancient ally, Von Buch, especially this deference seems to surpass what could reasonably be expected or wished. The whole of the geological, and some other relative parts of the work, are not merely filled with citations in flattering terms from the writings of the 'greatest geologist of our time,' but whether in matters of fact or in great theories, in trivial or important coincidences of opinion, nay, even in what is pointedly omitted or gently allowed to subside into neglect, the geological reader traces so exact a transcript of the well-known and *stereotyped* opinions of Von Buch, that he feels as if our author had forgotten his individuality of opinion in the anxious desire to applaud and flatter his friend.* Agreeing as we do entirely in a great many of these views, and entertaining indeed an exalted opinion of the sagacity acquired by the great Prussian geologist during a life spent with nature, and now on the verge of fourscore, we are far from wishing Humboldt's doctrines to have been different; we only wish that we had had a more impartial picture of his own convictions, and that a little more notice had been taken of contemporary, even if less distinguished laborers. If we recol-

* We have been disagreeably struck with the complimentary epithets which Baron Humboldt lavishes so indiscriminately upon the authors whom he cites, especially upon his countrymen. These possibly regard them in no other light than they would the conventional 'hochwohlgeboren' of German correspondents. But the thing conveys to an Englishman a different impression.

lect what has been done in England for modern geology—what is imperishably inscribed in the history of the science by its nomenclature—the members, deceased and alive, of the Geological Society of London might have reasonably expected to fill a more prominent place in the scientific history of the last forty years. Why is it that uneuphonious local names attached to certain rocky beds by an obscure mineral surveyor in England, and by his more cultivated successors, have become household words in every language of Europe?—Clunch clay and Kimmeridge clay, Portland stone and Coral Rag, and more lately Silurian and Devonian rocks—are terms known from the banks of the Wolga to those of the St. Lawrence, from Newfoundland to Patagonia, from Norway to New Holland; and even our fastidious neighbors in Europe have been constrained to Gallicise these barbarous terms. It is all well to signalize Hooke (as we have seen, page 185 of this article) as having been the first to perceive the possibility of the chronological identification of strata by fossils, but it cannot justify the defect of impartiality in the recent history. We have even remarked that throughout this volume our author is curious in his researches into the *early* history of English science—witness his allusion to Hooke (*Kosmos*, p. 466)—to Gilbert's proposal to determine latitude by magnetic dip (p. 429)—to Bacon on the form of continents (p. 307)—Childrey's first description of the zodiacal light (p. 409)—and Halley on the Cosmical origin of aërolites (p. 125); but this does not at all console us—but the reverse—for the sparing allusions to the *great steps* made in Great Britain in the modern branches of science. It is not enough that English books are cited as mere authorities for a fact, as Dr. Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise' is not unfrequently. We miss the recognition of the place which our geologists are entitled to hold in the history of science, which was never so conspicuous as within the recollection of those now alive.

We have alluded to geology in particular, because the defect is striking, and because the subject is generally understood in this country. Perhaps in some other branches of science the deficiency is even more striking; but we do not choose to dwell upon a topic at once disagreeable and invidious; and we are very willing to conclude with an admission highly credit-

able to Baron Humboldt. We perceive no trace of personal ill-will or jealousy in any part of the book or its citations. In the part where our author has allowed most scope to his unbiassed and best informed judgment, there it is most impartial and most comprehensive. Distinguished as a traveller, he might have had some temptation to withhold or attenuate the praises which our British scientific navigators and explorers have so peculiarly merited. But it is exactly the reverse; the praises of Burnes, of Darwin, of Franklin, Beechey, and Ross, are amongst the most cordial in the book. Where our author could draw most on his own stores of knowledge, and was least subjected to the influence of less high-minded friends, there his native generosity is best shown.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PUBLIC PATRONAGE OF MEN OF LETTERS.

Our literary men have not yet assumed, it is said, that position in society so pre-eminently due to them. Mr. Cobden, in the spirit we hope of a true prophet, foretells their future advancement. The destinies of the French nation are directed by literary men—by Guizot, who is in place, and by Thiers, who is out of it. Our literary men have no such rank in England. In short they have no rank or position at all. They are a scattered race, working in knots, or cliques, or single-handed, and exist as a body by name alone. The one-half are unknown, except by reputation, to the other half; and while other classes combine and at times cabal to extend their reputations, the most influential race of men, the directors of the minds and passions, and even prejudices of the people, are scattered throughout the three kingdoms, often at war with and too often unknown to one another.

This should not be! Literary men should no longer live aloof; they should combine in one common cause, the advance of their own respectability and standing in society, the growth of good letters, and the interchange of ideas. The sea of politics keeps too many apart. The editor of the *Quarterly* holds no communication with the critics of the *Edinburgh*, or the editor of *The Times* with the writers of the

Morning Chronicle. The author of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* thinks very little of the editor of *Boswell*, and the editor of *Boswell* of the editor of the *Lays*. The sentiment is reciprocal. There is, therefore, very little hope of any thing like an interchange of ideas between these doughy personages. They might meet and be perhaps more civil one to another than Dr. Johnson and Adam Smith were, but civility is all that would pass—the shrug of dislike would follow the bow of common politeness, and they would part only to renew hostilities.

The critics are a very numerous race, and literary men too often live on one another. Other grades and classes of intellectual men are without critics by profession, but literature cannot do, it would appear, without them. The corruption of an author is, we are told, the generation of a critic, and there is too much reason to believe that the saying is a true one. A disappointed poet seeks consolation in criticism—he has no other joy than to retaliate, while the successful critic is afraid to append his name to any publication of his own for fear of the *mousing owls* that haunt the purlieus of his trade. Yet jealousy is by no means a prominent feature in the literary character. Your Fellows of the Royal Society and Royal Academicians are still more jealous, but as few of them can write a style fit to appear in print they want a ready outlet for their venom. The pen is a fearful weapon. The opportunity of saying a good thing, of resenting an unfair criticism, or of pulling down a man of genius to your own level, are too tempting to be resisted. With young men this is too often the case—they aim at notoriety in this way, and lull disappointed ambition with the satisfactory feeling of inflicting a stab in the dark.

The critics we have said are a prolific people, and we are, perhaps, to impute their number, and in some respects their existence, as a class, more to a want of combination among literary men than any particular appetite on the part of the public for the sour produce of the “ungentle craft.” The forty artists who are Royal Academicians stand firm to one another, through good and through evil report. An ill-natured or even severe criticism upon an individual member is viewed as an aspersion upon the whole body. This is in some degree the secret of the extraordinary influence of that well-organized association.

It is one part of a member's creed to believe that the forty Royal Academicians are the forty best artists in the country, and that the best artist *out* of the Academy is the individual who will be elected a member on the next vacancy. This is a happy state of things; and what is the result?—that the rank of Royal Academician carries an appendage of respectability with it. But the literary man has no such rank, he has no class to uphold him, he has no distinction to aspire to, he has no lay benefice to hope for. We look for our artists in the ranks of the Royal Academy, for our men of science in the ranks of the Royal Society, for our physicians in their College, for our lawyers, if not already ennobled, on the benches of their respective Inns, and for our authors in the columns of the daily, weekly, and monthly. Who are our literary men? The question would seem by many to be very easily answered. But each would answer for his set, and you would hear of classes, composed somewhat in this way—1. Moore, Rogers, Hallam, and Macaulay; 2. Wordsworth, Wilson, Lockhart, Milman, and Wilson Croker; 3. Talfourd, Bulwer, Dickens, and Jerrold, with Tennyson and Monckton Milnes, Henry Taylor, and Mr. Browning.

But a union of literary men is not so hopeless as it at first would seem; a good writer will outlive an unfair criticism. “I never knew,” says Dr. Johnson, “a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success.” Look at the history of opinion, as written in the *Edinburgh Review*; read its early and its after criticisms on Wordsworth and Southey, on Coleridge and Lamb, on Byron and on Moore. The silly Mr. Wordsworth of its early volumes is the philosophical poet of its later numbers. It has had to do penance for its early mistakes, and its penance has been accepted. Lord Byron forgave, it is said, Mr. Brougham, and the author of *Lalla Rookh* lives in friendly intercourse with the Dennis of his early lucubrations. Literary resentments are not, therefore, so lasting as they would seem. But, then, there is this obstacle to the formation of a society of literary men. Criticism, as a profession, must necessarily cease. This, however, is not, let us hope, so formidable an obstacle as it at first would seem. A society of authors must have a limitation of numbers. The Royal Academy is honorably efficient on this account, and the Royal Society is notoriously defective because it

is not restricted. A society of forty of the best authors making common cause with one another, might treat with contempt the onset of the gadflies of criticism without; while every vacancy that occurred would afford an opportunity of strengthening your ranks and quieting the clamor of the ablest of your assailants.

Good authors need no protection from criticism. Your Milbournes and Dennises wither and rot of their own accord if left unnoticed. We would suggest the formation of a society of forty of the best authors, for a very distinct and different reason. We wish to bring our literary men together, to give them collectively that standing in society which a few of them individually possess, and to show our own people, and our continental neighbors as well, that a society of literary men in England is no common body, that they are aware of their own strength, and can maintain that influential station in established society so pre-eminently due to them.

The history of letters in England is not without a record of several attempts at combination among literary men, but so imperfectly matured or inauspiciously started that it is perhaps unfair to speak of them as any thing more than the mere spectres of attempts. Authors have been, and we believe are, still a friendly, even a convivial race. Your meetings at the Mermaid with Shakespeare and his "fellows," your suppers in the Apollo with Ben Jonson and his "sons," your late hours with Dryden at Wills', and still later at Button's with Addison and Steele, are among the most pleasing memories preserved to us of days gone by. It is not, however, to meetings of this kind that we wish to do more than refer at present. We allude more particularly at this moment, to the formation of the Literary Club, the incorporation of the Royal Society of Literature, the establishment of the Athenæum Club, and the institution of the late Literary Union.

The Literary Club, or *the Club*, as it was first called, was founded by Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was Johnson's original intention that the number of the club should not exceed nine, but Samuel Dyer,—"The learned Mr. Dyer," as Johnson calls him—who had been for some years abroad, made his appearance amongst them and was cordially received. The members met one evening in every week at seven for supper, and generally continued their conversation till a late hour. The

club soon became distinguished, new members were admitted, and in the eighth year of their existence the supper was changed to a dinner. There was as yet no limitation in the number of members, but a limitation was found necessary, and it was resolved that the Club should never exceed forty. All elections took place by ballot, nor could it be said that the selection was an unfair one, when the Club had amongst its members the distinguished names of Burke and Fox, Gibbon and Goldsmith, Colman and Garrick, the elder and the younger Warton, Boswell and Sheridan, Adam Smith and Sir William Jones, Steevens and Malone, Bishop Percy, Sir Joseph Banks.

But the Club, strictly speaking, was hardly a *literary club*; for among the forty we find many distinguished by birth and station alone, and others who could make but slender claims to literary distinction. We are, however, to bear in mind, that this was a club framed for convivial purposes, and for an interchange of ideas over a glass of wine, not a society or academy formed solely of literary men, and for the encouragement of literature. The Club fell off when Johnson died; and though still in being, may be said rather to exist than to flourish. Mr. Hallam is the last name of literary eminence on its list.

"The Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom," as it is called, is an establishment of twenty years' standing, with a royal charter and numerous pretensions. One of its foundation objects was the assignment of honorary rewards for works of great literary merit; a second and a much higher object was the establishment of a list of Royal Associates, ten in number, and each in the receipt, from the Society, of one hundred guineas a-year. The idea of this Society originated, it is said, with King George IV. The king certainly supplied out of his own privy purse the annual contribution of one thousand guineas for the ten Royal Associates, and one hundred guineas for the medals assigned as honorary rewards to authors of distinction. The Ten Royal Associates were the poet Coleridge; Dr. Jamieson, the author of the admirable *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*; Malthus, who wrote on Population; Mathias the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*; the Rev. Henry John Todd, the editor of Johnson's *Dictionary*; Sharon Turner the historian; Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool; the Rev. Ed-

ward Davies, Mr. James Milligen, and Sir William Ousely. Two medals were distributed annually; nor would it be easy to find fault with the selection of the individuals to whom they were awarded. The two first medals were assigned to Mitford, the author of the *History of Greece*, and Signor Angelo Mai, librarian to the Vatican. The medals of the second year were awarded to Major Rennell, author of a *Memoir on Hindostan*; and Charles Wilkins the editor of the *Bhagvat-Geeta*. Of the third year, to Professor Schweighæuser, the editor of *Appian*, and Professor Dugald Stewart; of the fourth year, to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Southey; of the fifth year, to Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe; of the sixth year to William Roscoe and le Baron Antoine Isaac Silvestre de Sacy, a writer of repute on Persian antiquities; of the seventh, to Washington Irving and Mr. Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages.

There was a good deal of talk about the Royal Society of Literature, and what it was to effect, before it came into actual existence. Sir Walter Scott calls it, in a letter to the then Secretary of State (Lord Sidmouth), "a very ill-contrived project," and one which can only end "in something very unpleasant." "Let men of letters," he says, "fight their own way with the public, and let his Majesty honor with his patronage those who are able to distinguish themselves, and alleviate by his bounty the distresses of such as, with acknowledged merit, may yet have been unfortunate in procuring independence. The immediate and direct favor of the sovereign is," he adds, "worth the patronage of ten thousand societies." Scott's objections apply, it must be understood, to the principles on which the first Society was to have been established. What this first Society was like, no one has as yet told us; something, it is said, resembling the French Academy. The original plan, whatever it was, went through many modifications; but Scott's opinion was unaltered. "I do not belong," he writes in his diary, "to the Royal Society of Literature, nor do I propose to enter it as a coadjutor. I do not like your Royal Academies of this kind; they almost always fall into jobs, and the members are seldom those who do credit to the literature of a country." But this Society really, at one time, effected a good—it rescued the last years of Coleridge's life from complete dependence on a friend, and it placed the learned Dr. Jamieson

above the wants and necessities of a man fast sinking to the grave. The associateship was not in the nature of a charity, it was no literary alms-giving, it flowed from the bounty of the sovereign, and was a reward of merit. No author, independent in mind though poor in circumstances, would wish it to be said that he had been relieved by the Council of the Literary Fund; but the author surely might *boast* that his necessities had been relieved by the honorable position he held of Royal Associate in a Society under the direct patronage of his sovereign.

The palmy days of the Royal Society of Literature soon passed away, for William IV. withdrew, on his accession, the annual grant of eleven hundred guineas presented to the Society by his more generous brother. The Society had, therefore, to rely on its own sayings and the annual subscriptions of its members. Their funds were small, and they now sank into a Transaction Society, with a small library, large ideas, and poor and insignificant performances.

The Athenæum Club, in Pall Mall, was a pet with peers and persons of literary distinction, and the Literary Union, in Waterloo Place, a pet of poor Tom Campbell's. Both had the same primary object, the formation of a society of literary men, and both went to work in the same ineffectual manner. Good authors were found insufficient in number for a modern club. An author introduced a friend who was not an author; but something he would add, with a laugh, much better—Dr. Johnson's definition of a good fellow, "a clubbable man." This friend introduced another friend of the same acceptable description. Both grew up in this way; but the Athenæum swelled in importance; a new site was thought of,—Mr. Decimus Burton must build them a house, and Mr. Henning copy the frieze of the Parthenon to show the classic character of the members. The Literary Union no longer exists; it was any thing but a literary club; all kinds and degrees of personages might have been found among its members, and so notorious had it become, that it was at length obliged to dissolve, to change its name, and start anew.

The Athenæum is one of the best of our London Clubs. Authors of eminence may be found among its members, and still adhering to its love for men distinguished by their genius, its council is empowered to admit annually from the list of candidates,

individuals of eminence in literature, art, and science. This is a wise law, for few authors of eminence would care to go through the tiresome ordeal of election, which is by ballot among the whole body of members.

When the Grey government was in power, and the passing of the Reform-bill a novelty in conversation, there was a talk of forming a Guelphic Order of Literary Merit, and of bringing letters under the avowed and active encouragement of the government. Lord Brougham, then lord chancellor, took the matter up very warmly, and Southey was written to by the chancellor for his opinion. The laureate's letter in reply, is a noble specimen of his far-sighted seeking and admirable good sense on all occasions. "When better times shall arrive," (whoever may live to see them,) writes the author of *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, "it will be worthy the consideration of any government whether the institution of an academy, with salaries for its members, (in the nature of literary or lay benefices, might not be the means of retaining in its interests, as connected with their own, a certain number of influential men of letters, who should hold those benefices, and a much greater number of aspirants who would look to them in their turn. A yearly grant of 10,000*l.* would endow ten such appointments of 500*l.* each for the elder class, and twenty-five of 200*l.* for younger men; the latter eligible, of course, and preferably, but not necessarily to be elected to the higher benefices as those fell vacant, and as they should have approved themselves. The good proposed by this as a political measure," Mr. Southey adds, "is not that of retaining such persons to act as pamphleteers and journalists, but that of preventing them from becoming such, in hostility to the established order of things; and of giving men of letters, as a class, something to look for beyond the precarious gains of literature; thereby inducing in them a desire to support the existing institutions of the country, on the stability of which their own welfare would depend."

We may add, that need makes many poets, and neediness makes men dangerous members of society, quite as often as affluence makes them worthless ones.

Another proposition much talked of at this time, and immediately connected with the former inquiry, was the distribution of prizes among authors of distinction. "With

regard to prizes," says Southey, "methinks they are better left to schools and colleges. Honors are worth something to scientific men, because they are conferred upon such men in other countries; at home there are precedents for them in Newton and Davy, —and the physicians and surgeons have them. In my judgment, men of letters are better without them, unless they are rich enough to bequeath to their family a good estate, with the bloody hand, and sufficiently men of the world to think such distinctions appropriate. For myself, if we had a Guelphic order, I should choose to remain a Ghibelline." Some such idea as is here so admirably expressed by Mr. Southey must have crossed the mind of his friend Sir Robert Peel, when, in 1834, he spoke so strongly in the House of Commons against a proposition brought forward by Mr. Hume that our authors, artists, and men of science, should have assigned to them by Parliament some blue riband of distinction. We recollect hearing Sir Robert Peel's speech on that occasion with a very great deal of pleasure. He thought, and with reason, that literary men should have more fruitful honors assigned them by government than ribands and badges of distinction. Poets have the bays already.

"The king," says Goldsmith, "has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Painting he has just established, *but there is no salary annexed*, and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt."

Before we stay to inquire how far Peel in power has realized the views of Peel out of power, and the position of literary men has been improved by the direct encouragement of the Crown, it may be as well to look through the postern of time, long elapsed, at the actual position of the literary character before ribands were talked about in the House of Commons, or medals were awarded from the purse of the sovereign.

In the infancy of civilization, when all our thoughts were on wars abroad and broils and tournaments at home, we find the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of our poetry, among the annuitants of King Edward III. and King Richard II. But literature, there is too much reason to believe, had little to do in procuring for the great poet the annuity from the Exchequer and the pitcher of wine from the royal cel-

lar. We wish we could agree with those antiquaries who would trace the salary of the poet-laureate and his pipe of canary to Chaucer's pension and his pitcher of wine. No better original could well be had, but but there is little or no authority, we fear, to support so ingenious a supposition. Be that as it may, it is pleasing to find that one of the greatest of our poets and the first English writer of any eminence in our tongue, was not altogether overlooked in so dark a century.

The long Lancastrian wars were detrimental to the growth of letters, but Caxton came among us, and found a friend in Earl Rivers. The nation now grew quiet for a time. Stephen Hawes, the author of a poem called *The Pastime of Pleasure*, (a kind of connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser,) met with the patronage of the queen of Henry VII.; old John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was player on the virginals to Henry VII., with a fee of eight-pence a-day. Henry VIII. was no great friend to letters. The rude, railing satirist, Skelton, was, it is true, a kind of poet-laureate to the crown; and Erasmus was received with favor: but literature in this reign suffered a severe loss in the cruel executions of the learned More and the poetic Earl of Surrey.

Queen Elizabeth distributed her bounty with the same sparing hand with which she bestowed her honors. Raleigh and Sidney, Vere, Norris, Drake, Walsingham, and Greville, were the new-made knights of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Poets came in for a portion of her bounty. Gascoigne and Churchyard were sent on missions abroad. Ronsard the poet received a present of forty French crowns, and Thomas Preston, the author of a tragedy "conteyning the Life of King Cambises," a pension of 20*l.* a-year. But the great scandal of her age was the fate of Spenser. Not that the poet was altogether overlooked. He received at one time a grant of confiscated property in Ireland, and subsequently a pension of fifty pounds a-year. But the land proved a ruinous affair, and the pension, there is reason to believe, was subsequently withdrawn. His end was melancholy—"He died," says Jonson, "for lack of bread;" and Waller, who lived not too late to be well informed, confirms his testimony:—

"To starve,
That Spenser knew."

A sad termination for a poet's life, nor is it without its lesson.

"Tell them how Spenser starved, how Cowley
mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service was return'd."

This was said by a poet who might have added his own name to the number of neglected poets. It was said by Otway.

Literature was not overlooked by the Stuarts in Scotland before their succession to the English throne. Dunbar (the Chaucer of his country) enjoyed by the bounty of King James IV. a yearly pension of considerable amount, at a time when the price of labor and provisions was very low. The sixth James was himself a poet, with the power to appreciate genius, and the inclination, it is said, to relieve its necessities. Raleigh, it is true, was imprisoned, and at length beheaded by him, but Jonson enjoyed a pension by his bounty. Daniel was patronized by his queen, Wotton was one of his ambassadors abroad, and Ayton was his wife's secretary.

It is incidentally observed by Farmer, and repeated by Mr. Gifford, that playwriting in Shakspeare's days "was scarcely thought a creditable employ." This may be easily accounted for. The poets who wrote for the stage were also actors; and the profession of an actor was viewed for a very long time as a kind of vagrant occupation. Yet the drama was at its height and most encouraged when apparently most looked down upon. King James was a great patron of the drama. He was the first of our kings who formed a company of actors—and such actors too as he had—Burbage, Shakspeare, Kemp, Heming, Condell, Lowen, Taylor. They were frequently summoned to play before him, and were always paid, and liberally, too, for their performances. Nor did he confine his encouragement to his own servants; the Queen's players (as they were called), the players of Prince Henry, and the players of the Prince Palatine, were summoned every Christmas to play before him. The usual rates of remuneration, we may add, were generally accompanied by a further sum by way of his majesty's reward.

A love of literature was hereditary in the family of the Stuarts. Henry, Prince of Wales, a boy of only eighteen, when he died, had Owen, the epigrammatist, Michael Drayton, and Joshua Sylvester, on his list of pensioners and annuitants. Authors

presenting him with their books went away with some substantial mark of his goodwill. Rowland Cotgrave, the learned author of the dictionary which bears his name, received his bounty; nor was the amusing Coryatt overlooked by the young and discerning prince.

King Charles I. would appear to have imbibed his love of art from his elder brother, for King James had no particular predilection that way. Nor was Charles without his brother Henry's taste for literature, or his sympathy with literary men. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name any author of eminence unprotected or unnoticed by the king. Ben Jonson was his poet laureat, and Davenant succeeded to the laurel at Jonson's death. The plays of Shirley, Massinger, and May, were read by him in MS. and then acted at court before him. He altered passages, for he was a poet himself, and he suggested subjects. His taste was excellent. The tasteful Carew filled the office of sewer in ordinary; Quarles received a pension; Denham and Waller were about his court; Falkland, Fanshawe, and Suckling about his person. Nor were the elder poets overlooked; he quotes Chaucer in his letters, draws allusions from the drama, borrows a prayer from Sydney's *Arcadia*, and finds in Shakspeare a solace in his sufferings.

During the Commonwealth, literary men, rather than literature, found favor with Cromwell and his colleagues. The Protector wrote a graceless style, full of hard-meaning, and disguised, like all he did, from common observation. He had little leisure for the refinements of language or the graces of composition; and less leisure to consider what authors were worthy of reward, or what they were worth to a government in need of support. He was not blind, however, to the beauties of art or the graces of literature; he retained the best pictures in the collection of Charles I. (the Cartoons of Raphael), for the furniture of his own apartments, and was reviving the drama under Davenant when he died. Good poets found employment in prose composition under the government of Cromwell. The history of the Long Parliament by May, written at the time and under the patronage but not the influence of parliament, is one of the fairest histories ever written. It is clear and temperate in its views, calm and consistent in its style; so temperate indeed, that our present historians of the period of which it treats (writers on both sides of

the question), might derive a useful lesson from its study. Other poets found employment at this time, Milton and Marvell among the number. May was an apologist, Milton a defender, and Marvell an assistant under Milton in the office of Secretary for the Latin tongue. But May had more authority than Milton; indeed nothing can well be more absurd than the views adopted by the hip and thigh admirers of the political conduct of the great poet. Biographers like Symmons, and writers of his class, contemplate the ill-paid secretary for the Latin tongue in the light of a secretary of state for home and foreign affairs. There is no reason to believe that Cromwell was guided by his counsel, or even asked his advice on any one occasion. This seems so clear, from the terms in which Whitelocke speaks of him on the solitary occasion in which he mentions his name, that blind and wilful prejudice alone could view (we are sorry to say) the political John Milton in the light of any thing else than a translator from Latin into English, and from English into Latin. Whatever the real position of Milton may have been, his office ceased with the usurpation; and in the succeeding reign he fell, to use his own language, on evil days and evil times. "When *Paradise Lost* was first published," writes Swift to Sir Charles Wogan, "few liked, read, or understood it, and it gained ground merely by its merits." Milton had excluded himself by his politics from preferment or notice; his religious principles were obnoxious, and there was little in his poem to invite the attention of the gay and thoughtless thousands who witnessed the Restoration. If *Paradise Lost* had excited even ordinary attention at the time of its publication, Mr. Pepys would have been sure to have said something about it in his *Diary*. But he is silent, and there is too much reason to believe that it attracted little or no attention. Would it attract much now as a new publication? Mr. Hallam thinks not, and in these exciting times of railway speculation and corn-law abolition, few would have time to think what a new poem of this description was like. Yet when the repeal of the Copyright law was an all-engrossing subject of conversation in literary circles, and Milton's poor reward for his divine epic was particularly insisted upon; Mr. Tegg, we remember, either in speech, or by letter, ridiculed the idea of such a circumstance ever occurring again, and either exclaimed or wrote—"Only bring

me a *Paradise Lost*, and see what I will give for it!" The intelligent publisher of Cheapside was safe in what he said, there is no occasion to suspect that a new epic reaching to the height of Milton's poem is likely to be produced again.

Charles II. condescended to talk familiarly with poets, but did little to foster their genius or better their condition. He fed them with kind words and fair promises, but his remembrance was not easily awakened. This "Unthinking king," as he was called by one of his court favorites, was not however wholly neglectful of letters. He gave the laurel on Davenant's death, and the office of historiographer on Howell's, to glorious John Dryden; recommended subjects for the employment of Dryden's muse; permitted his imperious mistresses to protect his plays; nominated his son to the Charterhouse School, and, shortly before he died, gave him a small sinecure situation in the Customs. But his salary was not very regularly paid. He was, moreover, employed by the king in party satire, and indifferently rewarded for what he did. Others, however, fared still worse. Cowley died at Chertsey, neglected by the court he had served in exile; and the king, who carried *Hudibras* about with him in his pocket, and quoted from it, it is said inimitably well, did nothing for the poet but grant a protection to him from the piratical booksellers of the period. Butler's end is well known; he lived for some years before his death in an obscure alley, and died at last disappointed and in want. "Which," asks Goldsmith, with infinite irony, "is the greatest scandal on his age, Butler's poem or Butler's fate?"

These sad lessons were not without their advantage to the poets who came after. "It is enough for one age," says Dryden, urging his claims for public employment on Hyde Lord Rochester, "it is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and to have starved Mr. Butler." The lesson was of temporary use. Lord Rochester relieved his wants, and obtained for him the small sinecure situation in the Customs already alluded to.

In the short reign of King James II. poor Nat. Lee was supported while in Bedlam by the bounty of the king; but Otway died in want, choked, it is said, with the first mouthful of bread he had obtained for a very long time.

King William III. knew no more about poetry than he knew of St. Evremond, and

exhibited his Dutch-garden taste in poetry in selecting the individual to whom he assigned the laurel, removed for political considerations from the brows of Dryden. He gave it to Shadwell. The then lord chamberlain, the witty earl of Dorset, may have had something to do with this: Shadwell was a friend of his; he admired, and with reason, his comic powers, and wished, perhaps, to do something for him. But Shadwell was not a poet in any sense of the word, and his appointment carried a bad precedent with it, for though he was the first bad poet who wore the laurel, he was not the last. He was the poetic-father of a Tate, a Eusden, and a Pye. But William was essentially a soldier. We are not, therefore, to quarrel with him for his selection of Shadwell, or that he mistook Blackmore for a poet, and dubbed him Sir Richard for his bad epic called *King Arthur*.

"The hero William and the martyr Charles;
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned
Quarles."

But here the rhyme occasioned an injustice, for Quarles, though tedious at times, was a true poet; whereas Blackmore is one dead level of a bog throughout.

The age of Anne was an era in the history of letters. Literary men found ample and almost unexpected encouragement from the ministerial advisers of the crown. Whig and Tory leaders vied with each other in advancing the interests of such as could assist them. The battle of Blenheim was sung by a Whig and by a Tory poet; and Addison's *Cato* was a party play. The great Whig patron was Charles Montague, earl of Halifax; the great Tory patron, Harley, earl of Oxford. Halifax found a sinecure situation for Congreve, and Addison and Steele experienced his bounty. Pope kept aloof from the sea of politics; while Swift was the adviser of Harley, and Prior his ambassador at the Hague. The queen herself took very little interest in literature, and Whig encouragement ceased when Charles Montague died; for the great Duke of Marlborough, and his son-in-law the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, knew or cared very little about it. Yet the queen was not insensible to the wants of literary men. The infant children of Farquhar received a small annuity at her hand, and the widow of Betterton a pension of £100 a-year.

The death of the queen and the accession of the house of Hanover brought the Whigs once more in office. Addison was

for some time secretary of state; Steele received a patent for a new theatre; Rowe was sworn in as poet-laureate, and his widow, at his death, received a pension. But Addison was not very long in office, and Steele's pecuniary difficulties began anew. The king was a stranger to our language, and had no particular taste for the literature of the people he came amongst. His favourite Whigs encountered the ridicule of Swift and contemptuous irony of the splenetic St. John. The Whigs had no one to defend them. Addison was dead, and Steele idle and unwilling. They soon grew callous to what was said, and overlooked in indifference the cultivation of letters and the wants of literary men. Something, however, was done. By the interest and friendship of Dodington, the king was taught to find a poet in Dr. Young, and, better still, induced to settle a pension of £200 a-year on the youthful satirist.

Swift has made a complaint in verse of the neglect of letters in his time, but his complaint is not altogether founded on justice. He accuses Halifax of neglecting Congreve, talks of the poet's "one poor office," and then, in his own inimitable way, raises a laugh at the expense of the most munificent patron of genius we had had as yet, or have since had. The truth is, Congreve enjoyed a plurality of offices. He had no estate of his own; he did not make literature a profession; he lived like the gentleman he assumed to be, and he died rich. But Swift was too fond of saying any thing ill-natured against the Earl of Halifax, and we are told that,—

"Congreve spent in writing plays
And one poor office half his days;
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept.

Who keeps open table now? Who has kept an open table for poets since? But Halifax did not confine his patronage to poets; he knew and valued the great Sir Isaac Newton, and, by his interest, he was made Master of the Mint. The truth is, Swift was so disgusted with the Whigs of Walpole's time, that every Whig from the devil—who was the first Whig, according to Dr. Johnson's idea—came in for a share of his sarcastic condemnation. The change was, indeed, great between the regard entertained for letters in the reign of Queen Anne, and the light in which letters were held in the reign of her successor.

Swift pined and complained in a poor-paid Irish deanery. It is true that he had nothing to expect from a Whig administration. His wit was enlisted on the other side, and carried this serious evil with it, that the Whigs, in condemning Swift, extended their contempt to letters in general.

George II. was just such another as George I.,* and Sir Robert Walpole just such another as the Earl of Godolphin. The king left every thing to Walpole and his queen. And what a reign!

"Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays."

Walpole encouraged no kind of merit; the contempt of posterity was nothing to a man who had no cares, or wants, or anxieties beyond the exigencies of the year. Gay expressed, like Spenser, the sorrows of court expectancies, and every attempt to direct the current of patronage into the wide field of literature was wholly ineffectual,—

"Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention,
To flatter knaves or lose his pension."
SWIFT.

The whole patronage of the crown was engrossed by Walpole; and "Bob the poet's fee," as he was called, felt a secret pleasure in overlooking the claims of literature and the necessities of literary men.

Gay got something, it is true, at last. He was offered the situation of gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, a girl of two years old.

"Say, had the court no better place to choose,
For thee than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side."

Great interest had been made for Gay. Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the king, used all her influence in his behalf; but Walpole stood in the way of his obtaining a pension or a post of honor. The "servile usher's place" was thought an insult, and as such was indignantly declined. Walpole,

* "O could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
But verse, alas, your majesty disdains!"
POPE to George II.

perhaps, suspected as much; and he knew that, in obstructing Gay's advancement, he angered Swift, whom he hated, and Bolingbroke, whom he detested. Gay had no second offer, and Pope complains that a poet of his reputation should die unpensioned,—

"Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends."

Caroline, queen of George II. felt or affected a sympathy with men of genius. She conversed with Newton and corresponded with Leibnitz. To the widow of Dr. Clarke she assigned a yearly pension. Savage enlisted himself as her volunteer laureate, and enjoyed her bounty. He was, however, excluded at her death, and the only one excluded from the list of persons entitled to pensions from the crown. In Richmond garden she erected a Temple of Fame, containing the busts of four great men, Locke, Newton, Woolaston, and Clarke, and gave the key of the temple to Stephen Duck, the thrasher-poet. The wits played off their jokes at her majesty's expense. Pope accuses her of sneaking from living worth to dead: and Swift admires her parsimony in exalting heads that cannot eat.

Frederick prince of Wales, the father of George III., was to have had a niche in a new edition of the royal and noble authors. The prince, it appears, is the author of a French hunting song. He did not, however, exhibit any partiality for poets. Lord Lyttleton, his secretary, and a poet withal, saddled, it is true, some poetic pensioners upon him. Mallet was made assistant-secretary; the gentle elegiac Hammond filled the office of equerry to the prince; 100*l.* a-year was assigned to Gilbert West, and the same sum to Thomson, the poet of *The Seasons*. See by how slight a tenure they held their situations, and how little the prince, in reality, cared for the authors he had about him! He quarrelled with Lyttleton, and the poets were all routed in a day.

"The accession of George III. opened," says Boswell, "a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honored with no mark of royal favor in the preceding reign." The new minister, Lord Bute, gave a pension of 300*l.* a-year to Dr. Johnson, and the same sum to Home, the author of *Douglas*. Beattie and Mallet were pensioned by the crown. The king condescended to converse with Dr. John-

son. His minister recommended a literary work of great national importance to the pen of Walpole, and held out hopes that the work would meet with the encouragement of government. But Bute went out of power, and nothing was done. Small annuities to literary men still continued to be granted. Dr. Shebbeare and Tom Sheridan each received a pension. The king, it was said, had pensioned a *he-bear*, meaning Dr. Johnson, as well as a *she-bear* (Dr. Shebbeare). No one knew why Tom Sheridan received a pension. "What!" said Johnson, "have they given *him* a pension? Then, it is time for me to give up mine."

The wisdom of rewarding literature in the person of Tom Sheridan may well be doubted. Mallet had no great claims upon the government as a literary man. His ballad, it is true, is very beautiful; but *William and Margaret* did nothing for him. He was pensioned for the dirty work he had executed for a ministry in want of support. Many writers of sterling reputation were in the meantime overlooked. The delightful author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* became, for very existence, a mere literary hack or drudge for booksellers. "In Ireland," says Goldsmith, "there has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen ware, than given in rewards to literary men since the time of Usher." Smollett sought the assistance of Lord Shelburne, then in power, but nothing was done for the entertaining novelist; and he was allowed to end his days in perpetual exile, pinched in his means, and enfeebled in body, from the incessant employment of his pen.* Burns was snatched from the sickle and the plough "to gauge ale firkins," and support a wife and family on the poor emol-

* But what is this you tell me of your perpetual exile, and of your never returning to this country? I hope that as this idea rose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery, which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates to which you are retiring: after which, the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection; and that, at least, it might be equal to you to live any where, except when the consideration of your health gave you preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers towards literature, which has been long, and indeed almost always the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular."—DAVID HUME to SMOLLETT, 21st Sept., 1768.

uments of an exciseman's office. A word to the Commissioners of Excise in Scotland, from one who quoted his poems to Mr. Addington with the highest approbation, would have given him a lift in his office, gladdened the hearth, and lengthened the life of a true-born poet. We refer to Mr. Pitt; when Mr. Addington reminded that great statesman of the poet's genius, and the poor situation it was his lot to fill, Mr. Pitt promised to do something for him, pushed the bottle on, and remembered his promise, if he remembered it at all, when the fine-hearted poet of genuine nature,

"Who to the 'Illustrious of his native land,
So properly did look for patronage."

was, alas, no more !

If ever a poet deserved a pension from the British crown for the real service he had rendered his country, that poet was Charles Dibdin. His ballads and songs cheered up the heart of poor Jack in stormy times, maintained a manly and a loyal feeling throughout the British navy, and are working the same good still. They are the best exponents of the heart of an English sailor. But what was done for Dibdin ? Something, we believe, at last, when he was old and unable to enjoy it—solitary, and could not impart it.

Pope went to sleep while Frederick prince of Wales talked about poetry to him at his own table ; but George IV., while conversing accidentally on the same subject, could engage the ear of a poet as much inclined to quarrel with kings as Pope himself.

"He," (the Prince Regent) Lord Byron writes to Sir Walter Scott, "ordered me to be presented to him at a ball: and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the *Lay*. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more the poet of *princes*, as they never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses, as no less royal and poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well-acquainted with both."

This, it must be owned, is a very pleasing anecdote; but the prince was invariably

kind to Scott. He offered him the laureateship, conferred a baronetcy upon him, gave him a gold snuff-box set in brilliants, "as a testimony of his esteem for his genius and merit;" made him a present of a splendid copy of Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, richly bound in scarlet, and a set of the *Variorum Classics*, for the library at Abbotsford; appointed his son Charles to a clerkship in the Foreign Office; made up what he called a "snug little dinner for him" at Carlton House; called him by his Christian name of Walter; talked of his "tyrannical self;" quoted Tom Moore,—"*Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast?*"—

"'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post*:'"

commanded him on another occasion, to pass a day with him at Windsor, where he was received, he tells us, with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which always distinguished the king's conduct towards him.

If other testimony were wanted of King George IV.'s regard for letters, his annual gift to the Royal Society of Literature, already alluded to, would be proof sufficient. There is, however, a little picture, not so well known as it deserves to be, which exhibits him in a most pleasing light. The picture we refer to, is contained in a letter written in 1826, and addressed by the king himself to the late Sir William Knighton:—

"Dear Friend,—A little charitable impulse induces me to desire you to inquire into the distressed circumstances of poor old O'Keefe, now ninety years of age, and stone-blind, of whom I knew a little, formerly, having occasionally met him at parties of my juvenile recreation and hilarity, to which he then contributed not a little. Should you really find him so low in the world, and so divested of all comfort as he is represented to be, then I do conceive that there can be no objection to your offering him from me such immediate relief, or such a moderate annual stipend, as will enable him to close his hitherto long life in comfort,—at any rate, free from want and absolute beggary, which I greatly fear, at present, is but too truly his actual condition and situation. Perhaps, on many accounts and reasons which I am sure I need not mention to you, this had best be effectuated by an immediate application, through you, to our lively little friend, G. Colman, whose good heart will, I am certain, lead him to give us all the assistance he can, especially as it is for the preservation of one of his oldest invalided brothers and worshippers of the Thespian Muse.

G. R."

This is very beautiful. Instances of this kind are of too rare an occurrence.

We have already alluded to a speech of Sir Robert Peel's in Parliament, and when out of power, in reply to a proposition of Mr. Hume's, that the leading characters of our country in literature, art, and science, should receive some badge or riband of distinction from the crown. He ridiculed the idea, and preferred the *solid pudding* of a pecuniary reward, to the mere empty honors of a yard of ribbon. And well and nobly has he made good his sentiments. Here is a list of the pensions he granted, during his two administrations of 1835 and 1841 :

	£.
Mr. Southey, - - - - -	300
Mr. Wordsworth, - - - - -	300
Mrs. Somerville, - - - - -	200
James Montgomery, - - - - -	150
The widow of Pond, the astronomer royal,	200
Wife of Professor Airy, - - - - -	300
Professor Faraday, - - - - -	300
Mr. Tytler, the historian, - - - - -	200
Mr. Tennyson, the poet, - - - - -	200
Lady Shee, - - - - -	200
The widow of Thomas Hood, - - - - -	100

The Whigs copied the example set them by Sir Robert Peel. Here is a list of pensions granted by the members of Lord Melbourne's government, from April 1835, to August 1841 :—

	£.
Thomas Moore, - - - - -	300
Lady Morgan, - - - - -	300
John Banim, the novelist, - - - - -	150
Sir David Brewster, - - - - -	300
Colonel Gurwood, - - - - -	200
Widow of Dr. M'Crie, - - - - -	100
Miss Mitford, - - - - -	100
Mrs. Somerville, (additional,) - - - - -	100
Dr. Dalton, (additional,) - - - - -	150

Lady Morgan's 300*l.* a year, when contrasted with Miss Mitford's solitary 100*l.*, seems hardly fair ; but "the lady" had a claim, it is understood, on one distinguished member of the administration, and the amount was measured by friendship rather than by genius. The wording of the warrant granting a pension to Colonel Gurwood, deserves citation :—

"Victoria R.

"Whereas, it hath been represented unto us, that our trusty and well-beloved John Gurwood, Companion of the Bath, Lieutenant Colonel in our Army, hath rendered eminent service to the public by the publication of the Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of

Wellington, and thus diffusing and perpetuating, both in this country and among foreign nations, a knowledge of those achievements which have been effected by the British Armies under the direction of that great Commander," &c.

The Whigs wished to pay a compliment to the Duke, so they gave a literary pension of 200*l.* a year, to the editor of the Duke's Despatches. Nor was the pension undeserved,—far from it. Colonel Gurwood has rendered a lasting service to the military and political history, not of Britain alone, at the time, but of the whole civilized world.

"Could a man live by poetry, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet." The sentiment is not ours further than by adoption—it belongs to Goldsmith. The truth of it is beyond dispute. He who writes an heroic poem, leaves an estate entailed, and gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age. Love of fame, and "officiousness of conscience," are the great promotions to the toil of compiling books ; not any idle expectation of riches ;— "for those that spend time," said Sir William Davenant, "in writing to instruct others, may find leisure to inform themselves how *mean* the provisions are which busy or studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies." Surely, then, a government is to be commended that puts a literary man of merit above want, and keeps his mind apart for the good of the public, from the week-day world annoyances of life. We are not altogether in favor of a very extended list of pensions to literary men. Necessity is a sharp taskmistress ; but sufficiency, while it puts the mind at ease, is apt to occasion indolence, a common attendant on the literary character. Let us not however run into the other extreme, and starve our writers to sharpen their wits, as men put out nightingales' eyes, to make them sing the better. What we should like to see set about, would be the appropriation by Parliament of an adequate annual grant, for the advancement of works of great national importance, which can only be undertaken by co-operative labor. The formation of an English Etymological Dictionary is a work of this description ; a History of England is a second ; a *Biographia Britannica* a third ; a kind of Camden's *Britannia* a fourth. In this way, as Southey remarks, literature might gain much by receiving national encouragement ;

but government, as he adds most properly, would gain a great deal more by bestowing it. Some abuse there would certainly be, as in the disposal of all preferments, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; but nothing so gross, we conceive, as the Record Commission, so positively bad as the British Museum Catalogue of Books, or so slow in publication, or priced so dear when published, as the quarto Collection of State Papers, issued under the authority of her Majesty's government. The nation that gave the estate of Woodstock, and the palace of Blenheim, to the descendants of the great Duke of Marlborough, has as yet no kind of record of the actions of the Duke worthy of the name of history. We vote bronze statues and marble monuments to our heroes, but what are they worth? Lord Heathfield is seen in St. Paul's as a drunken sentinel; he has no such monument to his memory as Drinkwater's *Siege*.

King Charles I. bestowed the laurel on Jonson, with an increased annuity, (worth much more than it is now,)—"especially," it is said, "to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him." But the two Charleses selected their own laureates; their successors left the selection to the Lord Chamberlain for the time being. Only look at the list of Laureates in succession from Ben Jonson to Mr. Wordsworth:—

Ben Jonson.	Laurence Eusden.
Sir W. Davenant.	Colley Cibber.
Dryden.	W. Whitehead.
Shadwell.	T. Warton.
Nahum Tate.	Pye.
Rowe.	Southey.
	Wordsworth.

Colley Cibber, when dying, is said to have recommended Henry Jones to the Duke of Grafton, (the then Lord Chamberlain,) as his successor in the laurel. But the Duke had a fancy for Whitehead, and Whitehead got it. One thing is pretty certain, we shall never see such Laureates again as Shadwell, Tate, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye:—

"What, what!

PRE come again? No more, no more of that!"

Gray and Sir Walter Scott declined the laurel when it was offered them; but the greatest of our poets hereafter will accept it with pride, redeemed from courtly stains

and *Dunciad* strains, as it has been, by Southey and by Wordsworth.

The office of historiographer to the crown has been still worse bestowed among historians, than the laurel of the court among English poets. Howell, the entertaining letter-writer, enjoyed the office for some time, and was succeeded by Dryden, who could have made but a slender title to the distinction. Shadwell succeeded Dryden, and Rymer succeeded Shadwell. The compiler of the *Fædera* deserved the office, a compliment we are unwilling to pay to any one of his successors. Who has heard of Robert Stephens, Thomas Phillips, Richard Stonehewer, or even Mr. J. S. Clarke? For this same Mr. Clarke it was that Southey was refused the office. Both have written biographies of Nelson, but few have heard of Mr. Clarke's, while Southey's is, without question, the most faultless piece of biography in the language. The Prince Regent had something to do with this appointment. Mr. Clarke was his librarian, and he was under a promise to exert his influence in his behalf. The Prince expressed his regret, and, under the circumstances, he could do no more.

"God maketh poets," says Daniel to Lord Ellesmore, "but his creation would be in vain, if *patrons* did not make them to live." Ben Jonson got but 20*l.* for all his works. Booksellers paid but a small purchase-money; there were few readers, and they could not afford to pay more. What was to be done? The poet relied on his patron for remuneration. Spenser has *seventeen dedicatory sonnets before his Faëry Queen*; Chapman *sixteen* before his translation of Homer. Shakspeare addresses his two printed poems to Lord Southampton in the language of one who would be glad of a reward. Dryden, the great master of praise in prose, drew the arrow of adulation to the head. He has three distinct dedications to his *Virgil*; Dr. Young has a dedication before each *Satire*, (this is what Swift calls flattering knaves,) and Thomson, four dedications in verse before his *Seasons*. Well might Walpole affirm, that nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist, but that of a dedicat^r. Let us not, however, too severely condemn the poets who pursued the trade of flattery in a dedication.

But booksellers, as new readers arose, improved the price of literature. The patron was no longer a necessary part of a poet's existence. Dr. Johnson could do

without Lord Chesterfield; could substitute in satire the *patron* for the *garret*—

“There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol;”

could call Andrew Millar the bookseller, the *Mecænas* of his day, and add a compliment that was well deserved: “I respect Andrew Millar, sir; he raised the price of literature.” But Millar, and his apprentice Cadell, did more than this,—they raised an author above the necessity of relying on a *patron*.

We trust that literary men will, before long, assume as a class a permanent position for themselves, and for the authors who come after them.

From Frazer’s Magazine.

THE LADY OF ELM-WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE evening shadows were stealing on, at the close of a cold, bright winter’s day. Stretched on a bed of sickness, pale, wasted, silent, lay the lady of Elm-wood. The curtains of purple velvet, dark and gloomy in the fading light, hung heavily round her, and through an opening, at the foot of the bed, a gleam of red light from the blazing fire now and then fell on her face, but did not rouse her from the deep thought in which she seemed plunged. There was much beauty even yet in her large, dark eyes and delicately formed features; but her cheek was hollow, and the tightly closed lips looked as if no smile of joy had ever parted them.

A hired nurse, the only watcher by that sick-bed, was dozing in an arm-chair before the fire, rousing herself now and then to glance at the lady, who was totally regardless of her presence. The old woman began to feel chilly as the evening closed in, and she was rising to draw the curtains before the window, when the clear, gay laughter of a child rang on the frosty air, floating up from the garden below. A look of misery passed across the lady’s face, and she sighed heavily.

“Did you speak, my lady?” asked the nurse, moving to the bedside.

“No, nurse,” answered a sweet, yet fee-

ble voice; “I want nothing—nothing that you can give me,” she murmured, as the old woman turned away. “Oh, for a loving voice to cheer me in this dark hour!”

Again she lay, silent and thoughtful as before; but, after a time, she called the nurse, and, as if by a strong effort, said, “Go to him—to my husband—and tell him I am very, very ill. Say that, for the love of Heaven, I entreat him to come to me!”

She half raised her head from the pillow to listen to the old woman’s slow footsteps, till the sound died away in the long and distant corridors. The slamming of a door gave her notice when the nurse had reached her destination, and she clasped her thin hands in an agony of impatience, as it seemed, to know the result of her mission.

“Surely, surely he will come now,” she said; “he does not love me; he has taught my child to scoff at me; and yet, now, surely he will feel something for me!”

The door was heard again, the nurse tottered back, and stood once more beside her charge.

“My lord bids me say, he is engaged now, but will come by and by.”

The lady’s head fell back on the pillow, and the color that had risen to her cheek for a moment faded away. The nurse had been used to look on scenes of suffering and sorrow, and perhaps age, too, had blunted her feelings, for she re-established herself in her comfortable chair, and sank into a doze. The lady’s voice once more roused her.

“Go to him again, nurse! say, that I am dying—you see I am;—tell him, I entreat him to send for Mr. Paterson to pray for my departing soul. Beg him earnestly to grant me this, only this!”

Again the messenger departed, and again the lady listened anxiously for her return, yet with less hope in her sorrowful eyes than before. Her heart sank evidently when she heard the nurse returning immediately.

“My lord says,” said the old woman, “it is only your fancy that is sick.”

“And did you tell him, nurse, that you knew I was dying?” interrupted her listener.

“Yes, my lady; but he said, of course I should swear to any thing you bid me say.”

“And Mr. Paterson?” inquired the lady. “May I send for him?”

“My lord said, ‘No, he would have no canting priests here.’”

The old woman hobbled back to her seat, and the lady, covering her face, sobbed aloud.

"Cruel, even to the last!" she said at length. "This life, that some call so happy, how dreary has it been to me! long, miserable years, ending in a death like this!" And words of long-suppressed anguish, thoughts that had burdened the heart with a weight of misery for years, burst from her dying lips.

"Poor lady!" muttered the nurse, "her mind wanders. I've heard strange stories about her. To be sure, there was something wrong, or my lord would never have kept her mewed up so close; and I dare say the thought of it troubles her now."

"To be sure there was something wrong!" The words had been in many mouths, till it had come to be believed that some dark secret, some hidden error, was the cause of the seclusion in which she was kept by her husband. The sadness of her countenance was held to be occasioned by remorse, and the tears that were sometimes seen to fall, as she knelt in prayer in the house of God, were looked upon as tears of penitence. The patience and meekness with which she bore the impertinence of some, who hinted, even in her presence, at the suspicions they entertained, only confirmed them in their belief that, in some way, she had erred grievously. "And then, my lord," they said, "is so easy and good-humored, any body might be happy with him!" So by degrees a belief had gained ground that all was not as it should be with the beautiful lady of Elm-wood, and some dared to speak scornfully of her, even those who were unworthy to wipe the dust from her feet.

For the suspicions that had gone abroad, the undefined mysterious whispers against her, were unjust as they were cruel. There was nothing of shame, though, God knows, there was enough of bitter sorrow in her blushes and her tears. Her spirit was too utterly broken by daily and hourly trials, of which the coarse world knew nothing, to resent insult or reply to impertinence. None knew—how should they know?—how a course of petty oppression, beginning in her earliest years, had conquered all cheerfulness and crushed all hope; and, during her married life, to none but to her God did she breathe a word of the troubles which subdued her, and to which she submitted without a struggle. The little world about Elm-wood had only seen her brought—in

triumph, as it seemed—as a bride to her husband's ancestral home. They had seen, at first, a gay succession of guests at the old hall, and the young bride presiding at brilliant entertainments. But the number of guests fell off by degrees, ladies ceased to be among the few remaining visitors, and, when an occasional party met at Elm-wood, the lady was no longer seen among them. Her husband thought it necessary, at first, to excuse her absence on the plea of ill health, but it was soon understood that there were other reasons (although none knew what such reasons were) why she appeared no more, and her name was never mentioned.

She was sometimes seen by persons who visited Elm-wood on business, wandering alone in the woods near the house, like a pale yet beautiful spirit, or tending the flowers in a small garden sheltered by the far-stretching walls of the old hall. Some, who had purposely thrown themselves in her way, said, that she replied gently to their greeting, but always in a tone of sadness. On Sunday she never failed, unless when detained at home by severe illness, to walk to the church in the neighboring village. It was built upon the edge of her husband's park; and a little path led to it from the great house, through old dark woods, and by a little stream, that stole away at last singing as it went, into the fields below the churchyard. The whole village was part of the Elm-wood property, and the church contained many monuments to the memory of its possessors. The family pew had still its velvet cushions and draperies, faded though they were, and here the lady knelt alone Sunday after Sunday. Rain and cold, frost and snow, all seemed alike to her. The good rector, who soon learned to take an interest in her pale and melancholy face, never failed to glance at that humble worshipper, so constant in her attendance. Sometimes he saw that she was weeping, and his kind heart longed to breathe comfort to her evidently wounded spirit. His attempts to make her acquaintance at her own house had all proved vain. Her husband, whose manner to the good old priest was full of scarcely suppressed contempt, always replied to his inquiries about the lady, by saying, she received no visitors. To speak to her on her way to or from the church was his only chance of proving to her how much he felt interested in her welfare. She always waited till all others had left the church, and then stole quietly across the

graveyard, and through the little gate into the park. One wet and stormy Sunday, when the congregation was very scanty, the clergyman, Mr. Paterson, to his surprise, saw the delicate form of the lady of Elm-wood kneeling in her usual place, her meek head bowed in prayer. When the service was over, he went to her, and offered to assist her in getting home. She took his arm in silence, and, feeling that she was trembling with cold, he led her towards the rectory, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him. He looked compassionately upon her, as he endeavored to shield her from the beating rain, for she appeared so feeble, that without his help she must have fallen.

"This is trying weather for one who seems so delicate and weak as you," he said gently. "Surely you should not venture to leave home on a day like this."

"I come here for consolation," she answered sadly; "you know not how much I need it."

"But God is in every place, dear lady. From your secret chamber, He hears your prayer arise, and surely it is not well to risk your life thus."

"*My life!*" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief that brought tears into the old man's eyes; "*my life!* Why should I nurse and cherish it, as if it were a precious thing? Who would miss me if I were gone? Forgive me! oh, forgive me!" she added, after a short silence; "I know these are wild and sinful words. Forget that I have spoken them. Think of me only as of one sorely tried, to whom your ministrations have given more comfort than aught else on earth. Good and kind I know you are. Let my name be sometimes on your lips when you pray to your God. We are told that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Will you do this?" she said, earnestly, raising her eyes to his face.

"As I hope for peace I will," answered he, with much emotion.

"And when you hear that I am dead, do not grieve for me, but thank God that a wounded spirit has found peace."

"Do not speak so sadly, dear lady," said the rector. "You must be familiar with God's Word; you have read there, that He who made the worlds, even He, 'healeth the broken in heart.'"

"Yes, I feel it," she replied. "He, indeed, healeth them, but it is by taking them to himself. I have looked round me here," she continued, pointing to the graves by which they were surrounded, "and envied

those who have gone before me to that home where the weary are at rest."

Some few words of comfort the good rector spoke, as he approached his own house, and opened the glass door that led into the little study where his daughter awaited him. The lady hesitated, and seemed half fearful of entering, but he led her in, and seated her beside the fire, while his daughter divested her of some of her damp garments, and insisted on wrapping her in her own cloak.

There was something so humble in the lady's gratitude, something so sorrowful even in her extreme beauty, uncared for and neglected as she seemed, that the kind-hearted family at the rectory could not but feel a touching interest in her; and when at length her carriage, for which a messenger had been despatched, arrived to convey her home, many kind words were spoken, and none could have supposed that, till that day, the lady had been a stranger.

The next Sunday was fine and bright, but the lady was not in her usual place. She was seen no more even in her garden; and the rector, who made several vain attempts to be admitted to her presence, heard that she was very ill. He doubted not, remembering her weakness and her wan looks, that the hour for which she longed was approaching, and gladly would he have endeavored, as the minister of God, to smooth the way before her to the grave. We have seen that she, too, wished for the comfort of his presence, but even this was denied to her. Young (for she was only in her twenty-sixth year), innocent, beautiful, yet broken-hearted, she was left to meet her death alone.

CHAPTER II.

It is time that we say something of the cause of that grief which oppressed the lady of Elm-wood, and which the ignorant and unkind attributed to some error of her past life. For this purpose, it is necessary to turn to the history of her early years. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father, a man of extravagant habits, married a second time within a year of his first wife's death. His marriage with a wealthy heiress freed him for a while from pecuniary embarrassments, but destroyed for ever the peace of his home. His bride was haughty, vain and ill-tempered, and the indifference he had felt for her at first

quickly deepened into positive dislike. For a time he seemed to find in the caresses of his child a consolation for the disagreeables of his domestic life; but his weak mind soon thirsted for excitement, and he found it at the gaming-table. By degrees a passion for play absorbed every other feeling. The birth of an heir, though it appeared to give him pleasure, did not long keep him from his darling pursuit, and, as years passed by, he saw less and less of his family, and appeared to become totally indifferent as to their welfare. Thus his daughter was left a victim to the caprice and ill-humor of her vain and frivolous step-mother. Few were the remembrances of her childhood, which she, even in the deeper trials of her after-life, could recall with any thing of pleasure. The spoiled and petted son of her step-mother, imitating the small tyranny of his parent, on every occasion asserted his superiority over the gentle girl, whose spirit was already learning its lesson of humility and submission. When she had grown to womanhood, her extraordinary beauty, though it did not increase the goodwill of her step-mother, was yet looked upon by her father with something of selfish pride, and he already calculated the advantages which might accrue to himself from her making what is termed a good match.

It was while these thoughts were maturing into plans for the accomplishment of his object, that he made acquaintance with the lordly owner of Elm-wood—a man in the prime of life, yet, like himself, an habitual gambler. In their frequent meetings, these two men became intimate, and frequently played together—up to a certain time, with about equal success. At length the younger gambler began to lose; one by one he pledged all his possessions, and, in the end, rose from the table a ruined man. He might raise the money to pay his debt, but only by injuring his property past the hope of a recovery. His companion observed the struggle in his mind; he balanced the advantages and disadvantages of insisting on the payment of the debt; for, while he wanted money, he yet did not wish for the publicity which the present affair, if persevered in, must give to the nature of his resources.

"Come!" he said, after some reflection, "I know it would be inconvenient to you to pay a sum like this. Let us compromise the matter. I have a daughter, beautiful as an angel: marry her, and I will

take your doing so as three quarters' payment of your debt."

"You must be very fond of your daughter," said his auditor, sarcastically, "very fond indeed. Does she at all resemble yourself?"

"I have told you she is beautiful," was the reply. "You may even see her, if you will, before you decide."

The young man remained for a while in a state of moody abstraction, and then exclaimed, "No, no! I don't want to see her. I'll marry her, if she is as ugly as Sin. There's my hand upon it!"

They sat down again, called for writing-materials, and wrote,—the one a promise of marriage to a woman he had never seen; the other, a discharge of three-fourths of the debt due to him, on condition of the fulfilment of the pledge agreed upon. The two papers were duly signed; and the parties separated. And thus the father bartered away his child—thus the lord of Elm-wood obtained his bride! She was told to prepare to receive her future husband, and she obeyed; for she knew resistance would be in vain. Her father had become so entirely estranged from her, that she dared say nothing in opposition to his commands; and her step-mother showed too openly the joy she felt in the prospect of being rid of one, whose very patience was a tacit reproach to her conscience for the poor girl to entertain a hope that she would intercede for her.

The future husband came, and was not slow to perceive the repugnance of his betrothed. His pride and self-love were interested at once; and he devoted his attentions to the hitherto neglected girl, filling her ear with the sweet voice of praise and seeming love, till he won not only her gratitude but her affection. In a very few weeks she became his bride, and went with him to his stately home, where, for awhile, she deemed herself happier than she had ever been before. But he soon slackened in his attentions, and sometimes betrayed the bitterness and violence of his temper even to her. One day, when he had spoken to her with cruel, and, as she felt, undeserved harshness, the feelings that had for some time been gathering strength in her heart found utterance, and she passionately entreated to know what she had done to forfeit his love.

"My love!" he said, contemptuously, "did you never hear why I married you?"

"I thought—I hoped you loved me," she answered, in a low, timid voice.

"You thought—you hoped! Did your father never tell you of our bargain? I gave you my hand in payment of a gambling debt to your excellent and respected father. Mighty innocent you are, no doubt, and never knew that you were forced upon me; and that now your every look reminds me of the most hateful hours of my life! There,—dry your eyes. Your revered parent has no doubt, made you a capital actress; but we need not pretend to misunderstand each other. We have each won our reward in this blest union: you are mistress of Elm-wood, and I am saved from ruin, which would be bad enough, and exposure, which would be worse.

"My father!" stammered the lady.

"Yes. No doubt his conduct proceeded from the purest affection for yourself. He had, of course, every reason to believe I should make an excellent husband. There was nothing of self-interest in what he did—no desire to make use of my house and fortune, or to make a tool of myself. It matters not," he added, with increased bitterness, "I have made myself a promise that he shall never cross my threshold; and I never broke my word yet, as you know," bowing to her with mock civility.

He left the room, and his bewildered hearer remained long standing in the same attitude, utterly confounded by the words he had spoken. "Was it true? Had he, indeed, said he did not love her? Was every hope gone from her for ever? Was her very presence hateful to him? Oh, that she had died in the blessed belief that he loved her! Where could she turn for help, for advice? Her dream of happiness was past; nothing could restore it." Such were the thoughts that passed across her mind again and again; and in truth, it was a hard thing for heart so young, and so loving, to feel itself desolate and forsaken.

After a time, the hope of winning his affection rose within her, and long and patiently she strove to realize it; but alas, in vain! Months passed on, and the hour drew near in which she expected to become a mother. When a son was born to her, once more her hope revived. "Surely," she thought, "for the sake of his child he will love me." But again she was disappointed. He had returned to his old friends, and to his old amusements; and she felt at last, however unwillingly, that she could never fill a place in his heart.

Eight years elapsed between the time of

her marriage and the scene with which our tale opened. All that she had endured in that interval, none may know. Her eldest boy, as soon as he was able to talk, became his father's plaything, and quickly learned to laugh at his mother's authority. A second son, who was still dearer to her than the first, because she was still more unhappy at the time of his birth, lived only a few months; and she wept alone beside his grave. Her youngest darling, a bright, rosy girl, with dimpled smile, and eyes full of gladness, was little more than a year old at the time the lady of Elm-wood lay on her death-bed.

We return to that death-bed, where we left the dying sufferer breathing aloud the sorrows that had weighed down her spirit for years. Exhausted at length, she had once more sunk into silence, when a light knock was heard at the door, and in a few moments, the nurse admitted a woman carrying a lovely infant. The lady clasped the child in her arms, kissed again and again its cheeks and lips, and almost smiled when she felt the touch of its cool hand on her brow. "You must leave her with me to-night, Alice," she said, turning to the young woman who had carried the child. "I will undress her. Nurse, help me to get up."

It was in vain that the old nurse remonstrated, the lady persisted; and, supported by pillows, she sat up in her bed, and tenderly loosened the baby's clothes, and wrapped it in its little night-dress. She even played with it as of old, and smiled to hear its merry laughter. She dismissed Alice, but recalling her as she was leaving the room, said, earnestly,—“Alice, you love this child; she will soon be motherless, there will be none to care for her. Oh, be faithful to your charge! Cherish her, do not desert her; and may the blessing of her dying mother be with you to your last hour!”

The young woman left the room in tears, the nurse sighed as she turned away; and the lady lay down with her beautiful baby on her bosom. Her heart was full of prayer, though her voice was hushed, lest she should disturb the slumber that was stealing over the child. Its calm, regular breathing was music to her ear; the smiles that broke, like gleams of sunshine, on its sweet, sleeping face soothed her, and stole into her thoughts. Full of faith and hope, she commended that precious one to the care of her Saviour; and when some strug-

gling wish would arise, that she might have lived to protect and cherish it, still she could say in sincerity, "In Him is my trust."

Long past midnight, the old nurse was awakened from a deep sleep by a hasty step advancing across the apartment. It was the lord of Elm-wood, who thus tardily—his evening's amusement being concluded—answered his wife's summons.

"I am here, Eleanor," he said, withdrawing the curtain; "why did you send for me?" No voice replied; and he moved the lamp, so as to throw its light on the bed. The sight that met his eyes touched even him. There lay his wife, *dead*, and on her bosom, its rosy cheek touching her cold lips, its round arm thrown about her neck, lay her infant, in its calm, happy sleep. He bent over them—he gazed upon that faded form, now awful in its stillness, and on that joyful infant so full of life and happiness. He remembered, as he looked on the dead, her patience, her humility, her unfailing submission to his capricious will; he remembered to what a life of solitude he had condemned her, and then he thought of her as she was when he first saw her, and when those eyes looked lovingly upon him. Only a few hours ago, she was even as his slave, trembling at his word, obedient to his will. Now, perhaps she was pleading her cause against him before the throne of God. Oh, if he had but come earlier! if he could only have heard one word of forgiveness from those lips, which, in their silence, seemed yet to whisper that he had been a murderer!

He turned away: "Take the child," he said, hoarsely. "Take it away from her,—she is dead." He left the room. The nurse followed, and put a paper into his hand:—

"My lady bade me give you this after she should be gone," she said.

He thrust it into his bosom, and hurried into his study, where, having carefully closed the door, he again drew it forth, and began to read. It was a short letter, dated but two days back.

"Something I must say to you."—so it was worded,—“something I must say, of all the thoughts that now, in my last hours, crowd upon my brain. I have no friend to sit beside my death-bed, and listen to my last words; no friend to go with me to the threshold of the grave, and uphold me when my faith falters.

"Alone, and uncared for, I wait for death; sometimes full of fear, sometimes eagerly

longing for its coming. For years I have had no friend but my God; He alone has heard the voice of my sorrows, and He alone is with me now.

"Do not fear a word of reproach from me. My short life has been a sad one; but it is to you I owe the only dream of gladness that has cheered it. For those few months, during which I believed I was dear to you, I was perfectly happy. I know my belief was vain; but I do not blame you. Our love is not our own to give and take back as we will.

"It is strange, that though years have passed since I was undeceived—years in which you have repulsed all my efforts to win your confidence, and to be to you even but a companion, when others failed you, yet now, all that long interval of grief is forgotten; and every kind word you spoke in that happier time seems sounding in my ear once more.

"But why do I say this to you? Those kind words came not from your heart; and I am nothing to you now. I can appeal to you only as a dying woman, and pray you, by Heaven's mercy, to attend to my last wish. My baby, my fair, happy baby! Oh, look with pity upon her when she is motherless! Do not let her grow up among those who will not love her! It is a dreadful thing to live on year by year with a heart full of love, and yet to have that love despised and rejected. If I might dare ask of you compliance with my last wish, I would say, let her be placed with Mrs. Paterson, I am sure she will be happy in that home of peace.

"Farewell! I linger over these last words. Would that I might lay my head on your bosom, and breathe away my life, dreaming once more that you loved me! My presence has been a burden to you. Even now you will not come to me. It is almost over!

"Once more, I commend to you my child. You surely will love *her*. There is nothing in her sunny face to remind you of me. I am weary, and can write no more; perhaps, even now, I have said too much; but my poor heart was full, and I had none to comfort me. May God bless you!"

The letter fell from his hand, and he wept like a child. A change had come over his feelings towards his wife, but it was *too late*.

Some days after the lady had been laid in her grave, a group of villagers gathered around the old nurse, questioning her as to all that had happened at Elm-wood.

"You see he must have been very fond of her after all," said one. "He has asked Mrs. Paterson to take the baby, as my lady wished; and did you see how he cried at the funeral?"

"Bah! don't talk to me of such love," said the old nurse, impatiently. "If he'd shown but a quarter of the kindness to-

wards her a year ago that he's shown since she was dead, and could feel it no longer, she'd have been a happy living woman this day. Heaven preserve us all from love like his!"

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY.

THE popular voice places Mr. Macaulay in the very first rank of contemporary speakers. Those who are prepared to admit a distinction between the most distinguished and successful of untrained speakers and the confessed orators, include him, without hesitation, in the latter class. If they form their judgment merely from reading his speeches as reported in the papers, certainly they have ample ground for presuming that he must be a man of no ordinary eloquence, for he scarcely ever rises but to pour a flood of light upon the subject under discussion, which he handles with a masterly skill that brings out all the available points, and sets them off with such a grace of illustration, such a depth and readiness of historical knowledge, as are equalled by no other living orator. His speeches, indeed, looked at apart from all immediate political considerations, are admirable compositions, which may be read and read again with pleasure and profit, long after the party feelings of the moment have subsided: and in this point of view they seem to be regarded by the general public. An equal interest and admiration are felt by that comparatively small and exclusive section who form the audience in the House of Commons. When it gets whispered about that Mr. Macaulay is likely to speak on a particular question, the intelligence acts like a talisman on the members. Those who may not take sufficient interest in the current business to be present in the house, may be seen hovering in its precincts, in the lobbies, in the library, or at Bellamy's, lest they should be out of the way at the right moment, and so lose a great intellectual treat; and it is no sooner known that the cause of all this interest has actually begun to speak, than the house becomes, as if by magic, as much crowded as when the leader for the time being is on his legs. So general an interest in one who has not rendered himself important or con-

spicuous by any of the more ordinary or vulgar means of obtaining political distinction, or of exciting the popular mind, is of itself proof enough that he must possess very extraordinary claims. In this interest and admiration we most cordially concur. We are not going to question the accuracy of that verdict of the public which places Mr. Macaulay among the very first orators of the day; though, perhaps, we may be able to suggest grounds for a more discriminating criticism and judgment than he is generally subjected to; but, before proceeding to do so, it may be desirable to notice some peculiarities in Mr. Macaulay's political position, and of the means by which he has arrived at it, which illustrate in a very remarkable manner the working of the constitution, and exemplify the real freedom of our institutions.

The theory of the representative system in this country assumes that members of the House of Commons are elected by the free choice of the people, because of their peculiar fitness for the business of legislation. As a large and important portion of those who form the government are chosen from the representative body, the same theory, if followed out, would further assume that they were so selected because they were more distinguished than their compeers for the possession of those qualities of mind, and that general knowledge of the condition of the country, which would make them good administrative officers. This is the theory; but the practice is far different. It seems almost absurd to recapitulate what every politician assumes as the basis of his calculations, and every newspaper and annual register records. Yet this familiarity with the facts blinds us to their importance; and we are not a little startled when told, that under our representative system, which we are so ready to hold up to the world as faultless, intelligence, knowledge of the affairs of the country, and general fitness for the business of the government, are the very last things thought of in a candidate for the suffrages of the people.

Without pushing this view to the extreme conclusions which it will naturally bear, it may be observed, that in practice the rank, or property, or local influence of a candidate, obtains more influence than is exactly consistent with the perfection of the abstract theory of representation. County members are more often returned by this kind of influence than any other. The

son of the great local peer, or the head of the preponderating family in the county, is naturally looked to when a vacancy occurs; and he would be regarded as next door to a madman, who proposed a candidate, because he believed his intelligence, his experience, his talents in the House of Commons, qualified him for the post of member, unsupported by any particular local influence. In the boroughs, rules not very dissimilar prevail. In many cases, notwithstanding the Reform-bill, the nomination system still exists; and here, as under the old system, the young man of talent who has his political fortune to carve out, may find the door open which is to lead him into parliament. Where the boroughs are in this respect "open," the influence of property, direct or indirect, is very nearly as strong as in the counties. The leading banker, or brewer, or manufacturer here, stands in a position not very dissimilar to that of the man of family in the more extended electoral sphere. He is returned, either on account of his personal and local influence, or because he is the blind representative of some "interest;" but general legislative qualifications are here, as elsewhere, almost the last things required from him. It is true that the borough representation opens the door of parliament to commercial men of high standing, who come forward on their general reputation, and not on any local influence, and that it also ushers into parliament that very important body, the lawyers; but these are only a minority of the whole. There are also accidents of the system, where men like Mr. Wakley or Mr. Duncombe obtain the suffrages of large constituencies democratically disposed, by the usual arts and practices of mob-orators.

The selections made by the aristocratic, or governing body, whether Whig or Tory, of members to recruit from time to time the ranks of the administration, would appear to be influenced by principles or habits not wholly different from those which guide the constituencies. The man of talent, but without an alliance with nobility, or ostensible wealth, has scarcely a fair chance against those who may combine those advantages with even far inferior abilities. Whether this be a good or a bad system is not in question, though that it should so universally prevail in the face of a watchful public is *prima facie* evidence in its favor. It does exist, however. A Sir Robert Peel or a Lord John Russel, forming a govern-

ment, does not first look out for friendless and landless men, even though their lack of wealth might only obscure the genius of a Canning. No, they rather are disposed to patronize the Charles Woods or the Sidney Herberts—very clever men and excellent administrative officers, no doubt, but whose merits have the additional weight of their near relationship to two several earldoms. The heads of the aristocratic parties are accustomed to look to their own ranks for their pupils in the science of government and their successors as the inheritors of power, unless in those offices, limited in number, which are filled by practising barristers, whose professional position and success in the house have long since, in the eyes of the initiated, designated their future position as solicitor or attorney-general. For all these reasons it is seldom indeed that one sees in the higher offices of government men who have not some relationship with the leading nobility, some hereditary political claim, or who are not great city or money lords, or barristers with an acknowledged standing and reputation, and who have already exhibited proofs of parliamentary ability.

Mr. Macaulay is an exception to all these rules. Although he is a barrister, he does not practise as one,—at least, his parliamentary standing in no way depends on his profession. Although indebted to the nomination system for his first admission to parliament, having first sat for the Marquess of Lansdowne's borough of Calne before the Reform-bill, yet he is in no way indebted to any Whig family connexion for the start this gave him at the very outset of the race. Still less is he, or has he ever been, in that state of political servitude which might otherwise account for his rapid advance to the highest offices in the gift of an exclusive aristocratic party. He has boldly asserted the most ultra-liberal, almost democratic opinions, always tempered by the refinement of a highly cultivated and well constituted mind, but still independent and uncompromising. It is to his parliamentary talents that he is almost exclusively indebted for his advancement, and in this respect he stands almost alone among his contemporaries. It is because he is a distinguished orator—an orator developing, perhaps, into a statesman—that he has attained the rank of privy-councillor and cabinet minister. To other great men of the day—to such men as Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, or Sir Robert Peel, the

ability to address assemblies of their fellow-men with skill and effect has been a powerful agent of their political success; but in their cases it has been auxiliary only, not, as in the instance of Mr. Macaulay, the sole means of coping with established reputations. They each and all had either birth, social position, or the advantage derived from professional triumphs at the bar, as an introduction to the notice of those who from time to time have been the dispensers of honor and the nominators to office.

The high political rank held by Mr. Macaulay, then,—secured as it has been by no subserviency to the aristocracy on the one hand nor any attempts to build power on democratic influence on the other—is a singular instance of the elasticity of our institutions, and of the opportunity afforded in the practical working of the constitution to men of talent and conduct of raising themselves to the highest positions in the state. Looked at with reference to the relative constitution of society in England and France, the elevation of Mr. Macaulay, by means so legitimate, is to be regarded as an infinitely greater triumph of mind over aristocratic exclusiveness than the prime-ministership of M. Thiers or of M. Guizot, however dazzling or flattering to literary pride, achieved as each was, in a greater or less degree, amidst the disorganization of society following a revolution. Mr. Macaulay's position, too, is of importance, not merely as regards the past, but also with a view to the future. Events seem pointing to a period when the aristocratic influence will be exercised less directly and generally over the representative system and in the legislature. If it is ever destined to be superseded by the commercial or even the popular influence, how desirable it is that constituencies so tending should choose for their representatives not the mere pledged advocates of rival "interests," or those coarser demagogues who live by pampering the worst appetites of the partially instructed, but men of well-trained minds, initiated in the business of government, and far surpassing their accidental competitors in those external arts and graces of the political adventurer, for which, strange to say, the least educated audiences display the keenest relish, while, by so doing, they mark their own just appreciation. The success achieved by Mr. Macaulay—more remarkable and significant that it was in opposition to the preju-

dices and remonstrances of some of the older members of the Whig party, opens the door to a new and an increasing class of public men, who would devote themselves to politics as the business of their lives, as others give themselves up to science or to the regular professions, who, from the very nature and origin of their influence, would find favor with popular constituencies, anxious as were the aristocrats under the old system to secure talented and well-trained exponents of their wishes and opinions, so that they might become a real and active power in the state, and not merely puppets in the hands of intriguing and ambitious statesmen. It is a significant fact, as connected with this theory, that Mr. Macaulay should be the representative of the second metropolitan constituency in the empire.

The character of Mr. Macaulay's mind, as developed in his various speeches and acknowledged writings, eminently qualified him for the part he has already taken in the political history of his time, and that which he seems destined still to act. It is obvious that a man whom, speaking relatively, one may, without offence, call an adventurer—a title which it will be seen is not in his case meant as a reproach, but rather as by comparison an honor—it is obvious that such a man must have some very peculiar qualities of mind, so to have overcome or disarmed the most jealous aristocratic prejudices, at the same time that he has made his country, and at least the literary world in general, ring with his name; while his conduct as a politician has by no means been characterized by that caution and dissimulation which sometimes carry a man safely through the difficulties of political warfare, till the hour has come when he conceives he may safely declare his real sentiments, and stand forth to the world the true man he is. Mr. Macaulay has, almost from the outset of his public life, boldly avowed the most extreme opinions ever countenanced even in the most desperate manœuvres of faction, by the heads of his party. By the side of landholders and men whose standing depends on elective influence, he has declared himself the open advocate of the ballot. He was always ahead of his party on the Corn-laws; on all the other great popular questions with which, from time to time, they have tampered. Yet, be it ever remembered, as his political position was not created by, or dependent on, mob influence,

but rather on the favor of those who were socially, though not intellectually, his superiors, he risked every thing by his frankness. He might have played a safer, but not so bold or glorious a game, if he were not far above the political meanness of disguising his opinions.

There is a fine spirit of philosophical statesmanship animating all the political thinking of Mr. Macaulay, which guides him safely in those dangerous tracks to which he is led by his intellectual propensities. His mind has been trained in the old forms, and in its full strength it does not repudiate them. In this respect he is more to be relied on as a politician by the cautious, than even the most obstinate adherent of the *status quo*; who, in most cases, gives a strength to the opinions he affects to shun, and stings to fresh energy opponents he pretends to despise. Mr. Macaulay neither shuns nor despises. He is not to be deterred by warnings derived from the past, or predictions of evil in the future. He grapples with every proposition that comes in his way, meeting it fairly on its own ground. No fear of explosion withholds him from applying his intellectual test to the new element, or from appropriating it to the purposes of political science, if its properties or its facilities of combination make it a desirable ally. A new opinion, or a new movement originating in opinion, is either discarded, crushed, disposed of at once, or it is now and for ever incorporated in the system he has raised for himself, and which he is always adding to, cementing, strengthening, never weakening or undermining. He looks at the present and the future with the light of the past. However prospective his purposes may be, his mind is retrospective in its organization, and in the intellectual aliment on which it has fed with the most appropriating avidity. However new may be his propositions or his views, they are never crude. If he sometimes appears to question, and, by questioning, to undermine and destroy the most cherished and universally admitted principles, the chances are that he does it only to divorce them from fallacies which tend to weaken their efficacy. He separates the sound from the unsound, in order to unite it again to fresh and undecayed materials. He is a great reconciler of the new with the old. It is his delight to give new interpretations to old laws and forms of thought; and, by so doing, to restore their original integrity. With all his bril-

liancy, although it is one of his distinguishing traits to touch the most grave and important topics in that light and graceful spirit which has made him the most popular essayist of his time; notwithstanding that in his writings, and even in his speeches on congenial themes, he seems led captive by his imagination to an extent that might make the common dull herd fear to yield themselves to his guidance, there is not among the politicians of the day a more thoroughly practical man than Mr. Macaulay. Although he may adorn a subject with the lights afforded by his rare genius, he never trifles with it. The graceful flowers have strong props and stems beneath, to bear them up against rough weather. His historical research renders him a living link with the old and uncorrupted constitution of the country. He can bring, most unexpectedly, old sanctions to the newest ideas. Thus to ally the present with the past, is the valuable instinct of his mind. It operates insensibly as a great guarantee with others not so quick and capable. It is also a living and active principle, the operation of which may be most beneficial in contemporary politics. By its antiquity conquers and absorbs novelty, which again reanimates the old. If the spirit of inquiry, or of innovation, or of change, or of indomitable English common-sense, suddenly breaks away the legislative barriers behind which an established system of political things has intrenched itself, it is a great source of confidence to those alarmed at defeat, as well as those perhaps equally alarmed at success, to know that the invading is in reality older than the invaded; that what is supposed to be a revolution is, in truth, a restoration of something better than that which was swept away. Mr. Macaulay looks at political questions in this reconstructive spirit, and hence the favor with which he is regarded by his aristocratic allies. He has all the boldness, vigor, and originality which democratic opinions inspire, without that levelling spirit which makes them odious and dangerous.

It is this philosophic and statesmanlike tone which gives the speeches of Mr. Macaulay their real interest and value. The more grave and important considerations which it educes from the political events of the hour are admirably intermingled and interwoven with them, so as to do away altogether with the appearance of pedantry and dry historical disquisition on the one

hand, or of vague and useless political theory on the other. There is no speaker now before the public who so readily and usefully, and with so little appearance of effort, infuses the results of very extensive reading and very deep research into the common, every-day business of parliament. But his learning never tyrannizes over his common sense. If he has a parallel ready for almost every great character or great event, or an instance or a dictum from some acknowledged authority, his own reason does not, therefore, bow with implicit deference, making the one case a rule for all time. His speeches on the Reform-bill, more especially that on the third reading, were remarkable evidences of the skill and readiness with which he could bring historical instances to bear upon immediate political events, without being at all embarrassed by the precedents. His mind appears so admirably organized, his stores of memory so well filled and so instantaneously at hand, that the right idea or the most happy illustration seems to spring up at exactly the right moment; and the train of thinking thus aroused is dismissed again with equal ease, leaving him at liberty to pursue the general tenor of his argument. There is very great symmetry in his speeches. The subject is admirably handled for the purpose of instructing, delighting, or arousing; and learning, illustration, invective, or declamation, are used with such a happy art, and with so equally happy an abstinence, that, when the speech is concluded, you are left under the impression that every thing material to a just judgment has been said, and the whole theme exhausted. His speeches read like essays, as his essays read like speeches. It is impossible to doubt that they are prepared with the utmost care, and committed to memory before delivery. They bear internal evidences of this, and the mode of delivery confirms the suspicion.

The speeches made by Mr. Macaulay on the spur of the moment, when the subject has suddenly arisen, and preparation is impossible, confirm, by contrast, the belief that his great displays are carefully conned beforehand. There is almost a total absence of that historical allusion, that happy illustration, those antithetical sentences and paradoxical arguments, which characterize his formal orations. They are generally, when thus the spontaneous product of the moment, most able and vigorous arguments on the subject under discussion, which is,

in most cases, placed in an entirely new light. After he has spoken on such occasions as these, the debate usually takes a new turn. Members on both sides of the house and of all ranks are to be found shaping their remarks, either in confirmation or refutation of what Mr. Macaulay has said: so influential is his bold, vigorous, uncompromising mode of handling a question; so acute his analysis, so firm his grasp. So that we must not merely look at Mr. Macaulay, in the common point of view, as a "brilliant" speaker and accomplished orator, delivering essays on a given subject adorned by all the graces of style, and in which the imagination preponderates over all else; we must also regard him as a practical politician, ready at every emergency, and exercising by the superiority of his mind an ascendancy over the councils of the nation. He mingles in a remarkable manner the persuasiveness of the advocate with the impartiality of the judge. If a judge were to use eloquence to insinuate on the minds of his hearers the justice of his decision, he might treat his subject in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Macaulay. His art in concealing the machinery with which he works on his hearers is perfect. There is no appearance of a plan, yet a careful study of his speeches will show that they are constructed, and the subjects and trains of thought disposed, with the utmost skill. There is no apparent straining after graces of style or peculiarities of diction, as in the case of Mr. Sheil. You are thrown off your guard by the simplicity of the language, and the absence of all ambitious effort. He seems rather to trust to the clearness of his case, and the impetuosity and perseverance of his advocacy. Yet no opportunity for working up a "point" is neglected. Exquisite passages are here and there scattered through a speech, yet they seem to fall naturally into the argument, although really the result of the most careful preparation. His perorations, too, are remarkable, in general, for their declamatory energy, their sustained eloquence, and the manner in which they stamp, as it were, the argument or theme of the whole speech on the mind of the audience at parting. Grace of diction is throughout made secondary to vigor of thought. But Mr. Macaulay argues much in metaphor, though never for the metaphor's sake. He will put the whole force of a position into an apt and simple illustration with a suddenness quite startling.

These, and an occasional antithesis of the simplest kind, are almost his only departures from the style of ordinary level speaking. His language, at the same time, is always remarkably pure; and for elegance, it is unsurpassed. There are, however, faults in his speaking. For instance, he will sometimes spoil the effect of an eloquent passage by a sudden antithetical allusion, involving some vulgar idea, which catches him because of the opportunity it affords for alliteration or contrast, and which he thinks humorous. This is in bad taste, and is so far an evidence of his want of a keen sense of wit and humor. Yet it is seldom that there is even this slight and trivial drawback to the symmetry of his speeches.

Admirable as Mr. Macaulay's speeches are on paper, his delivery of them altogether belies that reputation which they are calculated to obtain for him. It is, perhaps, heightened expectation which causes the deep disappointment one feels on hearing him the first time; or it may be that his defects of manner and style would not be observed were the matter he utters of an inferior order. Whatever the cause, the spell is in a great measure broken. Nature has not gifted him, either in voice or in person, with those attributes of the orator which help to fascinate and kindle a popular assembly. With such a voice and aspect as Lord Denman, how infinitely greater would be the effect on his audience of his undoubted intellectual power! Mr. Macaulay, in his personal appearance, and in the material or physical part of his oratory, contradicts altogether the ideal portrait one has formed on reading his speeches. Every man would, of course, have his own especial hallucination; but the chances are ten to one that the majority would have associated with his subject every physical attribute of the intellectual—investing him in imagination with a noble and dignified presence, and especially with a voice fit to give utterance to those fine passages of declamation with which his speeches abound. The contrast of the reality is, in many respects, striking. Nature has grudged Mr. Macaulay height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the most monotonous and least agreeable of those which usually belong to our countrymen north of the Tweed—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion.

Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same roundness as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.

In the House of Commons, the same abstraction is still his chief characteristic. He enters the house with a certain polestar to guide him—his seat; how he reaches it seems as if it were a process unknown to him. Seated, he folds his arms and sits in silence, seldom speaking to his colleagues, or appearing to notice what is going forward. If he has prepared himself for a speech, it will be remarked that he comes down much earlier than usual, being very much addicted to speaking before the dinner-hour, when, of course, his memory would be more likely to serve him than at a later hour in the night, after having endured for hours the hot atmosphere of the house, and the disturbing influences of an animated debate. It is observable, too, that, on such occasions, a greater number of members than usual may be seen loitering about the house. An opening is made in the discussion, and he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, plunging at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic preface. In fact, you have for a few seconds heard a voice, pitched in alto, monotonous, and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more, and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train

which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigor as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him.

Yet, although you have been astonished, stimulated to intellectual exertion, thoroughly roused, and possibly even convinced, no impression whatever has been made by the orator upon your feelings; nor has he created any confidence in himself apart from the argument he has used. And yet, strange to say, perhaps it is because his oration has been too faultless. He exhibits none of the common weakness of even the greatest speakers. He never entices you, as it were, to help him by the confession of any difficulty. The intellectual preponderates too much. More heart and less mind would serve his turn better. How different is Lord John Russell! Though with a responsibility so much greater, how often he appears to be in want of a thought, a word, or an illustration! He, as it were, lets you into the secret of his difficulties, and so a sort of friendship grows up. You see him making up for his part; he does not keep you before the curtain and then try to dazzle you with his spangles and fine feathers;—so you acquire a confidence in him. Not so Mr. Macaulay. He astonishes you, quells your faculties; but he, at the same time, keeps you at a distance. Always powerful and influential as he must be in the councils of his party, he would never have a following in the country. He is too didactic. He never thoroughly warms up his audience. It is not his defective voice, for Mr. Sheil is as badly, if not worse off in this respect; yet what a flame he can kindle! The cause lies in his inveterate habit of preparing his speeches, even to the very words and phra-

ses, and committing them to memory long before the hour of delivery. Partial preparation is allowable in the greatest orators. Exordiums, and perorations, and the general sketch of the speech may well be arranged and shaped beforehand; but let some scope be left for the impulse of the moment. The greatest thoughts are often those struck out by the mind when at heat: in debate they are caught up by minds in a congenial state. Even a lower order of excellence will at such times produce a greater effect. It is wonderful, however, how well Mr. Macaulay contrives to adapt these cool productions of the closet to temperaments exerted by party. If a counterfeit could ever stand competition with the reality, these mock heroics of Mr. Macaulay certainly would not have the worst chance. When he is called up suddenly, under circumstances forbidding all preparation, his speeches produce a much greater immediate effect. As compositions they may be inferior, but for practical purposes they are much better. On such occasions he has sometimes reached the height of real eloquence—not the eloquence of words and brilliant images, but that fervor and inspiring sincerity which comes direct from the heart and finds at once a kindred response.

From the Edinburgh Review.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN STATE CONFEDERACIES.

1. *Congrès de Vienne. Recueil des Pièces Officielles.* 6 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1816.
2. *Recueil Officielle des Pièces concernant le Droit Public de la Suisse.* 2 vols. 8vo. Zurich: 1832-34.
3. *Rapport de la Commission de la Diète sur le projet d'Acte Fédérale.* 8vo. Geneva: 1832.
4. *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States. By J. Story, LL. D.* 3 vols. 8vo. Boston: 1833.

In our review of Mr. Wheaton's work, we sketched an outline, meagre and imperfect, but still an outline, of the great science which considers those relations of independent communities, which are produced or regulated by international law. The rights, however, and consequential on

those rights, the obligations, which belong to sovereign nations by the general consent of the civilized world, are not the only relations to which they are subject. Any two or more nations may vary their mutual rights and obligations by compact. Such nations stand towards one another in the *federal relation*; under which term we include every relation created by treaty, from the slight ties which connect England and Sweden, down to the intimate confederation which binds, or is intended to bind together the Cantons of Switzerland.

The duties which may be imposed, and the claims which may be created, by this relation, obviously differ from those which owe their origin to international law. For if they were the same, treaties would be unnecessary; just as contracts would be unnecessary, if all the relations between man and man were governed by municipal law. All that international law in the one case, and municipal law in the other, can do, is to direct that treaties and contracts be faithfully performed, and to give rules in certain cases for their interpretation.

To attempt to enumerate, or even accurately to classify, the objects for which treaties are contracted, would be fruitless. Roughly, it may be said that their principal objects are four. First, the termination of existing disputes; secondly, the avoiding future ones; thirdly, mutual assistance; and fourthly, the preventing one government from using its powers of external action, or of internal legislation, to the inconvenience of another.

To the first of these classes belong the treaties by which wars are ended, or by which controversies which might have inflamed into wars, are settled. To the second belong arrangements of boundaries, of rights of passage and of fishery, agreements on controverted questions in international law; and, still more directly, engagements that all future disputes shall be decided, not by force, but by arbitration. Treaties for mutual assistance are directed either against third states, which appear to the contracting parties to be strong enough to be objects of alarm, or to be weak enough to be subjects for spoliation or partition; or against particular classes of the subjects of the contracting governments.

To the fourth class, belong commercial treaties, those which stipulate that the subjects of each government shall be capable of holding land or office in the other; those by which one contracting party renounces

the right to engage in war or in alliances without the consent of the other; and those which prohibit certain domestic institutions, such as a free press, and religious disabilities. Of course, a treaty between nations, like a contract between individuals, circumscribes the freedom of action of each party; and as the purposes to be effected in common become more numerous, each confederate renounces more and more of its independence; until at length its separate nationality may disappear, and the confederacy becomes an incorporation.

In the following pages, we propose to consider four of the principal existing Confederacies,—the Zollverein, the German Confederation, the Swiss Confederation, and the American Union; to give an outline of the most important provisions of each confederacy, and of the causes which led to their adoption; to point out some of their most material merits and defects;—and to ascertain to what extent the states which have formed them have retained their separate independence.

The ZOLLVEREIN belongs to the fourth class of Treaties. It is a commercial consolidation of the contracting states. But this object could not have been obtained unless each had sacrificed its power of independent action on several important subjects. The exterior frontier of the confederate states is about 1062 German miles in length; of which 774 belong to Prussia, 151 to Bavaria, 58 to Saxony, 3 to Wirtemberg, 60 to Baden, and the remaining 16 to Hesse Cassel; leaving to Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, the Thuringian States, and Frankfort, no exterior frontier whatever. If the treaty, therefore, had contained no stipulations except for mutual freedom of trade, it would have deprived the latter states of all revenue from customs, and have altered capriciously the revenues of the others;—increasing those of Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, and diminishing those of Wirtemberg, Saxony, and Hesse Cassel. To prevent this, it was agreed that the whole of the revenue collected along the exterior frontier, should be brought to one account, and divided between the different states, according to their relative population. This rendered a new set of provisions necessary; as the revenue collected by each frontier state was no longer her own, but a portion of a common fund, it would have been absurd to allow her to regulate it. A common Tariff was therefore

established. Another necessary consequence was the modification of excise duties, to prevent the excise revenue of one state from being destroyed, by the introduction of unexcised commodities from the others. So far, however, nothing was done except with the express consent of each state. But neither a tariff nor an excise can remain long unaltered. Each must be modified from time to time, to meet the changes in production and in commerce. And if every alteration had required a new treaty, and could have been defeated therefore by the opposition of a single state, the confederacy would in time have been dissolved; either by the inconveniences arising from the want of reform, or by the disputes and difficulties which every attempt at reform must have created. A congress, therefore, to which each state sends a delegate, meets annually, considers the changes which any member of the confederation may propose, and decides by a majority. The parties to the Zollverein, therefore, have relinquished their separate independence on two important administrative points,—commerce and finance. The Prussian tariff, which they have substantially adopted, though in many respects positively objectionable, is relatively good;—far better than that of England with all its modern improvements, and of course, still more superior to the barbarous systems of Russia and Austria. The members of the union, who, when they joined it, were subject to a more liberal tariff than that which they now endure, have, up to the present time, found their new freedom of internal trade more than a compensation. The danger is, that if national jealousies, anti-commercial prejudices, and the desire to sacrifice the permanent interests of consumers, to the temporary gains of landlords and producers, continue to spread and to increase in intensity, the tariff of the Zollverein may become more and more restrictive; and the population of the confederacy may be forced to use German manufactures, German wines, beet-root sugar, and European tobacco, to the exclusion of the far better and far cheaper products of England, France, and the Tropics.

The principal, but not the only object of the GERMAN CONFEDERATION, is security. The ancient Germanic Empire was not a confederacy, but one great feudal state, in which the imperial authority was universally recognized, though imperfectly obeyed. That authority, however, notwithstanding

its weakness, had been eminently beneficial. Though it could not prevent wars between the states which admitted its supremacy, it much diminished them. It introduced, first by practice, and afterwards by law, the reference to arbitration of all disputes between these states. It created an Imperial Chamber as a court of appeal from the decision of the arbitrators; and it placed at the disposal of that court a large military force, contributed by the ten circles into which the empire was divided. These institutions were the great sources and the great schools of international law. They afforded defence to the weak, and redress to the oppressed. They enabled more than three hundred petty states, all sovereign, except their feudal vassalage to the Emperor, but none of them capable of resisting their powerful neighbors, to preserve their independence for centuries.

But the unity of the Empire was irreparably weakened by the Reformation. Had Charles the Fifth embraced the doctrines of the Reformers, there can be no doubt that the whole of Germany would have followed his example. The public mind was so well prepared for those doctrines, that wherever they were favored by the sovereign, they were eagerly adopted by the people; and even where the sovereign opposed them, as in Bavaria, and in the hereditary dominions of Austria, it required centuries of oppression to eradicate them. Community of religion would have bound together the Emperor and his feudal subjects. The imperial crown might have become legally as well as practically hereditary; the great fiefs might have been gradually reunited to it, as was the case in France; and Germany might have become one great Protestant Empire. But, unhappily, we think, for Europe, Charles the Fifth, and his immediate successors, with the doubtful exception of Maximilian the Second, were bigoted Romanists. Toleration was not recognized by the political morality of the sixteenth, or even of the seventeenth century. The Emperor thought lawful every means by which heresy could be suppressed. And when the imperial authority was employed in persecution, resistance ceased to be considered by Protestants as treason. For more than a century from the league of Smalkald in 1530, down to the peace of Westphalia in 1648, a large portion of the empire was in a state of warfare against its chief,—sometimes unavowed, but more frequently open, and never intermitted. The provisions of the trea-

ty of Westphalia, which put an end to this long contest, were very unfavorable to the central power. By the eighth article of this treaty, the Emperor relinquished the right, unless by the assent of the Diet, to declare war, to make peace, to bind the empire by treaties, to raise troops or contributions, or even to garrison the existing fortresses of the empire, or to construct new ones. And by the same article, each sovereign state of the empire was declared to be independent in its internal concerns, and even as to its foreign relations,—provided its measures were not hostile to the general body.—From this time the imperial power rested on traditional reverence, and on the preponderance among the German states, of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria. But that preponderance was much diminished when the Electors of Hanover, Brandenburg, and Saxony, acquired the crowns of England, Prussia and Poland; and still more by the sudden growth of Prussia, and the successful wars which the royal vassal waged against his feudal lord. The traditional reverence was impaired by the errors of a series of weak emperors, and at last destroyed by the follies and rapacity of a very clever one. The constant endeavors of Joseph the Second to trample on the rights of his own subjects, and to seize the dominions of his neighbors, and particularly his repeated attempts on Bavaria, showed that the imperial power, unless restrained by a strong public opinion, might be a formidable instrument of oppression and ambition. And unhappily, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, public opinion had been so often outraged, that at length it had ceased to be sensitive. The only remark by a British minister on the first partition of Poland was, that “it seemed a *curious* transaction!”

At length the day of trial arrived, and the empire had to resist the revolutionary energy of France. A few months were enough to show that all its vigor, and almost all its coherence, were gone. On the 21st of October, 1792, the French seized Mayence; and the next day Frankfort. On the same day, the Diet met at Ratisbon to consider the state of their relations with France, and six months elapsed before the forms were gone through, which were necessary to a formal declaration of war. But by this time, its ill-connected parts had begun to separate. In the beginning of 1793, the Elector of Bavaria signed with France a separate treaty of neutrality. The Duke of Wirtemberg soon afterwards made a similar

proposal, which, though at first rejected by France, was at length accepted. In April 1795, the King of Prussia, as Elector of Brandenburg, made a separate peace; and engaged for the neutrality of all the states on the north of the Main. This neutrality was immediately accepted by the landgrave of Hesse Cassell, and soon afterwards by the states forming the circles of Swabia and Franconia. And in 1797, Francis II., finding the empire practically reduced to his own hereditary dominions, signed, as Emperor, the treaty of Campo Formio.

That Peace set the example of the hateful system of Indemnities,—a system under which the greater powers settled their quarrels, by agreeing to divide and appropriate the territories of the weaker ones,—a system under which negotiation for peace inspired a wider and juster alarm than a declaration of war. By the public articles of the treaty of Campo Formio, Austria ceded to France the Austrian Netherlands, and a portion of Lombardy; and France handed over to Austria,—Venice, Istria, and Dalmatia. By the secret articles, Austria engaged that the left bank of the Rhine, as far as the Meuse, should belong to France; and France engaged that Austria should be indemnified, by the cession to her of the Salzburg territory, and a large portion of Bavaria.

In 1799, the war between France and the Empire was renewed; and in 1801, it was again suspended by a similar arrangement, called the treaty of Luneville. By that treaty, and by the act of the Diet carrying it into execution, the whole left bank of the Rhine, and a further portion of the Austrian dependencies in Italy, became French; and the princes who lost by these cessions, received in exchange forty-five out of the sixty-one free towns, and all the territories of the ecclesiastical sovereigns.

In September, 1805, the war recommenced—Wirtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria, siding with France, and Prussia remaining neuter. In the following December, it ended by the battle of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg. By this peace, Austria relinquished to France the remainder of her Italian dominions, and divided between Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, the Voralberg, the Tyrol, and her Swabian territories. She acknowledged the Dukes of Wirtemberg and Bavaria as Kings, and consented that they, and also the Duke of Baden, should possess their new dominions,

and also their ancient ones, in full sovereignty. By virtue of this treaty—a treaty to which only France and Austria were parties—these sovereigns immediately abolished the representative constitutions of their states, and assumed despotic power over their own subjects, and over those of the princes of the empire whose territories were surrounded by their own. To complete the picture of the political morality of Germany, we must add, that a few months afterwards, in April 1806, Prussia, the ally of England and of Hanover, by virtue of a convention with France, seized the Hanoverian dominions and annexed them to her own.

The German empire was practically dissolved by the peace of Presburg, though it existed nominally for a few months longer. On the 1st of August, 1806, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse-Cassel, and twelve other inferior members, formally detached themselves from the empire, and formed the Confederation of the Rhine, under the Protectorate of France. Five days afterwards, on the 6th of August, 1806, Francis, the fifty-fifth successor of Charlemagne, resigned the Crown which had been worn for more than a thousand years; and released from their allegiance all the electors, princes, and states, which still acknowledged his supremacy.

The act constituting the Confederation of the Rhine, declared that the sovereigns of whom it consisted possessed their territories,—including the interspersed dominions of the former princes of the empire,—in full sovereignty. So attractive was this bait, that when the Confederation was dissolved by the ruin of its protector, it included all Germany except Prussia and Austria, and the portion incorporated in France. Out of about three hundred and fifty sovereign states, not more than thirty-eight remained. All the rest had been absorbed by France, or by their immediate neighbors.

In 1814, when victory enabled the Allied sovereigns to remodel central Europe, two propositions became obvious. First, that the reconstruction of the Germanic empire on its ancient basis was inexpedient, and probably impracticable. Impracticable, because the kingdoms and grand-duchies which had arisen out of its ruins would have resisted the attempt to reduce them to feudatories—inexpedient, because that empire had shown that it had not cohesion sufficient to withstand the first shock

of the compact and centralized power of France. And secondly, that to give perfect independence to its existing free Cities, Princes, and Kings of the second order, would create a set of principalities still more unfit for defence against a common enemy than they had been when members of the empire, and in most cases incapable even of keeping peace at home. No one ventured to propose to mediatize them all, and partition Germany between the only German states that could be called really powerful, Austria and Prussia; and if such a suggestion had been made, it would have been stifled by the general indignation of Europe. The only remaining course was to connect them by a confederacy; and accordingly the sixth article of the treaty of Paris of May, 1814, an article which fixed the destinies of perhaps a sixth of Europe, stipulates that 'the German states shall be independent, and united by a federal league.'

In the following autumn the negotiations by which this vague stipulation was to be developed and effected, began. Saxony, whose separate existence was then in question, was excluded from them. The right to conduct them was assumed by the other five Germanic kingdoms—Austria, Prussia, England, as representing Hanover, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg. We think it probable that neither Bavaria nor Wirtemberg would have been admitted to these conferences if Austria had been a free agent. But she had entangled herself by the secret articles of the treaties of Reid. These treaties between Austria and Bavaria, and between Austria and Wirtemberg, bear date the 8th of October, and the 2d of November, 1813. Both, therefore, must have been negotiated, and the first was actually signed, between the battles of Dresden and Leipsic. At that time, when the fate of Europe was trembling, Bavaria and Wirtemberg almost held the balance. Estimating their armies at 50,000 men, and they rather exceeded that number, their hostility or assistance made a difference to the Allied forces of 100,000 men. Unfortunately their co-operation was obtained a few days too late. The battle of Leipsic ended on the 18th of October. On the 16th, the Bavarian army under Wrede began its march from Branau on the Inn, for the purpose of cutting off Bonaparte's retreat. Wrede reached Hanau on the 28th. Had he been two days earlier, he could have intercepted the French army at Gelnhausen, about

twenty miles higher up on the Kinsig, where the only road runs between precipices on one side and a rapid river on the other. Under such circumstances the French might have been forced to surrender or disperse, and the war would have been finished in a week. As it was, he had to meet them in the open fields before Hanau, and even then Bonaparte lost more than a third of his army before he burst through.

An ally capable of such services was to be purchased on his own terms; and the terms demanded by the King of Bavaria, and conceded by the treaty, were, absolute independence and full sovereignty. The treaty with Wirtemberg contained a clause in nearly the same words. In the face of these treaties it was impossible to treat the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg as mere subordinates. Their ministers took part in all the discussions in which the Act of Federation was framed; and as nothing was decided except by unanimity, they exercised a powerful and mischievous influence. All the provisions which tended to strengthen the federal authority, all those which would have protected the rights of the people of each state against its ruler, all that imposed duties on the sovereigns in favor of their own subjects or of the confederacy,—in short, all that supported liberty and order against arbitrary authority, were proposed or supported by the three great powers, England, Prussia and Austria; and opposed by their new and comparatively inconsiderable colleagues.

Fortunately these discussions were recorded day by day as they occurred, and the record was published by Martens, who acted as Secretary. It is one of the most valuable historical documents of that memorable period.* The following short outline is chiefly taken from it:—

At the first meeting of the Conference, on the 16th October, 1816, Austria and Prussia presented a project, which they had agreed on as the basis of a new federal constitution; the object of which was declared to be the preservation to all classes in the German nation of external safety, and internal constitutional rights. It divided Germany into seven circles, over two of which Austria, over two Prussia, and over the remaining three Bavaria, Hanover, and Wirtemberg were respectively to preside. The central government was to re-

side in a Diet, divided into two chambers—one consisting of the five presidents; Austria and Prussia having each two votes, and the three others each a single vote; and the other of the subordinate princes and the free towns. Each chamber was to decide by the majority of votes. The first chamber to sit permanently, and to have the exclusive management of the foreign relations of the confederation; the other, to regulate, with the concurrence of the first chamber, its internal affairs. The management of the federal army, and the execution of the decrees of the Diet, to be intrusted to the presidents of circles; the purely German states to be incapable of making war, or peace, or alliances; and no member of the confederation to be capable of engaging in war with any other. All their mutual disputes to be decided by arbitration, or by the higher chamber of the Diet, or by a federal tribunal. Every confederate state to receive a representative constitution, and the federal compact to declare the *minimum* of popular rights. To this proposal Bavaria and Wirtemberg objected, almost *in toto*. They especially remonstrated against the provisions which deprived the German sovereigns of the power of making war, peace, or alliances, to those which proposed a federal tribunal, and to those which mentioned constitutional rights, proposed representative governments, and stipulated for a *minimum* of popular power. The King of Bavaria said, that he exercised over his people sovereign rights, sanctioned by treaty, with which he would allow of no interference. The King of Wirtemberg, that he would acquiesce in no restriction on his powers as a sovereign,—powers actually in his possession, and recognized by treaties. He was willing to refer his differences with other German states to arbitration; but would not submit to be dictated to as to his foreign policy, or his management of his own subjects. In particular he declared, that even admitting, which he denied, the propriety of inserting, in the federal act, a clause favorable to the universal introduction of representative constitutions, the time when such constitutions should be given to each state, and the amount of popular rights to be conceded, must be left absolutely to the discretion of its sovereign.* To which Prince Metternich, speaking in the name of Austria, orally answered,—‘That it was

* *Congrès de Vienne. Recueil des Pièces Officielles.* 6 vols. Paris: 1816.

* *Recueil*, Vol. i. p. 100.

absolutely necessary that the minimum of such rights should be fixed under the act—That under the ancient empire, the subjects of every German state had rights against their sovereign—That in some states these rights had been lately disregarded, and that such oppression must be rendered impossible for the future.* The written answer of the plenipotentiaries of Hanover was equally decided.

'The Prince Regent of Great Britain and Hanover,' they said, 'cannot admit that the late changes in Germany have given to its princes despotic power. The German states from time immemorial have enjoyed representative constitutions. How can these constitutions have been destroyed by conventions made by their sovereigns with Bonaparte? What sovereign will say, that he treated with a foreign ruler against his own subjects? Even if such a use could be made of the treaties, those which declare certain princes to be sovereigns (the allusion is to the secret articles of the treaties of Reid) do not thereby declare them to be absolute. The King of Great Britain is as much a sovereign as any continental prince; but the liberties of his people support, instead of weakening his throne. They demand, therefore, that it be declared by a law of the confederation, that representative bodies be created in the states in which they do not now exist, and that their concurrence be requisite in the imposition of taxes, and in legislation; and that they be empowered to watch the administration of the public revenue, and to demand the punishment of public delinquents. They are ready to acquiesce in the general rule, that questions between a prince and his subjects are in the first place to be brought before the tribunal of the state; but in that case, the judges should be released *pro tanto* from their allegiance, and engage to decide according to law. And in all cases there must be an appeal from the individual sovereign to the Diet. In the present state of men's minds,' they add, 'less than this will not produce content or even tranquillity.†

Austria, Prussia, and Hanover appear to have attacked the obstinacy or ambition of Bavaria and Wirtemberg with every diplomatic weapon. They received the hearty support of the German states not admitted to the conference. A Memorial signed by the plenipotentiaries of these states, dated

the 16th of November, 1814, urges the necessity of putting an end to all arbitrary authority, by the universal introduction of representative constitutions, by investing the representative bodies with four powers, nearly resembling those which Hanover had required—namely, taxation, legislation, superintendence of the public expenditure, and representation of grievances,—by a federal tribunal, by a federal army, and by a central authority representing the German nation, and controlling all its members.* Even Russia was called to aid the cause of liberal principles. Count Nesselrode, in his master's name, declared his warm approbation of the proposed basis, and particularly of the provisions for the creation and maintenance, by the confederation, of representative constitutions, the guardians of liberty and property. 'Germany,' continued the Emperor of Russia, 'will not enjoy tranquillity until the abuses of authority are prevented, and the rights of all are fixed and protected by powerful and liberal institutions. His Imperial Majesty, therefore, will support the propositions of Austria, Prussia, and Hanover, by the strongest expression of opinion, and if necessary, by actual intervention.†

The royal recusants were proof against menace, as well as against argument. They ridiculed the notion of a German nation, clung to the treaties of Reid, and protested that their duties towards their subjects, and the honor of their Crown prohibited them from relinquishing a particle of their irresponsible sovereignty. The King of Wirtemberg quitted Vienna abruptly, and the conference was broken up on the 16th of November, and never renewed in the same form.

In February, 1815, the minor princes and free towns requested that it might be reassembled. This request was supported by the Prussian plenipotentiaries, in a Note in which, after admitting that the original scheme was in some respects capable of modification, they declared their firm conviction that three provisions were absolutely essential; first, a strong federal army; secondly, a federal tribunal; and thirdly, the establishment and security of representative constitutions.‡

It is difficult to say what would have been the result if Napoleon had remained in

* *Recueil*, p. 85.

† *Ibid.*, p. 101.

* *Ibid.*, Vol. ii. p. 33.

† See this remarkable paper. *Recueil*, Vol. i. p. 329.

‡ *Recueil*, Vol. 3. p. 129.

Elba. Perhaps Germany would have continued a mass of independent states, with no bond of union and no common superior. Perhaps it would have split into two great Confederacies, one under the Protectorate of Austria, and the other under that of Prussia. Or, more probably, the resistance of the Kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria,—a resistance in which the people of neither country sympathized,—would have been gradually overcome; the basis of the original scheme would have been adhered to; and Germany would have obtained an external force and an internal freedom which are not supplied by the existing Act of Confederation. But at this time expedition was more important than completeness. It was probable that, within six months, the countries between the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube, would be the seat of war; and experience showed how fatal that war would be if it caught them discontented or even disquieted. No time was to be lost, and no time was lost. Napoleon's return was known in Vienna on the 12th of March, 1815, and the Act of Confederation was signed on the 8th of June following.

The initiative was taken as before by Prussia. On the first of May her plenipotentiaries submitted to Prince Metternich a project, of which the material points were these: That the division of Germany into circles should be abandoned; that the higher chamber of the Diet should contain a few sovereigns as permanent members: but that all the others should be admitted in rotation. The constitution of the second chamber is not stated. It was probably intended to consist of representatives of all the members of the confederation. All executive acts were to be performed by the first chamber, taxation belonged to the second, and both were to concur in legislation. A federal tribunal was to be established to decide originally all questions between state and state, and, by appeal, all between the subjects of a state and its sovereign. In each state the judges to be irremovable except by formal judicial sentence, and released, on all questions between their own sovereign and his subjects, from any oath of obedience. Existing representative constitutions to be maintained, and, where they did not exist, to be created, and every class of citizens to take part in them. Religion and the Press to be perfectly free, subject as to the latter to the responsibility of authors and printers,

and to the inspection by the police of periodical writings and pamphlets.*

Austria proposed a counter project, under which the Diet was to consist of only one chamber, and no mention was made of the liberty of the press. The establishment of a federal tribunal was reserved for the Diet; but the clause requiring the maintenance or introduction of representative constitutions under the protection and guarantee of the confederation, was retained. Out of these two projects was formed the plan submitted by Austria and Prussia to the new conference, and with some modifications adopted. That conference assembled on the 23d of May. It was far more numerous than the previous one, containing plenipotentiaries not only from Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Bavaria, but also from Saxony, Hesse, Baden, the Netherlands and Denmark, and from the minor princes and free towns. Wirtemberg alone did not appear.

The project was debated in ten conferences. The following is an abstract of the federal act which was the ultimate result. It consists of twenty articles; the eleven first are termed general provisions, the nine last, special provisions. By the three first, the German states unite themselves in a perpetual Confederation, consisting of thirty-eight members.† The 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th articles create the Diet by which the affairs of the confederation are to be managed. The Diet sits, to use an English nomenclature, either as a House or as a Committee of the whole House. In the first case, the eleven principal states—that is, from Austria down to Luxemburg inclusive—have each one vote, and the twenty-six others have six votes among them. But when it sits as a committee, the six most important states have each four votes, the five next three votes each, the three next two votes each, and the twenty-four others have a vote apiece. The eleven principal states, therefore, have eleven votes out of seventeen when the Diet sits as a house, and thirty-nine out of sixty-nine when it sits in committee. The Diet *in committee* cannot discuss, it merely accepts

* *Recueil*, Vol. iv. p. 201; Vol. v. p. 29.

† The six most important members, are Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wirtemberg. Next come Baden, Hesse Cassell, Hesse Darmstadt, Holstein, and Luxemburg; then Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Nassau. The four free towns, Lubeck, Frankfort, Bremen, and Hamburg, and twenty inferior principalities, whose polysyllabic names are generally unknown to the English reader, form the remainder.

or rejects. The majority must consist of two-thirds, and on questions relating to the fundamental laws or organic institutions of the confederation, unanimity is requisite. The Diet *as a house*, votes according to absolute majority, Austria having a casting vote. It prepares all questions for the committee, and decides as to the cases in which a reference to the Diet sitting in Committee is necessary. The questions as to which unanimity is already mentioned to be requisite, must be decided by the Diet in committee. Article ten declares, that the first duty of the Diet, on its meeting on the 1st of September, 1845, shall be the enactment of the fundamental laws of the confederation, and its organization for the management of its foreign, military, and internal affairs. By article eleven, the confederates engage that they will contract no alliances which may endanger the confederation or any of its members,—will not treat separately with any power at war with the confederation,—will refer all their mutual differences to the Diet or to arbitration, and on no pretext whatever will make war on one another.

Of the special provisions, the only important ones are the thirteenth, which affirms that a representative constitution will take place (*wird statt finden*) in every state; the sixteenth, which declares that in no state shall differences as to Christian faith affect civil or political rights; and the eighteenth, which provides that the subjects of each state shall enjoy throughout the confederacy the right to purchase land, to acquire and take away personal property, to remove from their own state to any other willing to receive them, and to enter its civil and military service.

It will be observed that all allusion to a federal tribunal, or to any other mode of redressing or even hearing the complaints of subjects against their sovereigns, is omitted; and that the promise, if it can be called a promise, of representative constitutions, is expressed in terms so vague as to be valueless.

The last alteration made in this clause shows the alarm which it excited in the absolutist party. It had been pared down to these words—'*In allen Bundesstaaten soll eine landstaendische Verfassung bestehen*,'—which may be translated, 'a representative constitution shall be established in all the confederate states.' Bavaria objected to the imperative future *soll*, answering to our *shall*, and to the permanence of the word *bestehen*, and required *soll* to be

changed into *wird*, that is, *shall* into *will*, and *bestehen* into *statt finden*, that is, *established* into *take place*.*

These omissions were not submitted to without a struggle. On the first discussion, the princes and free towns required that the right of the representative bodies to concur in taxation and legislation, and to represent their grievances, should be secured † The same demand was made by Mecklenburg, ‡ and by Luxemburg, § (the King of Holland,) —'What would have been the value,' said his plenipotentiary, 'of a promise by King John to the people of England, that they should have a Charter and a Parliament, without any stipulation as to the contents of the one or the powers of the other?' Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Hesse Cassell, Oldenburg, Lubeck, and all the Saxon principalities, protested formally against the omission of a federal tribunal. The plenipotentiaries of Hanover declared it to be the earnest desire of the Prince-Regent that the confederation should not be a mere political alliance, but a union of the whole German nation: 'That he well knew that neither the wants nor the wishes of the people would be satisfied until they obtained representative constitutions guaranteed by the union, and supported by a federal tribunal: But that, convinced that these objects could not be immediately attained, and that an imperfect confederacy was better than none, he authorized them to sign the treaty; and to accompany that signature by a declaration, that he never would relax his efforts until its defects should be supplied. ||

Thirty years have now passed since the Act of Confederation was signed, and we can form some judgment how far it has effected its proposed objects—'the external and internal security of Germany, and the inviolable independence of each separate state.' During that period, Germany has certainly been preserved from aggression. But so has been all Europe north of the Alps. We cannot ascribe to the confederation the safety of Germany during universal peace. How far, then, has the confederation succeeded in maintaining internal tranquillity? It has not prevented a royal revolution in Hanover, or popular revolutions in Saxony, Hesse Cassell, and Brunswick. It has not prevented the King of Han-

* Schoell, *Traité de Paix*, Vol. ii p. 307.

† *Recueil*, Vol. v. p. 100.

‡ *Ibid.*, Vol. ii p. 270.

§ *Ibid.*, 161.

|| *Ibid.*, Vol. v. p. 266.

over from trampling down the liberties of his subjects; or the people of Hesse Cassell and Brunswick from deposing their sovereigns; or the mobs of Leipsic and Dresden from changing the constitution of Saxony, and forcing their King to abdicate, and his immediate successor to resign. It promised Liberty of the Press: it has destroyed it throughout the whole of Germany. It promised improvement in the commercial relations of the confederate states: it has abandoned them to the Zollverein. It promised to every German free passage from state to state: and even now a Bohemian cannot cross the mountains which separate him from Saxony, without suing at Vienna for a passport; and obtaining it, if he obtain it at all, at considerable expense, and after two months' delay. It promised representative constitutions to every state: a whole generation has passed away, and still, in the greater part of the confederacy, there are none. Those which exist are subject, not only in their acts, but even in their deliberations, to the *surveillance* and control of the Diet; they are forbidden to make the granting supplies conditional on the redress of grievances; they are forbidden to enact laws which may be detrimental to the confederacy; and the Diet declares itself to be the sole judge what is to be held detrimental. What will be the tendency of its decisions, may be inferred from the principle laid down by the first article of its decree of 1832—'That all political power ought to be concentrated in the sovereign of each state, and that each sovereign is not only justified, but actually bound by his duty to the confederacy, to reject any proposal inconsistent with this principle.'*

The result has been external calm, and internal fermentation. The outbreaks through which the popular indignation exhaled, during the first twenty years of the confederacy, have ceased in the hopelessness of redress. But a bitter enmity to the existing despotic institutions is general; and the popular leaders, deprived of the experience and the responsibility which both inform and control those who are allowed to take part in the real management of the affairs of their country, have been guilty of all sorts of democratic and anarchical extravagances. Never has there been a prophecy more thoroughly fulfilled, than that above mentioned of the Emperor

Alexander, when he foretold that Germany would not rest satisfied with a constitution which did not oppose to the abuses of power 'strong and liberal institutions.'

It may appear questionable whether states, subject to this amount of control, are individually independent, or merely members of one Empire, of which the Diet is the aristocratic ruler. The original Act of Confederation certainly left them independent; but the fundamental laws subsequently passed by the Diet, allow, to the purely German states, little real sovereignty. We have alluded to some of those which gave a right of interference in their domestic concerns. The management of their foreign relations is almost taken out of their hands by the decree of 1820. By the thirty-first article, any foreign state may complain to the Diet of the conduct of a member of the Confederacy; and the Diet, if the complaint be just, is required to force the offending state to make immediate and full reparation. And generally, in case of a controversy between any member of the confederacy and a foreign state, the Diet is to examine into the question, and to require, and if necessary to force, the confederate state to accept or to render the satisfaction that the Diet may think reasonable.

Still we apprehend that the different states must be considered legally sovereign, whatever be the practical subserviency of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, with a territory of less than seven square German miles, an army of 345 men, and a revenue of £13,000 a-year; or of Liechtenstein, with less than three square miles for its territory, fifty-five men for its army, and £2,200 a-year for its revenue.

In the first place no alteration can be made in the fundamental laws of the confederation, except by unanimity. Liechtenstein may oppose its veto to the wish of its thirty-seven confederates. In the second place, the members of the Diet are merely the delegates of their respective sovereigns, speaking in their names and obeying their orders.* Both these provisions are inconsistent with the notion of the Diet's being a supreme power governing the confederacy as one nation, and acting for the general benefit of the whole, not the individual interests of a single member. And, lastly, which is the decisive mark of a mere confederacy, the inhabitants of each state owe allegiance only to their immediate sove-

* See Decree of the Diet of the 28th June, 1832.

* Decree of the 3d June, 1820. Art. 8.

reign. The Diet, says the Decree of 1820, article thirty-two, proceeds against sovereigns, not against individuals. Resistance to its orders, or to its executive, is not treason. Under the feeble rule of the ancient Germanic Empire, the separate states possessed more real, and less legal independence than the members of the present Confederacy. Resistance to the Emperor was indeed always a crime; but in the many cases in which he was not strong enough to punish, it was not a folly. Resistance to the Diet can never be a crime, but in the weaker states it must always be a folly.

The *Pacte Fédéral*, connecting the SWISS CANTONS, bears date the seventh of August, 1815. Like that which unites the German States, it is an alliance partly for personal and commercial intercourse, but principally for security.

For these purposes, however, particularly for the former, it is still less efficient than the German confederacy, as will appear from a brief summary of its principal provisions.

By the first article, the twenty-two cantons unite themselves for the preservation of internal tranquillity, and for defence against foreign aggression. They guarantee to one another their respective territory, and their respective constitutions, established by the supreme authority of each canton, and conforming to the principles of the *Pacte*. The *Pacte* proceeds to declare that no part of Switzerland shall in future be subject to another; and that political rights shall not be the exclusive privilege of any class. That no cantons shall contract between one another alliances injurious to the rights of the others. That no canton shall make war on another; and that all differences between them shall be settled by arbiters selected from among the magistrates of the neutral cantons. That every canton may require from the other cantons assistance in case of external aggression or internal disturbance;—the expense of the intervention falling on the whole Confederation, in case of foreign war, on the canton requiring aid in the case of internal disturbance. In the latter case the disturbers are to be punished according to the law of the disturbed canton, which has the option of trying them by its own judges, or by judges appointed by the cantons which have assisted in suppressing the tumult. That the purchase of commodities, and their passage from canton to can-

ton, shall be free,—subject to any measures of police for the prevention of monopoly and forestalling. That no new tolls shall be created, or the existing ones raised, or, if they were originally granted for only a limited period, prolonged.

Such are the provisions of the *Pacte* with respect to the mutual relations of the cantons.

With respect to their foreign relations, the Cantons renounce their separate right to make war or peace, or contract alliances. They may, however, enter into conventions with foreign powers for furnishing mercenaries, and *pour des objets économiques et de police*,—such, we presume, as postage, or the extradition of criminals.*

These provisions rendered necessary a central authority, which should represent the cantons in their intercourse with foreign states, and direct their common defence. For this purpose a Diet is provided, consisting of delegates from the twenty-two cantons, acting under the instructions of their respective governments; each canton having a single vote. It meets alternately for two years in Bern, Zurich, and Luzern. The canton in which it meets becomes, for these two years, the directing canton, (*Vorort*,) its principal magistrate is the President; and, during the recess of the Diet, the government of the *Vorort* is the federal government,—communicates with foreign powers, and may convoke an extraordinary session. The Diet, by a majority of two-thirds, may grant additional powers to the *Vorort*.

The powers and duties of the Diet are to make war and peace, and to contract treaties of alliance and commerce. For these purposes a majority of three-fourths, or seventeen votes out of twenty-two, is requisite. It carries into execution the sentences of arbiters between canton and canton. It directs the course to be taken in case of foreign attack, or of internal sedition. And it is empowered, generally, 'to take all measures, which may be necessary, for the internal and external safety of Switzerland.' For all these purposes the concurrence of a majority of the whole number of votes, that is, twelve out of the twenty-two, is requisite.

The Diet has, for its instruments, an army and a revenue. The army consists of a federal militia, of about forty thousand men, which, when required, is to be fur-

* Supplementary article of the 18th July, 1818.

nished by the cantons, in the proportion of two per cent. to their population. The Diet appoints the superior officers, calls it out, superintends its discipline, training, and equipment, and commands its services. The revenue consists of an annual sum of about forty thousand pounds sterling, furnished by the cantons; and of the produce of a duty, varying from three-halfpence to threepence a hundred-weight on imports; from which, however, the commodities which we select as the especial subjects of taxation, grain, timber, hides, butter, hay, and straw, and generally the articles most important to the mass of the people, are free.*

As respects the external relations of Switzerland, the Confederation amounts to nearly a complete union. Except for comparatively unimportant details, all the cantons are represented by the Diet. But, as respects the internal tranquillity of the cantons, and their relations towards one another, the *Pacte* is a mere treaty, which attempts very little, and of that little has effected only a part. It guaranteed to each canton its existing constitution. During the thirty years that have passed since that guarantee was given, in the greater part of the cantons—in all, indeed, except the pure democracies—the constitutions which existed in 1815 have been subverted by violence. In some there have been successive revolutions. It professes to guarantee freedom of commerce between canton and canton, and freedom of transit. The Swiss democracies, however, have fallen into the vulgar error of thinking that they can impose duties which shall fall upon foreigners. Many of the cantons surround their petty frontiers by cantonal barriers. They construct admirable roads, and then subject those who use them to tolls and examinations, which, partly from their expensiveness in money, and still more from their waste of time and of trouble, make it the interest of almost every trader to avoid them. In this respect Switzerland is a marked contrast to the Zollverein. In the Zollverein the duties along the foreign frontier are severe, but within that great circle commerce is free. In Switzerland the duties along the exterior frontier are

scarcely more than nominal, while neighboring cantons are striving each to exclude the other from the use of its markets and its roads.

In one respect, and a very important one, the provisions of the present *Pacte* have been eminently successful. They have cut short all the wars between the cantons. There can be no doubt that if the federal bond were broken, a set of petty independent states, differing in religion, in language, in habits, and in interests, and with the propensity to war which always accompanies the preponderance of the democratic element, would be constantly trying to tear one another to pieces. It requires a strong independent authority to keep the peace among individuals; and nations have all the bad passions of individuals in greater intensity. The Swiss, too, are eminently pugnacious. In the beginning of last year thousands of men left their comfortable homes, submitted to the fatigues and privations of long mountain marches, and exposed themselves to be shot as soldiers, or hanged as criminals, merely to prevent an independent nation from exercising its own judgment as to the choice of some of its Professors! It is probable, however, that this very pugnacity, which, if there were no confederacy, would render wars perpetual, enables the central authority to abridge or prevent them. The federal militia is always ready to start up at the first requisition of the Diet or Vorort. Its superior officers are, as we have seen, nominated by the Diet; and such is the force of military habits and traditions among a people of soldiers, that the whole body, though drawn from so many and so different districts, is the blind instrument of its military and political chiefs.

The events of 1833 afford a remarkable example. At that time the whole of Switzerland was disturbed. The greater part of the cantons had been the scenes of successful revolutions. The Diet had resolved that the federal *Pacte* should be amended, by provisions strengthening the central power, and enabling every Swiss to settle and follow his business or his profession in every part of Switzerland. The three forest cantons, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, urged by the love of local independence, and the hatred of innovation which belong to small democracies, and the tradesmen of Basle and Neuchatel, preferring to every public object their exclu-

* The amount of this duty in 1832 was 170,000 Swiss francs, or about £10,000 sterling. The Diet has also a capital producing an income of about £6000 sterling a year. So that the whole federal revenue is about £56,000 a year—less than the annual cost of an English frigate.

sive privileges, would consent to no change, however beneficial, which might impair the cantonal sovereignty of the former, or disturb the municipal monopolies of the latter. They recalled their deputies from the Diet, and formed an alliance, called the league of Sarnen, for the express purpose of resisting all innovation. The Valais, Appenzell, and Zug also withdrew their deputies; and, though they did not join the league of Sarnen, were avowedly favorable to its purposes. These eight cantons now became what is called in Switzerland the aristocratic party; not from the forms of their governments, all of which, except Basle and Neuchatel, are pure democracies; but from their resistance to change generally, and particularly to any change which may strengthen the central at the expense of the cantonal authority, or may give to the majority of the inhabitants of Switzerland any power over the minority. On the other hand, Bern, Argau, Thurgau, Luzern, and St. Gall, though all representative, and therefore admitting into their constitutions an aristocratic element, then formed the democratic party; whose object was to destroy the sovereignty of the cantons, and to convert Switzerland into one state, governed by an omnipotent assembly elected by the majority of the people. If the aristocratic party could maintain itself, it seemed probable that the confederacy would break up into two or more hostile bodies of allies. If the democratic party should succeed, the confederacy would equally cease to exist as a confederacy, and be converted into a great republic.

But some of the cantons which had set the example of separation were themselves in danger of falling to pieces. The country districts of Basle rose against the town, and demanded a preponderance in the legislature. Some portions of Schwytz did not possess their fair share of political power. They separated themselves from the rest of the canton, and sent their own deputies to the Diet. The government of Schwytz raised a small regular force, summoned the peasants by the alarm-bell, and took military possession of the seceding districts. The Diet, then sitting at Zurich, called out the federal militia. The next day 6000 men were under arms: in three days the force amounted to 20,000; 8000 men instantly occupied Schwytz. Another body took possession of Basle. The seceding cantons were required to send

deputies to the Diet. All obeyed except Neuchatel. Notice was given, that, unless by a certain day the Neuchatel deputies appeared, the town should be occupied by the federal troops. Within the prescribed period they took their seats. So far the Diet had interfered against the aristocratic party. Bern, which, from its wealth, territory, and population, must always lead the party to which it adheres, was then, and indeed is now, eminently democratic. The Bernese deputies, acting under the instructions of their government, now brought forward measures for the punishment of those who had promoted the late disturbances. Among them were propositions that those deputies from the Forest Cantons, who had previously represented their governments at Sarnen, should be expelled from the Diet; and that a federal tribunal should be created, to try for treason the members of the government of Schwytz, who had directed the employment of force against the districts which had separated themselves from the canton. If these propositions were rejected, the Bernese deputies were instructed to retire from the Diet. The Diet, passing by the propositions, replied to the threat, that if the Bernese deputies retired, the federal army which had occupied Basle and Schwytz would immediately occupy Bern. This was sufficient. The propositions were tacitly abandoned, and the Bernese deputies remained.

It is probable that if, in 1831, the Diet had known how completely the federal army was at its disposal, how readily it might be directed against the democratic as well as the aristocratic party, the revolutions which in that year changed the institutions of the greater part of Switzerland, would have been suppressed or prevented. Whether this would have been a good or an evil, may be a question. We are inclined to think that it would have been a good. The governments which were overturned in 1831, were, it is true, almost all aristocratic or oligarchic, but they were just and economical. Their citizens formed the richest, the most prosperous, and the best educated portions of the Swiss. We doubt whether the democratic rulers who have succeeded them, will direct the internal affairs of their cantons as well. We are sure that, as yet, they have managed the external affairs much worse. From 1831 until now, the revolutionized cantons have been the pests of their neighbors in

and out of Switzerland. The local governments have not been strong enough, or firm enough, to prevent their territories from becoming the seats of intrigues against their foreign and their Swiss allies, and occasionally the camps from which free corps—that is to say, men guilty of the atrocious crime of making war without lawful authority—have issued to invade independent and friendly states, and to subvert independent and friendly governments.

It is impossible for any impartial bystander to approve the conduct of either the democratic or the aristocratic party. The object of the democratic, or, as it is sometimes called, the unitary party, is, as we have seen, to convert Switzerland into one republic, governed by the will of the numerical majority. Its object is to destroy the cantonal nationality, which is the only nationality that affects the imagination, or obtains the love, or flatters the pride of a Swiss. Its object is to substitute for the many different constitutions by which Switzerland is at present diversified, one uniform system of representation. What would be thought of an attempt to govern France, Italy, and Holland, by one representative assembly? and yet France, Italy, and Holland, do not differ from one another in race, in interests, in prejudices, and in habits, more than the French, the German, and the Italian Cantons. They do not, indeed, differ more than the manufacturing Protestants of the Outer Rhoden of Appenzell do, from the Catholic shepherds of the Inner Rhoden. A central government perfectly just, perfectly wise, and perfectly well informed, might certainly so frame its measures as to consult the general welfare of the whole; and to impose on no district or class any burden or privation which, consistently with that welfare, could be avoided. But what chance would there be of finding an approach to such qualities among deputies chosen by a dispersed agricultural population, where climate and natural obstacles obstruct communication; where there is no class set apart, by leisure or by fortune, for the acquisition of statistical and political knowledge, and no capital to collect and reflect it?

But supposing the establishment of the best central government,—not that is possible, but that is conceivable,—it would be intolerable to the inhabitants of more than one-third of Switzerland. The single canton of the Grisons now contains

sixty independent states, each consisting at an average of about two hundred and fifty families,—exercising supreme legislative, judicial, and executive authority, possessing its own traditions and its own history. The pride of one of these small commonwealths would be little soothed by being told, that in exchange for its present independence, it would in future have one two-thousandth part of the government of Switzerland. Even a member of the larger republics constituting the Valais, or even of the more populous communities of Glarus, the two Appenzells, Zug, Schwytz, Uri, and the two Unterwaldens, now accustomed to exercise sovereign authority in his own *landsgemeinde*, would treat vicarious power as mere delusion. An irresistible external force might establish such a government. France did so in 1798, after a war in which the women of the Forest Cantons fought by the side of the men. But as soon as the new government, thinking itself able to stand alone, allowed the French troops to retire, the local sovereignties, like springs relieved from a weight, started up, the legislative and executive councils fled, and nothing but foreign interposition prevented the complete restoration of cantonal independence.

The confederacy which, under the title of 'The Act of Mediation,' the strong hand of Bonaparte imposed upon Switzerland, left to the cantonal governments considerable administrative power. It allowed them to exercise legislative and executive functions within their respective frontiers; and it allowed them on all questions, except those between canton and canton, to give binding instructions to their deputies in the Diet. But in the Diet it gave a preponderance to the more populous cantons. Bern, Zurich, Vaud, St. Gall, Argau, and the Grisons, had each a double vote. As there were then only nineteen cantons—Geneva, the Valais, and Neuchâtel, then forming, or being intended to form parts of France—this gave to the six larger cantons twelve votes out of twenty-five. For declarations of war, for treaties of peace, and for foreign alliances, the concurrence of three-fourths of the twenty-five votes was required. On all other questions, as no proportion of votes was declared necessary, a simple majority must have been sufficient. The six cantons possessing double votes, therefore, with the concurrence of one other, could control the remaining twelve. It vested in the Diet the control of the Federal army, and the

management of all foreign relations; enabled it to decide all disputes between the cantons, to fix the amount of tolls, to create a uniform Swiss currency, and to authorize enlistment in foreign service. It subjected the legislative and executive officers of any canton which disobeyed a decree of the Diet, to punishment as rebels by a federal tribunal. It gave to every inhabitant of Switzerland liberty to reside and pursue his occupation wherever he thought fit—forbad all interior custom duties, forbad any canton to connect itself by treaty with another, or with a foreign country, or to keep more than two hundred regular soldiers. Lastly, By the Act of Mediation, the cantons guaranteed to one another all their existing constitutions, and the existing terms of confederacy, against all foreign powers, against one another, and against internal factions.

At that time the constitutions of the three Forest Cantons, and of Glarus, Zug, Appenzell, and the Grisons, were, as they are now, pure democracies; the others were representative democracies, with some mixture of aristocracy.

The Act of Mediation disclaimed the intention to subject Switzerland to a central government. It professed to leave untouched the sovereignty of the cantons. It contained, however, two provisions inconsistent with that sovereignty. These were, *first*, the clauses giving double votes to six of the cantons and allowing a majority of the Diet to bind the minority. It is essential to a federal union, as opposed to an incorporation, that each member should possess a *veto*. If it do not, its whole political existence may be changed without its concurrence. And *secondly*, the clause which subjected to punishment as rebels the legislative and executive functionaries of a canton which disobeyed the decrees of the Diet. Such a liability is destructive of sovereignty. A sovereign state cannot rebel; for rebellion implies subjection. The greatest defect of the Act was, that it seemed to exclude all modification of the existing cantonal constitutions. This was not indeed inconsistent with cantonal sovereignty, for a sovereign state may be bound by treaty not to alter its constitution; but it must in time have become an intolerable restraint. Bonaparte, however, knew that he was not legislating for posterity. He was erecting a temporary building, to be destroyed by his own hand if he succeeded in his plans of universal conquest, and to fall

with him if he failed. It lasted just eleven years;—eleven years during which Switzerland enjoyed more tranquillity, more freedom, and more prosperity than any other part of the Continent. These benefits, however, did not reconcile the cantons to the loss of their independence. In 1813, as soon as an Austrian army was interposed between them and the French frontier, they declared the Act of Mediation to be void. On this they were unanimous; but scarcely two cantons agreed as to a substitute. Many wished to revert to the state of things which had been altered by the French conquest in 1798, when Switzerland was divided into cantons, confederates, allies, and subject bailiwicks, connected by complicated and dissimilar relations, the result of wars, purchases, mortgages, cessions, and treaties—a state of things, of which the weakness and inconvenience were little felt while the rest of the Continent was also feeble and disjointed, but which would have rendered her independence precarious in the presence of the powerful neighbors by whom she is now surrounded.

The independence of Switzerland, however, is essential to the tranquillity of Europe. If she is not strong enough, we will not say to protect herself, but to contribute powerfully towards her own protection, she must be under the influence of France or of Austria. And the power which can turn her resources against the other, will always be tempted to make use of such an advantage. On her independence depends her neutrality, and her neutrality is a great safeguard against continental war. While her frontier is respected, it covers the most vulnerable side of each of these two great military monarchies. If it had been respected in 1803, the battle of Marengo would not have been fought, and that campaign might have been as indecisive as its predecessors. If it had been respected in 1813, great additional difficulties would have been thrown in Prince Schwartzberg's way; and the struggle, which more than once was doubtful, might have had a different termination. At the time of the Congress of Vienna, all parties, including even France, were anxious to diminish the chances of war. They required, therefore, that the cantons should be united by a confederacy sufficiently intimate to enable them to act as one body against an aggressor. For such a union the public feeling of the cantons was not then prepared. The Gri-

sons refused to be united to the Valteline; the people of the Valteline petitioned to form part of Lombardy. Bern denied that she had any duties to perform towards a supposed Swiss nation. She denied, indeed, that there was a Swiss nation; for she asserted that the cantons were sovereign states, connected only by such treaties as they might think fit to contract.* The Congress argued, implored, promised, and at last threatened; and the result was the existing *Pacte*,—a compromise between the enlarged views of one party and the suspicious jealousies of the other, which was reluctantly tendered by the cantons, and reluctantly accepted by the Congress.†

On the other hand, the aristocratic party, by refusing to allow any of the defects of the *Pacte* to be remedied, subject all the inhabitants of Switzerland to constant inconvenience, and endanger the existence of the confederacy. The biennial change of the *Vorort* implies the removal of the seat of the federal government, with all its archives and officers, every two years. The provision that the magistrates of the *Vorort* shall form the federal executive, imposes on those magistrates duties which sometimes may be, and often must appear to be, inconsistent,—their duties to their canton and their duties to the confederacy. It subjects the composition of that executive to the constitutional changes which may take place in any of the directing cantons. A revolution in Bern, Luzern, or Zurich, is a revolution in Switzerland. It places the federal power in new hands, influenced by new passions, and acting on new principles. The provision that the cantons shall submit their differences to arbitration, is enforced by no adequate sanction. It supposes that both parties are willing to assist in procuring an arbitration; where either refuses or neglects, the Diet is practically impotent. As it has no immediate jurisdiction over individuals, it can enforce its decrees only by war. And though it may put down opposition, it cannot punish those who have opposed it. The Polish refugees who, in 1834, were guilty of the wicked and insane invasion of Savoy, were dismissed with a mere nominal punishment. The free corps who, in the last spring, made the equally atrocious, though not equally absurd, attack on Luzern, if they escaped

from the territory that they had violated, escaped punishment altogether. The cantonal courts did not interfere. Probably their laws resemble our own; and give to them no power to punish crimes committed by their citizens on foreign territory against foreigners. And there is no federal tribunal. By requiring from the members of the Diet, in every case, adherence to the instructions of their governments, it prevents all useful discussion. The questions which are nominally submitted to the Diet, are really considered and settled by the petty cantonal legislatures. The deputies are to act as if they could not be enlightened by information, or swayed by arguments.—Whatever be their convictions, they are obliged to vote according to their instructions; though they may be certain, that if the facts had been accurately known, or properly commented on, the instructions would have been different. The guarantee of the existing constitutions of the cantons, if not literally construed, is nothing; and, if literally construed, is a prohibition of improvement. To prevent further change, indeed, seems to have been one of the principal objects of the framers of the *Pacte*. It must have been with this view that they excluded from it all provisions for its amendment. It cannot, therefore, legally be altered, except by unanimous consent; and experience has shown, that in an aggregation of such anomalous elements, unanimity is almost impossible.

But its greatest defect is, that it allows the interposition between the inhabitants of the different cantons of barriers, more numerous and more exclusive than those which, in the greater part of the Continent, separate nation from nation. We have already mentioned the obstacles opposed by many of the cantons to freedom of intercantonal commerce, and even to transit. The circulation of persons is still more impeded than that of commodities. Though the law is often relaxed in practice, a Swiss cannot legally travel in many parts of Switzerland without a passport, which confines him to a certain route and a certain period. Some cantons prohibit a stranger—that is to say, a native of another canton—from establishing himself within their frontiers. Others subject him to a fine, others to additional taxation, others require him to give security for his good behavior and solvency, others tolerate him, but subject him to the liability of arbitrary banishment. Some refuse to allow him to marry one of their citi-

* Memoir of the Deputy of Bern, 30th Nov. 1814. *Recueil*, Vol. ii. p. 84.

† See the Remarks of the Committee of the Congress on the *Pacte*. *Recueil*, Vol. iii. p. 18.

zens, others make him purchase the permission. Others sell to him the permission to marry out of his own canton. Sometimes the price varies according to the canton. Thus, by a law of 1816, a Bernese who marries a woman of Soleure, pays about £3; and the woman about £6. The smuggling a wife without payment is a grave offence—subjecting not only the offender but all his family to severe penalties. In some, his claims as creditor or mortgagee are postponed to those of their own subjects. In almost all, the difficulty of acquiring citizenship is great, except to persons of wealth, and in many even to them. This will remind the reader of the state of the agricultural districts of England, under the old law of settlement and removal; when, to use Adam Smith's words, it was more difficult for a poor man to pass the artificial boundary of a parish than an arm of the sea, or a ridge of high mountains—when a hedge might separate places in one of which there was a surplus of hands, and in the other a deficiency,—in one of which wages were unnecessarily high, and in the other lamentably low. But under the English law, a man could not be removed, except to his place of settlement. Until that was ascertained, or if it could not be ascertained, he was entitled to remain. In most of the cantons, a stranger is removable merely because he is a stranger. He is pushed off the frontier, and left to shift for himself. Hence have arisen the *Heimathlosen*, consisting of those who have never possessed or have lost their right of citizenship. These are the gipsies of Switzerland. Many of them have been wanderers for generations; the majority, indeed, are supposed to be the descendants of those who fled from Germany in the 'Thirty Years' War. Almost every canton attacks them by vagrant laws almost as cruel as those of England in the last century. They are hunted from territory to territory; conceal themselves in the forests or in the low quarters of the larger towns; and, as the law forces them to be idle and miserable, revenge themselves by robbery and violence.

We have already alluded to the proposal, in 1833, for an amendment of the *Pacte*. It was adopted by the deputies of Luzern, Zurich, Bern, Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, the Grisons, Argau, Thurgau, Vaud, and Geneva; but when proposed to the cantons for ratification, it was rejected by Luzern, which was becoming aristocratic; and as the

Forest Cantons, and also Appenzell, Zug, and the Valais, were known to be opposed to it, it was abandoned. It proposed remedies for nearly all the defects of the existing confederation. It fixed the seat of the federal government at Luzern, and substituted for the *Vorort*, a Landamman elected by the cantons, and four federal councillors appointed by the Diet. It required that the constitutions of the cantons should contain provisions for their legal amendment, and guaranteed them, not against change, but against change illegally brought about. It created a federal court to decide between canton and canton, and to exercise immediate jurisdiction over the inhabitants of all the cantons, for the punishment of treason or rebellion against the confederacy, and of revolutionary excesses on the part of the cantonal authorities, or of those subject to their government. It forbade the cantons to control their deputies by instructions, except as to specified subjects, and declared, that on every question except the amendment of the *Pacte*, twelve concurring cantons should bind the whole twenty-two. It declared that all tolls should be regulated by the Diet, and reduced to the amount necessary to keep up the means of communication: That no canton should subject its commerce with the other cantons to any import or export duties, or impose on the products of another canton an excise duty heavier than that which it imposed on its own: That every Swiss, provided by his canton with a certificate of citizenship and good conduct, should have the right to establish himself in any other canton; to exercise there his trade or profession, to purchase and sell land, and to enjoy all civil rights, except political power and a share of the public property, and should be free from all differential taxation. And, lastly, it enabled a majority of fifteen cantons to alter the *Pacte* as they might think fit.

The authors of this project, at the head of whom was M. Rossi, then representing Geneva, maintained, as the author of the Act of Mediation had done, that their plan left the cantonal sovereignty substantially unimpaired. It appears to us, for the reasons which we have already stated, that in both cases, the creation of a federal tribunal with immediate jurisdiction, and the power given to the majority to bind the minority, were inconsistent with the separate independence of the cantons. Even the last provision of the project, the power proposed to be given to fifteen cantons to change the *Pacte* as they

might think fit, passed the narrow and somewhat indistinct line which distinguishes a close confederacy from a loose incorporation. It would have enabled the fourteen representative cantons, with the concurrence of only one of the eight pure democracies, to abolish the democratic institutions of the remaining seven; and to drag all those who opposed them before the Federal tribunal, to be punished for treason or rebellion.

But though we differ in this respect from the eminent men who were the framers of the project—though we think that, if it had been adopted, Switzerland would in theory have ceased to be a mere confederacy of independent states,—we agree with them in believing that the practical result would have been beneficial. It did not alarm the fears or hurt the pride of the smaller cantons, by an inequality of votes. It gave few new powers to the Diet, and those which it gave were not likely to excite much jealousy. It left to the cantons nearly the whole management of their internal affairs,—merely preventing their exercising their power to the injury of themselves and of their neighbors. As respects their relations to one another, it subjected them to no restrictions except those which are necessary to give law the predominance over force, and to repress crimes which the cantonal governments are unable to prevent or to punish. If a federal tribunal had existed, it is probable that the excesses of last spring would not have occurred. The misguided invaders of Luzern knew, that if they were beaten, their own cantons afforded them retreats. Few of them would have ventured on such an enterprise, if there had been a third party, bound by duty, and armed with power, to punish it.

Perhaps the most questionable provision was that which enabled a majority of fifteen cantons to alter the *Pacte* as they might think proper. Some power of alteration beyond that which necessarily belongs to all contracting parties when unanimous, is wanting; but we are inclined to think, that either the necessary majority ought to have been greater,—eighteen, perhaps, or even twenty votes, instead of fifteen; or that certain matters, such as the constitutions of the cantons, ought to have been excluded from the power of alteration by a majority.—There is little reason, however, to believe that this part of the project would have occasioned real inconvenience; and, as sincere friends to Switzerland, we must regret that it was abandoned.

The AMERICAN UNION is placed on the limit which separates a confederacy from an incorporation. It is either the strictest alliance of independent states, or the loosest aggregation of subordinate municipalities. The decision whether it belongs to the one class or to the other, leads to important results. If the Union be an incorporation—if the people of the United States form one nation, each individual citizen owes allegiance to that nation. A combination among a portion of the citizens to withdraw from that allegiance, and either to form themselves into an independent sovereignty, or to connect themselves with any other sovereign power, would be a treasonable conspiracy—a conspiracy for which every person engaged in it would be personally responsible. On the other hand, if the Union be a mere alliance,—if the states of which it is constituted are distinct nations, each sovereign and independent, though bound to the others by treaty,—there is no national authority, beyond the authority of each state, to which allegiance can be due. If any one shall think fit to separate from the Union, it may do so. The seceding state will be guilty of a breach of treaty; the remainder of the confederacy will be entitled to exercise against it the rights of war, and, if successful, the rights of conquest, but cannot treat any of its subjects as criminals. In fact, the subjects of the seceding states would be legally criminal if they refused to obey its orders, though in opposition to those of the federal authority. Nor is this a mere speculative enquiry, like the questions as to the grounds on which every supreme government is entitled to obedience. The doubt here raised is, which is the supreme government? In case of conflict between the federal and local authorities, to which of them is obedience due? As this is a question on which the most eminent statesmen and lawyers in America irreconcilably differ,—on which even the framers of the Union were not agreed,—it would be presumptuous in us if we were to give an opinion, without at least supporting it by the facts and arguments which have convinced us.

For this purpose, we must consider not merely the articles of Union, but the previous history of the people by whom they were adopted. We say the people, for the inhabitants of the United States have always been one people. The citizen of one state never was an alien in another. Under the British rule, all were fellow subjects, all obeyed the same sovereign, all spoke the

same language, all looked back to the same ancestors, nearly all professed the same religion; and, what is perhaps the most important link, all were governed by the same common law. The ruling power in all was a house of representatives elected by a very wide suffrage, a council, and a governor. Besides this general resemblance between colony and colony, the different classes in each colony were little distinguished by manners, wealth, or habits. In the British Islands, the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, have each a distinct national character, which is again modified by the accidents of rank, wealth, trade, and profession. In the colonies, nobody was poor, and nobody was very rich; nobody was grossly ignorant, and very few were highly educated. The only rank was official, and therefore temporary; and it is probable that, throughout that vast territory, there was a nearer approach to equality, a flatter level, both material and personal, than has ever existed before, or will exist again in a numerous people; and even now, when many causes of inequality have been at work for seventy years, M. de Tocqueville remarks, that there is more difference in civilization between Normandy and Brittany, which are united by a bridge, than there is between Maine and Georgia, which are separated by fifteen degrees of latitude.

When the weakness of the British Parliament, yielding to the folly and obstinacy of the British King, drove these prosperous and loyal colonies to resistance, it was not the states but the people who took the lead. The delegates who met in Congress in 1774, were appointed not by the legislature but by the people. In nearly their first act, their petition to the Crown of November 1774, they describe themselves as his Majesty's faithful subjects of the colonies of New Hampshire, &c., on behalf of themselves and of the inhabitants of those colonies; and they ask redress 'in the name of the faithful people of America.' They immediately assumed powers which the State legislatures were incapable of granting to them, and which could have proceeded only from a people restored by revolution to its original right of self-government. Some of their enactments, indeed, could not have been executed even by a revolutionary despotism. They forbade the importation of British commodities, and then enacted that all manufactures should be sold at a reasonable price, so that no undue advantage shall be taken of a scarcity of goods.

The Congress which met the next year, though similarly appointed, certainly adopted the Federal instead of the national principle. One of their first acts was to frame the Articles of Confederation of the 20th of May 1775. By these articles the united colonies entered into a firm league and friendship with each other, to cease on reconciliation with Great Britain, but on failure thereof, to be perpetual. Each colony to retain its own laws and constitutions, or to amend them as it might think fit: To send annually delegates to Congress in the proportion of one to every five thousand polls: Congress to meet in each colony by rotation: Each delegate to have a vote, and, if necessarily absent, by proxy: One half to be a quorum: Congress to determine on foreign relations, reconciliation with Great Britain, settling disputes between colony and colony, the planting new colonies, general commerce and currency, and military defence; The expense to be supplied by each colony, in proportion to its male polls between sixteen and sixty years, by taxes to be raised and levied according to its own laws; Congress to be at liberty to propose amendments, binding when approved of by a majority of the colonial legislatures.

This rude sketch of a Confederacy was not ratified by the people or by the provincial legislatures, and does not appear to have been acted on. Many writers on the history of the American constitution, among whom are Kent and Story, scarcely allude to it.

The Congress of 1776 was equally Federal. It declared 'the United Colonies to be free and independent states, and as such to have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts which independent states may of right do.' It is remarkable that not one of the sovereign powers thus enumerated had, at that time, been exercised; or has since been exercised by any one of the states which here declared themselves to be independent.

On the 4th of October 1776, the Congress signed new Articles of confederacy. They differed from those of 1775 principally in the following points. First, the several states are prohibited from entertaining any relations with foreign powers, or contracting any alliances between one another except by consent of Congress. Congress to meet always at Philadelphia, to consist of delegates sent by the different states, and revocable at will; the delegates of

each state to have only a single vote. No delegate to be appointed for more than three years out of six, or to hold any paid office, federal or provincial. For all important questions the concurrence of nine out of the thirteen states to be necessary; and for all others, except a mere adjournment from day to day, the concurrence of seven. Lastly, the Articles of confederacy are to be altered only by the unanimous vote of Congress, ratified by the legislature of each of the states.

The Congress having, in the Declaration of Independence, admitted the sovereignty of the states, its members acted in the preparation of this treaty merely as ambassadors, and not even as plenipotentiaries. As soon as it was completed it was sent to the states for ratification; and it was not until 1781, nearly at the close of the revolutionary war, that the final ratification was obtained.

On the whole, we are inclined to think the confederation of 1775 rather less objectionable than that of 1776. A smaller quorum was required, and a bare majority of that quorum was sufficient. Under the confederation of 1776 the mere absence of the delegates from six states often paralysed the whole Union; and even when those of nine were assembled, not merely the opposition of a single state, but its refusal to vote, or the neutralization of its vote by a difference of opinion amongst its delegates, prevented the requisite concurrence. The exclusion from Congress of persons holding office, and the refusal of re-eligibility, mark the progress of democratic jealousy; and the declaration, that the terms of confederation should not be altered except by unanimous consent, made them in fact, as far as words could make them so, unalterable; since every compact whatever is alterable by the unanimous consent of all the parties to it.

The United States may be said to have been bound by this treaty for twelve years, the Articles of Confederation having been proposed by Congress in 1776, and from that time acted on, though not adopted, by a majority of the States, until the summer of 1778; and the present constitution, which superseded them, having obtained a similar ratification in the summer of 1788. Of these, six were war, terminated by the peace of 1782. While the contest was raging, the confederacy was pressed together by England on one side and France on the other. But the looseness of the bond

let in destructive elements, which kept it always on the verge of dissolution. As a general rule, Congress acted not on individuals but on States. It could require supplies of men and of money from the members of the Union, but it was forced to leave to the local legislatures the task of raising them. If they chose to enlist their men only for a year, or even for a less period; if they neglected to pay, or to clothe, or to arm them; if they raised their supplies of money by issuing paper without providing for its convertibility, or limiting its amount; or if, as was frequently the case, they neglected altogether to comply with the requisitions of the central authority, that authority was powerless. The defaulting state was sovereign. It had committed a breach of treaty, for which the only remedy was war; and the attempt to apply that remedy would have produced immediate ruin to the whole Confederacy.

On looking through Washington's correspondence it will be seen, that not a single year passed in which he did not fully expect, that unless the conduct of the States was totally altered, or France would supply the money and the troops which they neglected to furnish, the resistance to Great Britain must cease. In a letter to Congress, dated the 20th of August 1780, he thus condenses the history of the first five years of the war:—"If we had formed a permanent army, we never should have had to retreat, with a handful of men, across the Delaware, in 1776, trembling for the fate of America, which nothing but the insatiation of the enemy could have saved; we should not have remained all the succeeding winter at their mercy, with sometimes scarcely a sufficient number of men to mount the ordinary guards, liable at any moment to be dissipated if they had only thought proper to march against us, (1777;) we should not have been under the necessity of fighting at Brandywine with an unequal number of raw troops, and afterwards of seeing Philadelphia fall a prey to a victorious enemy; we should not have been at Valley Forge with less than half the force of the enemy, destitute of every thing, in a situation neither to resist nor to retire (1778;) we should not have seen New-York left with a handful of men, yet an overmatch for the main army of these States (1779;) we should not have found ourselves this spring (1780) so weak as to be insulted by 5000 men, unable to protect our baggage and

magazines—our security depending on a want of enterprise in the enemy; we should not have been, during a greater part of the war, indebted for our safety to their inactivity.* This was no ebullition of temporary disappointment. Washington's contemporary letters paint, in still darker colors, the danger to which he was exposed through the weakness of Congress, and misconduct of the States.

In the latter part of 1776, for instance when nothing but the Delaware was between him and the superior army of General Howe, every letter contains anticipations of immediate defeat. Thus, on the 12th of December, he writes—'There can be no doubt that they (the enemy) will pass the Delaware as soon as possible. Happy should I be if I could see the means of preventing them. At present I confess I do not.'† A week after, on the 20th, he says—'I think the design of General Howe is to possess himself of Philadelphia, and I do not see what is to prevent him, as ten days more will put an end to the existence of our army.'‡

It was in these desperate circumstances, on the 25th of December, when his army was within four days of disbanding, that Washington ventured on the almost desperate expedient of crossing the river at Trenton, with his handful of ill-disciplined troops, and attacking that army before which he had been for three months retreating. In his confidential orders to the officers who were to take part in the movement, he does not palliate its danger: 'but necessity,' he adds, 'dire necessity, will—nay, must—justify an attack.'§ The British general was found as unfit for defensive as he had been for offensive war. The apparently hopeless enterprise succeeded; the British army retreated almost in panic to Brunswick and New-York, and Washington intrenched himself in Morristown, at about thirty miles' distance. He did not feel himself, however, much relieved by his victory.

Not three weeks after, on the 19th of January 1777, he tells the Pennsylvanian authorities, that 'the army is so much reduced since we left Trenton, and the many that will be discharged in a few weeks will so weaken our forces, that it will be impossible to oppose the enemy with success.—

As I cannot expect our situation to be long a secret to the enemy, there is no doubt that they will take advantage of our weakness.* And to Congress he writes, 'the fluctuating state of an army composed chiefly of militia, bids fair to reduce us to the situation in which we were some time ago, that is, of having scarcely any army at all. One of the Philadelphia battalions goes home to-day, the other two remain a few days longer by courtesy. The time for which Mifflin's brigade came out is expired, and they stay from day to day by solicitation, their number much reduced by desertions.'† A week after, on the 26th, he says, 'the enemy must be ignorant of our numbers, or have not horses for their artillery, or they would not leave us undisturbed.' Soon after, on the 2d of March,‡ he estimates General Howe's force at 10,000 men, well disciplined and well appointed; his own at 4000, all raw, badly officered, and under no government; infers an attack to be imminent, and fears that, if it take place while the relative condition of the two armies is unaltered, 'the game is up.'§ On the 12th of April, he writes to his brother, 'To my great surprise we are still in a calm, how long it will, how long it can remain, is beyond my skill to determine. That it has continued much beyond my expectation, is certain. But to expect that General Howe will not avail himself of our weak state, is to say that he is unfit for the trust reposed in him—the campaign will be opened, and without men on our side. The ridiculous and inconsistent orders given by the executive powers in some of the states, and even by the officers therein, are scarcely to be thought of with patience. It would seem as if to harrass the troops and delay their juncture, were the ends in view.'|| The calm, however, continued till the end of June, when General Howe, having now allowed Washington to collect the appearance of an army, marched a few miles towards him, and then returned to Staten Island and New-York. Washington considered this retreat 'as a peculiar mark of Providence.'¶ At length, on the 23d of July, he embarked his troops, according to Washington's expectations and fears, to proceed up the North River, and join General Burgoyne in his advance from Canada—but really to go to the south and invade Pennsylvania by the Chesapeake.

* Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. vii. p. 162.

† Vol. iv. p. 211.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 233.

§ Vol. iv. p. 241.

* Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. iv. p. 282.

† *Ibid.*, 283.

|| *Ibid.*, 387.

‡ *Ibid.*, 301.

¶ *Ibid.*, 482.

§ *Ibid.*, 314.

Washington proceeded by land to meet him, marched through Philadelphia on the 24th of August, was beaten at Brandywine on the 11th of September, and again at Germantown on the 4th of October; and in the beginning of December, intrenched himself at Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from the British headquarters at Philadelphia.

In these positions the two armies remained till the middle of the following July. So similar was the sequence of events, that Washington's letters from Valley Forge, are often almost copies of those written in the preceding year from Morristown. Thus, on the 23d of December, he tells Congress, that 'unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place, his army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these three things,—starve, dissolve, or disperse; that three or four days of bad weather would prove their destruction; that out of his whole force of 11,000 men, 2898 are in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked, besides a number confined in the hospitals for want of shoes, and others in the farmhouses on the same account, and that for want of blankets many are obliged to sit up all night by fires.* In the following February, one of his officers, General Varnum, says, 'the situation of the camp is such, that, in all human probability, the army must shortly dissolve.† Washington himself, writing at the same time, anticipates a general mutiny and desertion.‡ In the March following, he desires the Congress to estimate the temper of the army from the circumstance, that within the last six months between two and three hundred officers had resigned their commissions; and that the supplies of men, said to have been forwarded to him from Virginia and North Carolina, from desertion and other causes, had dwindled to nothing.§ On the 10th of April he complains to Congress, that, from want of proper provisions, the officers are mouldering away; that scarce a day passes without a resignation of two or three commissions; that those who go on furlough do not return; and that no order, regularity, or care of the men, or of the public property, prevails.||

Two years afterwards, on the 3d of April, 1780, we find neither the temper nor the condition of the army improved. 'There

never,' he says, 'has been a stage in the war in which the dissatisfaction has been so general or so alarming. Some States furnish their troops pretty amply, others provide them with some necessaries, others do little or nothing at all. The officers and men compare circumstances. The officers resign, and we have now scarcely a sufficient number left to take care even of the fragments of corps which remain. The men have not this resource; they murmur and brood over their discontent.* On the 28th of May he says, 'Unless a system very different from that which has long prevailed be immediately adopted throughout the States, our affairs must soon become desperate, beyond the possibility of recovery. Indeed, I have almost ceased to hope.†

No such change, however, took place; and a few months after we find him resting solely on the hope of assistance from France. 'One of two things,' he writes to Franklin on the 11th of October, 1780, 'is essential to us,—peace, or the most vigorous aid of our allies.‡ On the 20th of November he says, 'Congress will deceive themselves if they imagine that the army can rub through a second campaign as the last.§ On the 7th of January, 1781, he informs the States, that under the existing system it will be vain to expect from the troops another campaign.|| On the 15th of January, he states to Colonel Laurens his belief, that without an immediate and ample succor in money, though the States may make a feeble and expiring effort, the next campaign will in all probability be their last.¶ On the 9th of April he tells Laurens that the predictions of his last letter are becoming verified. 'We cannot,' he says, 'transport provisions to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters. Our troops are approaching fast to nakedness, our hospitals are without medicines, our sick without nutriment, our works at a stand, and the artificers disbanding; in a word, we are at the end of our tether. Without foreign aid our present force, which is but the remnant of an army, cannot be kept together this campaign, much less will it be in readiness for another.'** The money thus earnestly implored was obtained, but the next year the distress had returned. On the 4th of May

* Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. v. 197, 8-9.

† *Ib.*, 240.

§ *Ib.*, 296.

‡ *Ib.*, 239.

|| *Ib.*, 313.

* Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. vii. 13, 14.

† *Ib.*, 58.

§ *Ib.*, 300.

¶ *Ib.*, 371.

‡ *Ib.*, 24.

|| *Ib.*, 355.

** *Ib.* Vol. viii. 6, 7.

1782, in a circular to the governors of the different States, he asks, 'Under the present plan of non-compliance with requisitions for men and supplies, how is it possible to continue the war? If the States will not impose, or do not collect and apply taxes for the support of the war, the sooner we make terms the better; the longer we continue a feeble and ineffectual war, the greater will be our distress at the hour of submission.'*

Fortunately for the greatness, though perhaps not for the morality or the happiness of America, the war had, by this time, become unpopular in England. On the 27th of February, 1782, the Commons addressed the Crown against the continuance of hostilities. On the 20th of March Lord North resigned, and, though the preliminaries of peace were not signed until November, the general expectation of its conclusion prevented any active military operations on either side.

On looking back at this memorable contest, three conclusions appear to us to be irresistible. First, that such was the incapacity and misconduct of Congress and of the States, that nothing but the extraordinary military and moral qualities of Washington saved them from ruin. Secondly, that even Washington could not have saved them, if the British commanders had acted with ordinary skill and courage. And, Thirdly, that neither Washington's merits nor the British demerits would have enabled the United States to conquer their independence, if France had remained neutral. And we are inclined to believe, that such was the exhaustion of both France and America, that if England had been willing, as there can be no doubt that she was able, to continue the war for a couple of years longer, she might have concluded it triumphantly. Whether that would have been on the whole a good or an evil is a more difficult question.

Weak as the Federal tie was during the war, it became still more feeble after the peace. There was not a state in which individuals, powerful from their position, and bodies powerful from their numbers, were not anxious to break it. The expenses of the war had been supported chiefly by loans, and by the issue of a paper currency, so profuse that it had become almost valueless. The debtors formed of course the numerical majority in every state, and in almost

every state the numerical majority was omnipotent. Congress required the states to tax themselves to secure the loans and redeem the paper money. They not only refused to obey the requisition, but actually passed laws enabling the valueless paper money to be tendered in payment of debt; forbidding any difference between paper and specie; and in one state, requiring every man to swear that he would sell at the same price for the one as for the other; any contravention to be punished as a case of wilful and corrupt perjury. Other states passed acts inconsistent with the treaties with England and France; others entered into a commercial war of hostile regulations; and others were on the brink of a real war about boundaries and jurisdictions. Many of the leaders felt that their importance depended on the sovereignty of their state. If New York was a nation, its governor was a sort of king. If it was a mere province, he was scarcely more than a lord-mayor.

At length, however, the evils arising from the impotence of Congress, and the folly and tyranny of the local legislatures, became intolerable. In 1787, Congress recommended the states to appoint commissioners to revise the Articles of Confederation; and to propose alterations rendering the federal constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union. The people of every state, except Rhode Island, appointed commissioners. They met in May, 1787, and, after a discussion of four months, with closed doors, produced the seven original Articles of the present constitution.

Under this constitution, the supreme federal power,—instead of being concentrated in one assembly, as it had been under the former confederacy, and as it is now in the German and Swiss confederacies,—is divided into three branches, legislative, executive, and judicial; the legislative and executive functions being, however, kept less distinct than is usually attempted in written constitutions. The legislative power is vested nominally in a House of Representatives and a Senate, but really in those two houses and a President. Both the House of Representatives and the Senate are elected by the states; but in the Senate each state has two members, and no more, and they are elected by the state legislature: the representatives are elected by the persons who elect the popular branch of the state legislature, and the number re-

* Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. viii. 286.

turned for each state depends on its population. Delaware has now only one member, New York thirty-four.

The Senate, therefore, is a federal, the House of Representatives a national institution. That Senators and Representatives must be inhabitants of the states by which they are chosen, is a federal mark common to both. The Senate exercises judicial, executive, and legislative functions. It tries impeachments, and its concurrence is necessary to treaties, and to the appointment of some high officers. The Representatives have no judicial powers, nor any that are strictly executive, except that war must be declared by an Act of Congress. The most important powers of the two houses are those which enable them to impose and collect taxes, to borrow money, to regulate commerce, to naturalize, to grant patents, to create national tribunals, to coin and regulate money, and punish forgery, to fix the standard of weights and measures, to raise, support, and regulate, a military and naval force, to dispose of the territory of the United States, and to admit new states into the Union; and to make all laws which may be necessary for giving effect to the powers granted by the constitution. The Representatives sit for two years, the Senators for six.

The President is appointed by electors nominated by the states,—each state appointing a number equal to its senators and representatives in Congress. This is a national arrangement, as it proportions the influence of each state to its population. New York, having two senators and thirty-four representatives, now appoints thirty-six electors; Delaware, having two senators but only one representative, only three. But if no person have a majority of the whole body of electors, the choice devolves on the House of Representatives—voting, however, not by number but by states, which is of course a compromise in favor of the federal principle. The President holds office for four years, but is re-eligible—is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, represents the Union in its foreign relations, makes treaties, which require, however, the ratification of the Senate, and has a suspensive *veto* on all the proceedings of Congress. His great influence, however, arises from his powers of appointing and removing national officers. The constitution enables him to nominate to the high diplomatic and judicial offices, but gives to the Senate a negative, and enables

Congress to vest in him alone all other appointments—a power which Congress has exercised so liberally, that he now enjoys nearly the whole patronage of the Union. Still more extensive is his power of removal. It extends not merely to the offices within his absolute gift, but even to those as to which the Senate has a veto; and, as it is not restrained by public opinion, it places the whole official world at his mercy.

The Judicial power of the United States is vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish. The judges hold their offices during good behavior—nearly a solitary exception from the general rule. Their jurisdiction extends to all questions as to the construction of the constitution; to all cases arising under the laws and the treaties of the United States; to all admiralty and maritime cases; to controversies in which the United States are a party; to those between two or more states, between, citizens of different states and between a state of the Union, or its citizens, and foreign states or subjects. As the constitution was originally adopted, the supreme court had jurisdiction over a state at the suit of an individual—but, in anticipation, perhaps, of the expediency of repudiation, this power has been repealed.

Congress may propose amendments in the constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the states, become law,—the only exception being, that no state shall be deprived of its equal vote in the Senate. Lastly, The constitution, and the laws made in pursuance of it, are the supreme law of the land; any thing in the constitution or laws of any state notwithstanding. The Articles of the constitution which we have omitted, and those which have been added by amendment, are principally negative. The most important are, that no export duty shall be imposed; that no state shall have any foreign relations, make any thing but gold or silver a legal tender, or pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts; that a republican constitution is guaranteed to every state; and that all powers not delegated to the Union, or prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people.

The Articles of Union were submitted in each state to a convention of delegates chosen by the people, and ultimately, though not without great opposition, assented to by each convention.

We have already stated, that there exists

in America a large party which holds the constitution, of which we have thus given an outline, to be a mere treaty between sovereign states, and binding therefore on each only so far as it is observed by the others;—which holds that each state is entitled to judge for itself, whether the acts of the federal government are authorized by the treaty, and is entitled to disobey them if it believe them to be not so authorized; or, whether authorized or not, if it believes the evil of obedience to be greater than the evil of resistance;—which holds that such resistance is not rebellion, but breach of treaty,—not treason, but war; and punishable, therefore, by the soldier, not by the judge.

From these opinions we utterly dissent. They appear to us to be consistent neither with the history, nor with the provisions of the Articles of Union. We have seen that the inhabitants of the Union were originally one people. That although the colonies declared themselves to be sovereign states, no state ever dealt in that character with foreign nations; that at first they recognized each other's independence, and tried the experiment of a confederacy; that the experiment was so unsuccessful, that it was only through foreign assistance, and the almost incredible folly of their enemy, that they escaped subjugation during the war, and that after the peace they were on the brink of anarchy; that, pressed by the existing evils of the Confederacy, and dreading still greater mischiefs, they resolved to substitute for it a Constitution; and that it was the people, not the states, in convention, not by their legislatures, which authorized its delegates to frame that Constitution, and which adopted it when framed.

If from the history of the Constitution we turn to its text, we find it equally opposed to the supposed sovereignty of the states. The power of amendment is inconsistent with that theory. A convention appointed by the people of three-fourths of the states may, with one exception, make what alterations they think fit. They cannot deprive a state of its equal vote in the Senate, but this is the only limit to their power. The people of twenty-one out of the twenty-six states now constituting the Union,—or of thirty out of the forty of which it will soon be constituted,—may impose on the others whatever form of government they choose. They may create a hereditary President, or abolish the office

altogether; they may guarantee to every state aristocratic or monarchical, instead of republican institutions; they may establish privileged orders, or vest the central government in a single assembly, elected annually by universal suffrage; they may convert the United States into a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy. It is no answer to this reasoning to say, that no such violent changes are likely to be effected. No state that is legally liable to be thus affected,—no state whose whole institutions are at the mercy of its neighbors,—is sovereign or independent. And this is the case with every one of the United States. Nor is it certain that important changes will *not* be made. One thing the people of the Northern and Central states, if they acquire the requisite preponderance, certainly *will* do. They will destroy what the Southern states call their domestic institutions; or, if they do not abolish slavery altogether, will treat it as it was treated by England,—make its continuance so troublesome that it will not be worth preserving.

Again, the powers of the President are those of a monarch, not of the chief of a confederacy. They far exceed, indeed, those of most European monarchs. The sovereigns of Britain and of France have theoretically the power to choose their own ministers, to reject bills passed by both houses, and to appoint and dismiss the great majority of the public officers. Practically, each is forced to nominate the ministers whom the houses or the chambers point out to him, to assent to the bills which they have passed, and to allow all public officers, except a few of those who come into immediate contact with the Government, to retain their places for life. The American President names and retains his own Cabinet, rejects any bills which displease him, and displaces all public officers whose continuance is inconvenient to him—that is to say, all who do not belong to his party, all whose places he wants for his friends, and all who, whether friends or enemies, do not implicitly obey him. Twenty-five years hence, when the wealth and population of America will be doubled, the President, if the Union, and his powers and patronage continue, will be the most powerful individual in the world.

But the provisions of the Articles of Union, which most strongly give to them a national, as opposed to a federal character, are those which create the judicial power: The Supreme Court, as the ultimate court

of appeal, and the ultimate interpreter of the constitution, sits in judgment on all the acts of the States. It may set aside their legislation as unconstitutional, reverse the judgments of their courts, and declare the acts of their officers illegal. Throughout the Union, its judges make circuits, and its subordinate district courts are established. They are not bound by the laws of the state in which they sit; they are not dependent on its officers for the execution of their process. Every where they exercise over the people a national and immediate sovereignty, before which all provincial power must bend. If the citizens of the local government of a State think that a district or a circuit court, established by Congress, has exceeded its powers, their only appeal is to the Supreme Court. The decision of that court cannot be questioned.

The superiority of judges who are appointed by the President and for life, over the state judges, most of whom are elected by the people, and many hold for short terms, or at will, occasions a general wish to resort to the national courts; and the provision which gives them jurisdiction, whenever citizens of different states are parties, enables this to be done in every important case. 'It is every day's practice,' says Judge Story, 'for a citizen of one State to remove to another to become a citizen of the latter in order to enable him to prosecute suits, and assert interests in the courts of the United States.'*

This is, perhaps, a forced construction; but the jurisdiction expressly and intentionally given to the national courts, is decisive of the question. It enables them to enforce obedience to every lawful act of Congress, or of the executive government, and to decide what acts are lawful. Of this power they can be deprived only by the authority which, in every free country, must be practically omnipotent—the will of the people. An Act of Congress impairing it would be void; and, while it lasts, it certainly appears absurd that States whose highest functionaries are under the control of a superior tribunal should call themselves sovereign or independent.

The American constitution was a compromise. Its framers gave to it only a qualified approbation. They believed it to be the best which, in the existing state of passions, prejudices, and interests, could be adopted and obeyed; and they looked for-

ward to its working with an anxiety in which fear was predominant. It has on the whole been successful, but it is an unpleasant symptom that its success has not been progressive. During the period of nearly sixty years, which has passed since it was constructed, almost every country in Europe has changed its form of government; in almost every country the new constitution has been altered from time to time as its defects became manifest, and has been improved almost from year to year. In the British islands, where the apparent changes have been the least, the real changes, and the real improvements, have been perhaps the greatest. But in the constitution of the United States few changes have been made; and most of those have been either unimportant or mischievous. To the latter class belong the extensive powers of appointing public officers, and the universal power of removing them, conferred on the President; and the exemption of a state from being sued. The keystone is the judicial power—but this is now less powerful and less independent than it appeared to be in the first years of its institution. The decision that the courts of the United States have no criminal jurisdiction at common law, has much diminished their power. Congress may give to them, and in many cases has given to them, extensive criminal jurisdiction; but what it has given it can take away. The independence of all, except the judges of the supreme court, has been impaired by the Act of Congress of 1802; which abolished many of the circuit courts of the United States, and dismissed the judges without the slightest compensation. Jefferson, under whose Presidency this was done, belonged to the party which maintains the sovereignty of the States. That party is instinctively opposed to the national judicature; and, with the unscrupulousness of the party warfare of America, used this tyrannical means of weakening it.

The Presidential part of the Constitution is perhaps that which has least answered the intention of its framers. That intention was by a system of indirect election to vest the appointment in a select class. The result has been, that the selection of electors has become a mere form. They have no more discretion than an English Dean and Chapter under a *congé d'élire*. They are chosen as mere instruments pledged to nominate a given candidate. In a previous volume,* we noticed the mischiefs arising

* Briggs v. French, ii. Summer, 255.

* Vol. lxxxi, p. 34.

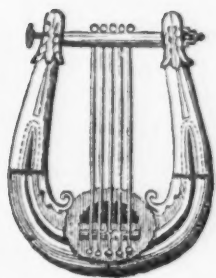
from the re-eligibility of the President, coupled with his short term of office. These are increased by the enormous amount of his patronage, and still more aggravated by the absolute power of removal given to him by Congress, and now uncontrolled by public opinion. Every fourth year the whole Union is convulsed by the struggle which of the two great parties shall have the exclusive enjoyment of the honors, powers, and emoluments of office. And the interval is spent in preparations for the contest, which distorts and misdirects the foreign and the domestic policy both of the Government and of the Opposition.

Another great defect in the Constitution is the exclusion from Congress of all official persons. This is an error into which the framers of democratic constitutions seem naturally to fall. Their jealousy of the executive leads them to exclude its officers from a seat among the representatives of the people. To a certain degree we ourselves suffer under it. The law which vacates a seat in the House of Commons by the acceptance of office under the Crown, and that which declares the holders of offices under the Crown, created after the 25th of October, 1705, to be incapable of sitting, are examples. We evade these laws, partly by the appointment of Peers, partly by creating offices held nominally not under the Crown, but under some other functionary, or under a public board, and partly by Acts of Parliament excepting new offices from the statute of Anne. Still, however, they are the sources of perpetual inconvenience. In America, where these expedients cannot be used, the mischief is felt in its full force. The President and his ministers escape the responsibility of having to defend their measures in Congress. The members of Congress, with no administrative functions to occupy their time,—removed, in the miserable straggling village to which they are banished, from their usual labors, and duties, and pleasures,—have nothing to do but to criticise in its absence the measures of government. They form themselves into committees, each of which assumes the supervision of some branch of administration. They have to act on information, which in many cases must be imperfect, and under the influence not only of their own passions and interests, but of the instructions of their constituents—instructions which a Senator finds it difficult to resist, and a Representative impossible. That under such circumstances the affairs

of the Union have been conducted as tolerably as they have been, is owing partly, without doubt, to the general intelligence of the people, and their long habits and traditions of self-government; but also partly, and perhaps principally, to the happiness of their position, in a vast territory far exceeding their wants, though apparently not their desires; with neighbors only on the South and the North,—the first incapable of resistance, and the second anxious only for peace and commercial intercourse. With such advantages, it is difficult, as M. de Tocqueville has well remarked, to commit irreparable mistakes.

IRON DROSS.—A French mechanic formed the idea that by subjecting iron dross to the slow cooling process, a useful species of stone might be obtained: and as iron dross, such as the large furnaces yield, is a useless substance, the announced successful result of his attempts cannot but be matter of interest, especially at the present time, when the smelting furnaces of England are in a hitherto unknown state of activity. The object which the Frenchman sought to accomplish was, to impart to iron dross the compactness and hardness of granite, and at the same time to save the cost and labor which the hewing of the real stone requires. To this end he contrived to let the iron refuse, while in a fluid state, to run into iron forms, which were previously brought to a red heat by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace; and in order to insure the slow cooling, these forms are provided with double sides, between which sand is introduced, which is well known to be a bad conductor of heat; the whole is then brought again to a glow heat, and in like manner again cooled off. By this procedure, it is asserted, the discoverer has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building blocks, and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness, equal, if not superior, to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling cost.—*Athenæum*.

WONDERFUL ANIMAL.—The *Melbourne* (Australian) *Courier*, according to the reports of natives, describes a gigantic amphibious animal, which they call *Bunyip*, and paint in form as between a bird and an alligator. In the water, it swims like a frog; on the land it walks upright (twelve or thirteen feet) on its hind legs; it has long claws, lays eggs twice the size of the emu, and hugs its prey to death in its powerful limbs. One native declared that his mother and another woman had been devoured by this monster at the Barwon Lakes; and his account of its ferocity was confirmed by a companion, named Mumbowran, who showed the marks of its capperclawing in wounds upon his own breast.—*Lit. Gaz.*



A HEART'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

THERE liv'd a child, a fair young child, the light
of whose sweet eyes
Reveal'd the treasures of the heart beneath with-
out disguise,
There love and joy, hope scarce defin'd, yet elo-
quent, were shown,
Above, below, one heritage of sunshine was his
own.

All bright and beauteous things were formed for
that pure heart to store,
The tints of heaven, the flowers of earth, the glad
waves on the shore,
The ties at home, the pomps abroad, all seem'd
of that to breathe,
Wherewith a free soul might be proud its inmost
thoughts to wreath.

There came a change, a sudden change, even on
his childhood's race,
Friends died, and fortune's withering frown fell
o'er home's sacred place,
Strange looks and cold, strange words and harsh,
assail'd him day by day,
As with a wondering, wilder'd look he pass'd
along his way.

No feeling of resistance came upon the boy's
young soul,
One wildly-timid sense of fear, of pain, there held
control,
A tender mingling of the past with all the pres-
ent ill
Yet kept his glowing sympathies from every
threat'ning chill.

The child was gentle, loving thoughts around
each sense had grown,
Pride, hate, revenge, those human guests, to him
were all unknown;
In sad surprise he wander'd on as life more sterile
grew,
• Till from his face had pass'd the light, and from
his heart the dew.

And then a change, a darker change than all the
changes past
Brought for his soul the bondage strong that chains
us all at last;
Childhood in youth and manhood merg'd forgot
the claims of old,
Till he who only liv'd to love was coldest of the
cold.

And sterner grown from sense of wrong through-
out the dark past borne,
He proudly yielded hate for hate, and hurl'd back
scorn for scorn;
The deep'ning shadows of the earth across his
heart were spread,
Shutting out all the lights of old, the influence of
the dead.

Vain, sterile, brief, is the career of men who walk
in strife;
The mortal struggle is not strength, its passions
are not *life*;
And when the snows of winter fell upon that
once bright head,
A low, deep voice came back to him, and thus it
sternly said:—

“One other change, one other change, the hard-
est and the best,
Must pass o'er thee, tired spirit, yet, ere thou
canst hope for rest:
Amid the grovelling dust of earth what didst thou
deem to find?
Plume thy soil'd wings yet once again, and cast
it all behind.

By Him that died its hope to save, by Him whose
name is Love,
Hurl the dark bondage from thy soul, and lift its
trust above;
Far hast thou wander'd from the home that waited
thy return,
How far the conscious thoughts may tell that yet
within thee burn.

Where is God's fairest gift and first, the heart for
love design'd?
Thou hast it not, thy breast is arm'd with wrath
against thy kind;
Where is the meek unshaken faith in truth and
beauty's reign
That once was thine; where is it now? seek,
grasp that faith again.

Go 'mid the homes of living men, let love disarm
thy pride,
Search the throng'd graves, and yield thy hate—
there *all* are close allied;
But dare not ask for self alone the treasures of the
just,
Stand with thy brethren and be strong, heirs of
one hope and trust.”

And harder was the struggle now than it had
been before,
Hard to regain the gentle rule his spirit own'd of
yore;

Yet back it came—the dark strife ceas'd—one holy
dream of heaven
Had fitted for its purer realm the guilty but for-
given.

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

I PAUSED not to question the Devil's suggestion,
But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was
thrown,
A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,
And the smothering water accomplished his
slaughter,
All was silent, and I was alone.

With heart-thrilling spasm, I glanced down the
chasm;
There was blood on the wave that closed over
his head,
And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with
death,
Rose up to the surface. I shudder'd and fled.

With footsteps that stagger'd and countenance
haggard,
I stole to my dwelling, bewilder'd, dismay'd,
Till whisperings stealthy said—"Psha! he was
wealthy—
Thou'rt his heir—no one saw thee—then be
not afraid."

I summon'd the neighbors, I joined in their
labors,
We sought for the missing by day and by night;
We ransack'd each single height, hollow, and
dingle,
Till shoreward we wended, when starkly ex-
tended,
His corpse lay before us—O God, what a sight!

And yet there was nothing for terror or loathing;
The blood had been wash'd from his face and his
clothing,
But by no language, no pen, his life-like, wide
open
Eyes can be painted:—

They stared at me, flared at me, angrily glared
at me,
I felt murder-attainted;
Yet my guilty commotion seem'd ruth and devo-
tion,
When I shudder'd and fainted.

No hint finds emission that breathes of suspicion,
None dare utter a sound when an inquest has
found
His death accidental;
Whence then and wherefore, having nothing to
care for,
These agonies mental?

Why grieve and why sicken, frame-withered, soul-
stricken?
Age-paralyzed, sickly, he must have died quickly,
Each day brought some new ill;

Why leave him to languish and struggle with
anguish?
The deed that relieved him from all that ag-
grieved him
Was kindly, not cruel.

In procession extended a funeral splendid,
With banner'd displays and escutcheons em-
blazon'd,
To church slowly pass'd,
When a dread apparition astounded my vision;
Like an aspen leaf shaking, dumb founded and
quaking,
I stood all aghast!

From its nail'd coffin prison, the corpse had arisen,
And in all its shroud vesture, with menacing
gesture,
And eye-balls that stared at me, flared at me,
glared at me,
It pointed—it flouted its slayer, and shouted
In accents that thrilled me,
"That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken
trembler
Is the villain who kill'd me!!"
'Twas fancy's creation—mere hallucination—
A lucky delusion, for again my confusion,
Guilt's evidence sinister, seem'd to people and
minister
The painful achievement of grief and bereave-
ment.

Then why these probations, these self-condemna-
tions,
Incessant and fearful?
Some with impunity snatch opportunity,
Slay—and exult in concealment's immunity,
Free from forebodings and heartfelt corrodings,
They fear no disclosure, no public exposure,
And sleeping unhaunted and waking undaunted,
Live happy and cheerful.

To scape the ideal let me dwell on the real.
I, a pauper so lately,
In abundance possessing life's every blessing,
Fine steeds in my stable, rare wines on my table,
Servants dress'd gaily, choice banquets daily,
A wife fond and beautiful, children most dutiful,
I, a pauper so lately, live richly and greatly,
In a mansion house stately.

Life's blessings?—Oh, liar! all are curses most
dire—
In the midst of my revels,
His eyes ever stare at me, flare at me, glare at
me.

Before me, when treading my manors outspread-
ing,
There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal;
Isolation has vanish'd, all silence is banish'd,
Where'er I immew me his death-shrieks pursue
me,
I am haunted by devils.

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and
bloody;
I cannot quaff water—recalling his slaughter,
My terror it doubles—'tis beaded with bubbles,
Each fill'd with his breath,
And every glass in each hisses—"Assassin!
My curse shall affright thee, haunt, harrow, and
blight thee,
In life and in death!"

My daughters, their mother, contend with each other
 Who shall show most affection, best soothe my
 dejection.
 Revolting endearments! their garments seem
 cerements,
 And I shudder with loathing at their grave-taint-
 ed clothing.
 Home, and the mercies,
 That to others are dearest, to me are the drearest
 And deadliest curses.

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror
 (Thought horrid to dwell on!)
 That the wretch whom they cherish may shame-
 fully perish;
 Be publicly gibbeted, branded, exhibited,
 As a murderous felon!

O punishment hellish?—the house I embellish,
 From centre to corner upbraids its adorer.—
 A door's lowest creaking swells into a shriek-
 ing;
 Against me each column bears evidence solemn,
 Each statue's a Nemesis;
 They follow, infest me, they strive to arrest me,
 Till, in terrified sadness that verges on madness,
 I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity,
 Each rural sound seeming a menace or scream-
 ing;
 There is not a bird or beast but cries—"Murder!"
There goes the offender!
 Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, stay him,
 And make him surrender!"

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-dis-
 tended—
His eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!
 I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more
 sickly
 Drive me hither and thither:
 I would forfeit most gladly wealth stolen so
 madly,
 Quitting grandeur and revelry to fly from this
 devilry,
 But whither—oh! whither?

Hence, idle delusions! hence, fears and confu-
 sions!
 Not a single friend's severance lessens men's
 reverence,
 No neighbor of rank quits my sumptuous ban-
 quets
 Without lauding their donor;
 Throughout the wide country I'm famed for my
 bounty,
 All hold me in honor.

Let the dotard and craven by fear be enslaven.
 They have vanish'd! How fast fly these images
 ghastly,
 When, in firm self-reliance,
 You determine on treating the brain's sickly
 cheating
 With scorn and defiance!
 Ha! ha! I am fearless henceforward, and tear-
 less,
 No coinage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,

Shall sadden and darken—God help me!—hist!
 —hearken!
 'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, he uttered when
 falling!

By day thus affrighted, 'tis worse when be-
 nighted;
 With the clock's midnight boom from the church
 o'er his tomb
 There comes a sharp screaming, too fearful for
 dreaming;
 Bone fingers, unholy, draw the foot curtains
 slowly—
 O God! how they stare at me, flare at me, glare
 at me,
 Those eyes of a Gorgon!
 Beneath the clothes sinking, with shuddering
 shrinking,
 A mental orgasm and bodily spasm
 Convulse every organ.

Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it
 no longer.
 Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunc-
 tion,
 Nights and days ghost-prolific, more grim and
 terrific
 Than judges and juries,
 Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet
 and halter.
 Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure
 me!—
 I own my transgression—will make full confes-
 sion—
 Quick—quick! let me plunge in some dark-
 vaulted dungeon,
 Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not
 be baited
 By devils and furies!

THE GIFTED.

Oh, wo for those whose dearest themes
 Must rest within the bosom's fold;
 Oh, wo for those who live on dreams,
 Unheeded by the coarse and cold.
 They have a hidden life akin
 To nothing in this earthly sphere;
 They have a glorious world within,
 Where nothing mortal may appear—
 A world of song, and flower, and gem,
 Yet wo for them—oh, wo for them.

Such his perplexing wo, who seeks
 A refuge upon stranger shores;
 In vain to foreign ears he speaks,
 In vain their sympathy implores;
 The same sad fate a bark might prove,
 Laden with gold, or princely store,
 Without a guiding star above
 And an unmeasured deep before,
 The world doth scorn them, jibe, condemn;
 Wo for the gifted, wo for them!



SCIENCE AND ART.

DIAMOND MINE OF SINCURA.—We live in the age and the meridian of the Positive. Ours is the region and the period of what, in the jargon of the day, is called *great facts*. Dreamland is overshadowed by the vapors of Steam-land, and railways have ridden down Romance. The truths of our world are strange—stranger than the fictions of our fathers. Turn aside as Imagination would from the beaten path of Fact, her “enemy has found her out;”—build where she might her fairy fabrics, Fact has followed her, and reared up a solid structure by their side, overtopping them all. Alas, for the Genius of Romance! Where, on this earth of ours, is there any visible resting-place left for the sole of that bright spirit’s foot? Where went it ever, on its many-colored wings, that we go not now with the trowel and the spade? Under the beds of rivers, and right through the hearts of hills—away along the fields of air, and down in the deeps of the sea,—Science has been in all the chambers, and travelled on all the pathways of Romance. And what were the ministers that waited on the latter’s will, to those who wait on ours? The great fire-spirit of the mine Sir Humphrey Davy has subdued to his “Genius of the Lamp.” What a sluggish spirit was Ariel, to some that do our bidding! Forty long minutes did it take that dilatory servant of Prospero to “put a girdle round about the earth,”—while we can send the message of man around the world in one. We paint with the sunbeam, and gild with the imprisoned spirit of the lightning. The fairies that played of yore through the pleasant fields of England are all bound down by our iron bands—the Titans of old Superstition vanquished by the Jupiter of Science. The Demon of the Hartz is a shadow, and the sea-serpent “very like a whale.” We have read characters on the moon which Pythagoras never saw through his glass; and are finding out the gross impositions practised on the old world by the poets in their *astrography* of the Milky Way.—Then, the old pleasant haunts of the Romance-Spirit, where are they? What would De Foe now do for a desert

island,—and are there to be no more Cannibals? Mont Blanc, as Miss Landon has sung, is growing familiar ground; and Ararat has been stormed, if travellers’ tales be true. What Hannibal did with so much pain, growing one of the marvels of history *because* he did it, we can do at our pleasure, and be nobody on that account even in Cockaigne. We correspond familiarly with Bagdad, walk about China, and negotiate with the Great Mogul. France is in Algiers—and our old Romance friends of that ilk have not a flag upon the seas. The Camel is a mere beast of burthen now, with a hump upon its back, that was once the “Ship of the Desert.” We sail in the wind’s eye, and build on the Goodwins,—careless of tide and reckless of Tenterden steeple. We are watering the Desert, and draining the Zuyder Zee,—and, for a climax to all, blowing up Shakspeare’s Cliff. Then the new world is found to be the old:—and where is El Dorado? Peru is a borrower, and Mexico offers scrip.

Amid this universal translation into prose of the old Romance poetry, it is somewhat exciting to catch a far echo of the enchanted song which made the music of our childhood; and a real, live diamond mine, caught wild in the nineteenth century, has a sound that conjures up pleasant memories. Visions of Aladdin’s jewel-garden come floating to the heart as we read of this virgin field of wealth so profuse that El Dorado itself would have sent forth her sons, even in her golden days, to gather it. The reapers at this diamond harvest will not stoop to lift the gold that lies on all the hills and glistens through all the streams. Gold is left for the gleaners. Pactolus is restored,—but has no worship in this eager scene. And if tidings of a mine the richest which the world has yet seen, have a strange and real sound in these latter days, it is still more singular, in the ears of one accustomed to the old crowded European states, where the spirit of appropriation closely covers every inch of space and atom of value, to hear of a government that actually leaves a vast treasure-fountain like this to the common enjoy

ment of all who flock thither to draw off its diamond streams. We have already given our readers some particulars of this singular discovery and of the settlement which has grown up around it: but the interest of the matter deepens with the details and the certainty that they are authentic; and we think it worth while, at once, in a view of the historical and picturesque, to put them in possession of the full particulars which have been furnished to the *Journal des Débats*. The narrative, they will see, belongs, for a host of lucky adventurers, to the category of the actual,—though for our readers, and for us, alas! it seems but another glimpse back, out of our world of realities, up one of the old-remembered avenues of Romance-land.

"For some months past," says the correspondent of the paper in question, "the communications and commercial relations with the province of Bahia have assumed extraordinary activity. A great number of inhabitants, speculators, adventurers, and even proprietors of sugar-houses, have emigrated with their slaves, into that province—the site of a diamond-mine, the produce of which is incredible. It was discovered in October of last year, by a slave, who, in the space of twenty days, had picked up 700 carats of diamonds, and taken them for sale to a considerable distance. Arrested and imprisoned, he still obstinately refused to disclose their source; whereupon his escape was connived at, and some intelligent Indians were put upon his trail. They followed him for several days; and surprised him at last, rooting for diamonds, not far from Caxoiera, the second city of the province of Bahia. Researches were then made over a large space, parallel with the chain of mountains called Sincura—which have since given their name to the mines—and along the banks of the river Paraguassu, which falls into the Gulf of Bahia.

"The first individuals who established themselves at the mine of Sincura, were mostly convicts and murderers; and their presence was marked by burnings and assassinations. The difficulty of procuring sustenance in the country, and the danger incurred by those who came thither to exchange diamonds against the paper money of Brazil, prevented the respectable merchants from engaging in this commerce. But as the population, nevertheless, gradually increased, police regulations were adopted by the new colonists; and the working of the mine began then on an extended scale. The population which, in the previous August, numbered only 8,000 souls, distributed amongst three townships, was, at the close of July last, upwards of 30,000, and is continually increasing. The villages now inhabited and worked are seven in number—Paraguassu, Combucas, Chique-Chique, Causu-Boa, Andrahy, Nagé, and Lancoës. The latter of these, twenty leagues distant from Paraguassu, contains alone 3,000 houses and 20,000 inhabitants. The central point of the diamond-commerce is Paraguassu; which, though populous, has yet only 12 small houses of masonry. Nearly all the miners come thither on Saturday and Sunday, to sell the stones which they have collected during the week—taking back, in exchange, various articles of consumption, arms, and ready-made clothing, which comes from Bahia at great cost. The diamonds found at Paraguassu are for the most part of a dun color and very irregular con-

formation. Those of Lancoës are white, or light green, and nearly transparent as they come from the mine. They are octoedrical, and the most prized of any. It is often necessary to penetrate to the depth of three or four yards ere coming at the diamond stratum. Diamonds are gathered, too, in the stony ravines at the bottom of the Paraguassu itself, and of its tributary streams.

"The price of the diamonds of this mine varies, at Bahia, from 250 to 500 milreis (670 to 1,340 francs) the octave, according to their size or water. The octave is 17 1-2 carats; but the carat of Brazil is 7 1-2 per cent below the French carat—which makes the Brazilian carat from 67 to 134 francs. The actual course of exchange at Bahia is 365 reis for a franc.

"The two English packets for May and June last took home about 5 1-2 millions' worth (£220,000) of diamonds from this mine; and since then, during the months of June and July, it has produced nearly 1,450 carats per day. It is estimated to have yielded, in the ten months during which it has been worked, nearly 400,000 Portuguese carats (about £732,000 in value),—three-fifths of which have taken the road of England, another fifth has gone to France and Ham-burgh, and the remaining fifth waits for purchasers at Rio Janeiro and Bahia.

"All the lapidaries in Europe could not cut even one-half the stones produced by the mine of Sincura: a reduction in value is therefore looked for, and the traffic gives rise to very hazardous speculations.

"Brazil, whose privilege it is to furnish the diamonds of commerce, produced annually, before the discovery of this mine, no more than 6 or 7 kilogrammes,—which cost more than a million of francs in the working. Hitherto, the diamonds found at Sincura are all of small size. It is known that there are but few in the world which weigh more than 20 grammes. The largest is that of Agra—weighing 133;—that of the Rajah of Matan, at Borneo, weighs 78—that of the Emperor of Mogul 63—and that of France, called the *Regent*, 28 grammes 89 centigrammes; but this latter is of fine form, and in all respects quite perfect. It weighed before cutting, 87 grammes, and took the work of two years.

"The mine of Sincura presents the aspect of an independent colony in the heart of the mother country. Hitherto, the Government has taken no step for assuming the direction of this trade, which promises to be so abundant a source of wealth to the province of Bahia; and they will probably have, now, to sanction the regulations which the inhabitants have laid down for their own security in the working of this vast mine,—that spreads already over a superficies of more than thirty leagues."—*Athenæum*.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITY.—The museum of Bel-fast is about to become the depository of an interesting relic of the eighteenth dynasty. Sir James Emerson Tennent has brought down from Thebes the hand of the colossal statue of Amunoph II. (born B. C. 1680), which travellers used to remark at the south-west propylon of the grand temple at Karnak. The four fingers are 2 feet 5 inches across, which would correspond with a full-length figure of 56 feet. The pasha has permitted its exportation, and it is intended as a present to the town of Belmont by their late representative.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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Great Britain.

Compendium of Modern Civil Law, by FERDINAND MACKELDEY. Edited by Philip Ignatus Kaufmann. London: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.

MACKELDEY, who was professor of law at the University of Marburg, published this manual under the title of 'Lehrbuch der Institutionen des heutigen Römischen Rechts,' in 1814. As it has since gone through eleven or twelve editions, and has been translated into French, Spanish, Russian, and Greek, it seems that there can be no doubt of its fitness for the objects for which it is intended, either as a book of reference for practitioners, or a syllabus for the use of students attending lectures on the civil law. It is, like 'Adam's Roman Antiquities,' or like almost all modern treatises on English law, not a book to read, but an enlarged and systematized index. Mackeldey, was, it appears, considered to belong to the dogmatical, as opposed to the historical school of jurists—that is, he laid more stress on the existing fabric of the law, than on the process by which it attained its present form. The compendium, however, contains a useful introduction on the sources of the Roman law, and on the process by which the code of Justinian became the basis of modern continental jurisprudence. The remainder of the work is arranged according to the usual divisions, according to persons, things, and the method of enforcing rights.

The editor and translator, Dr. Kaufmann, appears to be a resident of New York. Perhaps he will find his labors more appreciated in America than in England. Jurisprudence is the only branch of the severer studies which seems to flourish in the United States; and its range there is wider than that to which English lawyers are in general confined. Many of the functions which are regulated according to our ecclesiastical courts, belong in America to the same judges who administer the common law. The conflict of the laws of different states of the Union with each other, and of any of them with the law of the United States, gives rise to a class of questions only to be solved by principles common to all jurisprudence, and, therefore, intimately connected with the rules of Roman law. One province, Louisiana, is still subject to a law founded on the civil law, which must frequently come into collision or comparison with the common law of the Anglo-American States, and of the Union. Above all, there is some systematic instruction in jurisprudence, an advantage which in England is almost unknown. The compendium, however, may be useful to many persons who have no time or inclination for a general study of the civil law. Dr. Kaufmann seems to be one of those commentators who, in illustration of a severe and difficult subject, delight to disport themselves in disquisitions on things in general, a habit rather wearisome to the student. For instance, 'The barbarian's delight in war, has given place to the Christian's desire for peace. The lurid glories of martial heroism, are waning before the purer light of science and philanthropy, &c., &c.' And this is written in the same continent which contains Texas and Oregon.

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